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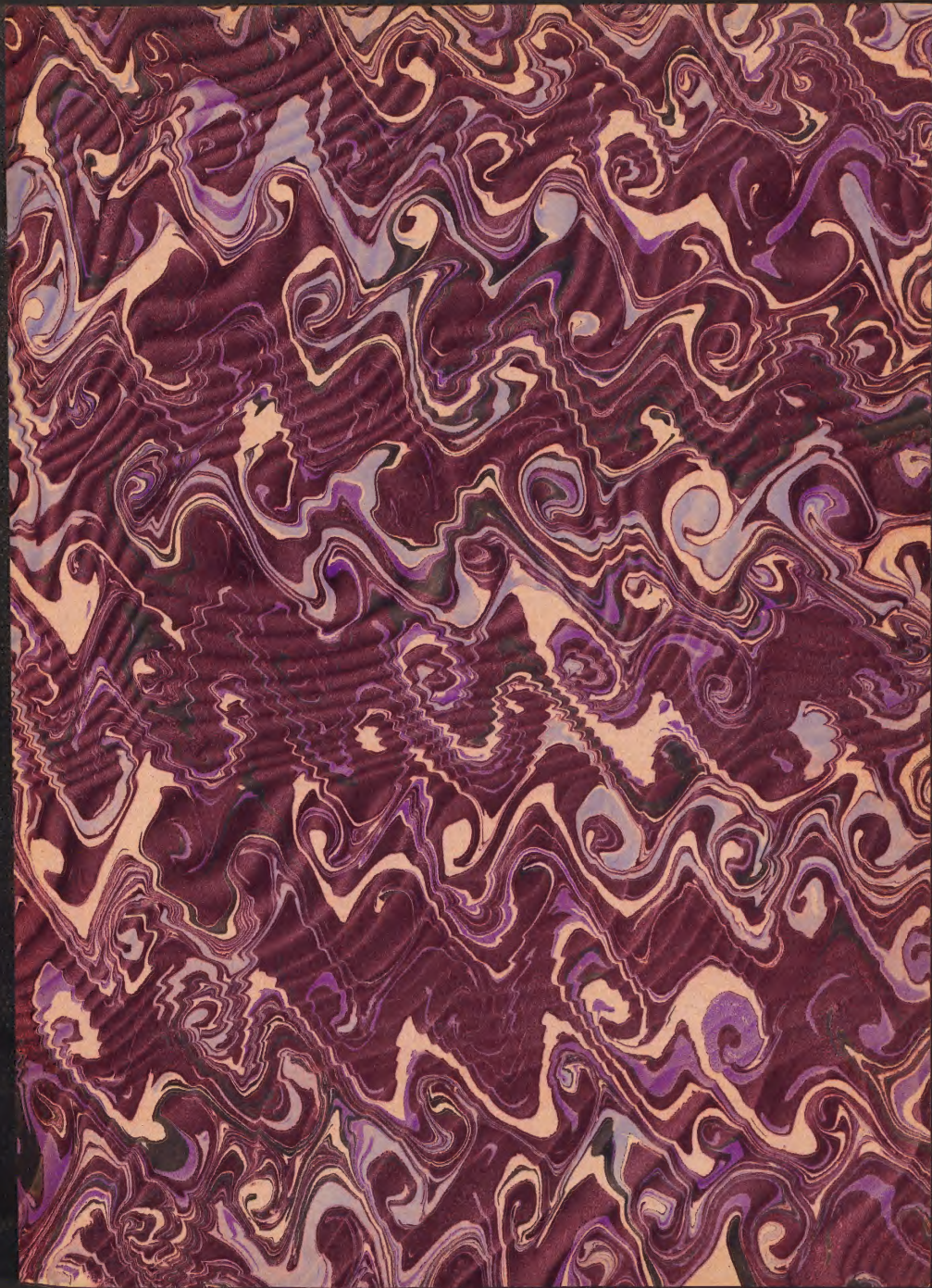
OF THE

MUSEUM OF COMPARATIVE ZOÖLOGY

BEQUEST OF

WILLIAM BREWSTER





SB-7741.2 (8)



All the important systematic notes are copied into  
"Systematic Notes, Vols.1-68." All the notes are checked  
and I copied most of them.

Walter Deane, June 13, 1898.

William Brewster



William Brewster



Cambridge to New York

1894

Feb 16

Clear and cold with strong north west wind. Left Boston at 4 P.M. by train to New York C. accompanying me. The country to Springfield and beyond was covered with from one to two feet of snow very fresh and spotted after the recent storm. The air was wonderfully clear and the light at sunset very beautiful. A typical winter light and landscape. I was glad to have it so since it will make the change to the tropics still more marked and impressive.

Three or four Crows and a very few Grackles that rose from the railroad embankment and flew up a hillside were all the birds seen, but then it became dark soon after we left Worcester.





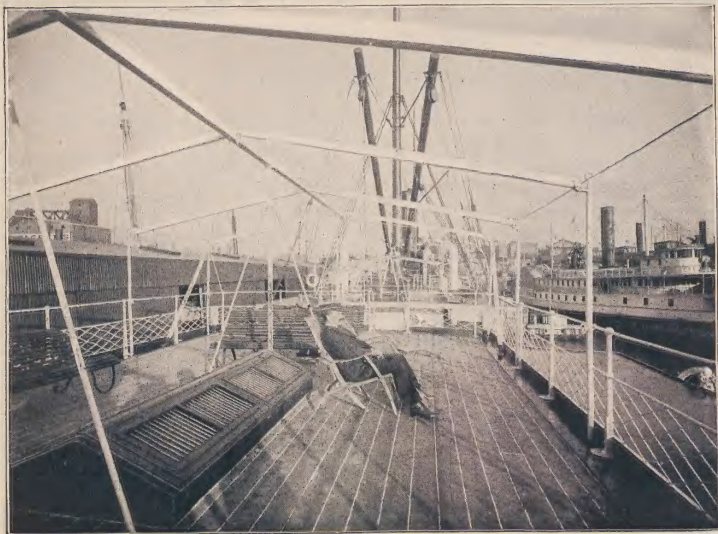
MAP OF  
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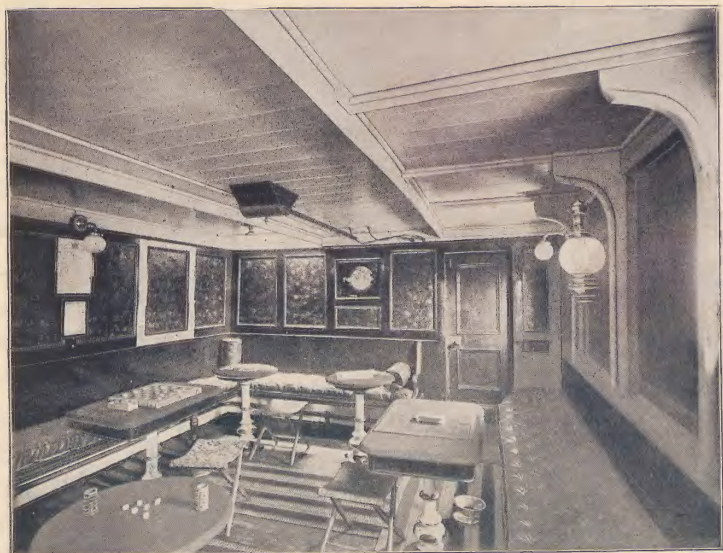


S. S. "MADIANA."—LOWER PROMENADE DECK.



S. S. "MADIANA."—UPPER PROMENADE DECK.





S. S. "MADIANA."—THE SMOKING ROOM.



S. S. "MADIANA."—THE MAIN SALOON.



S. S. "MADIANA" - THE SOCIAL HALL.



S. S. "MADIANA" - STATEROOM.



Start for the W. Indies

1884  
Feb. 17

Morning clear, afternoon cloudy with south wind  
the sun coming out again just before setting.

C. left us by the 10 A.M. train for Boston.  
At 10.30 I drove to pier #47 and went aboard  
the "Madison", a Steamship of 3,050 tons register  
(with a length of 344.8 feet, 31.4 feet beam and  
29.1 feet depth). She has a double bottom fore  
and aft and carries 400 tons of water ballast.  
Her maximum speed is sixteen knots but  
she ordinarily makes about twelve knots.  
She was advertised to sail at noon but it  
was nearly one o'clock when we finally got  
off and ploughed a lane through the floating  
ice which filled the river.

There were a few Herring Gulls about but  
they were left behind after we passed  
Sandy Hook and their places were taken by  
some Kittiwakes, which followed us until  
about sunset, trailing along over the water  
of the steamer and coming up at times to  
within 20 yards or less. I identified them beyond  
a possibility of error by means of my glass.  
There was the greatest number which attended us  
at any one time. Although moving directly  
across a stiff head wind they flapped their  
wings very little but sailed, apparently without  
effort or deflection from a level plane, hundreds  
of yards at a time keeping close under our  
stem. Prof Riley (of Hingham) who watched  
them with me thought that took advantage  
of the "suction" caused by the steamer's

Kittiwake  
Gulls.

off the coast.

1894  
Feb. 17  
(1892.)

Wittowake  
Gulls

This theory seemed to me absurd although perhaps they did obtain some benefit from keeping in the leas of our hull, but they often rose above the upper deck without leas to feel the wind.

There are more graceful and elegant than the Herring Gull but they did not look to me much smaller. Indeed, before I put the glass on them and made out the diagnostic markings I was in doubt as to whether they were real Herring Gulls. Most of them carried the feet pressed up against the under side of the tail but plainly visible, even to the naked eye, on the case of a few individuals, however, I could see nothing of either legs or feet. The bill was usually pointed downward and the head kept moving from side to side. When any food was thrown overboard the Gulls at once shot down on let wings and clustered about the spot to pick it up, dropping their legs and apparently standing as well as waddling on the water but keeping their wings flapping the while.

At about 5 P.M. when out of sight of land I saw then old mink Golden-eyed Ducks flying together close to the surface of the water, heading south.

The sea was white-capped and with latter large swells during the latter afternoon and evening.



Dead reckoning at noon: lat: 36° 59', long. 71° 08'; run 22½ miles

Second day at sea. Pass the lat. of Hatteras & cross the Gulf Stream

1894

Feb. 18

Cloudy with strong S.W. wind and heavy showers of rain at intervals. There was an ugly sea running when I came on deck at 8 a.m., and it increased slowly but steadily until the waves were nearly as large as any that I have ever seen. Our ship behaved splendidly but more than half the passengers were forced to take to their rooms. The decks were positively dangerous at times.

Through the afternoon the sea had a peculiarly wild and angry look, ~~and~~ the wind picked the crests off the waves and the white spray drifted like snow. The water became distinctly blue as we entered the Gulf Stream at about noon. The water of the ship was almost exactly the color of water in which blueing has been placed for washing purposes, and the crests of the breaking waves had a similar hue. We passed out of the Gulf Stream at about 10 P.M. after which the sea became much less rough.

About a dozen Gulls were following the ship when I came out this morning but they all left us before ten o'clock and during the afternoon I saw no birds of any kind. I think these Gulls were Kittiwakes but I did not put the glass on them.

Gulls

Two schools of small porpoises were the only other living creatures. They kept along with us for a little way and one school raced past and played about our bows.

Porpoises

noon observation - Lat 33.22 Lon 69.02

1894

Feb. 19

11 A.M. The wind and sea went down during the night and now it is comparatively calm and the ship is moving steadily on with only a gentle roll now and then. The surface of the water is pale, grayish lead color with here and there a white cap flashing and disappearing. In our wake where the screw has churned the water it is of the same pale indigo color noted yesterday. Every now and then we pass a fragment of the brownish yellow gulf weed. I did not see any yesterday.

The sun came out an hour ago but the sky has clouded over again.

At 8 A.M. three Gulls came together to the steamer from the eastward and followed her for a few minutes, then dropped out of sight astern. One was a young Kittiwake the other two dark-colored birds apparently as large as S. Smithsonianus and I think the young of that species. We are now rather more than 400 miles S. E. of New York and about 300 miles from land, a little below the latitude of Cape Hatteras.

Kittiwake  
Herring Gulls

It is interesting to note the entire absence of Procellariidae. Thus far I have not seen one, large or small. This affords pretty strong negative evidence that they do not occur in these waters in midwinter.

Absence of  
Procellariidae

Since yesterday noon the weather has been sufficiently temperate warm to make an overcoat superfluous, even on the wind on deck. The air is moist & airy. Floide weather.



1894

Feb. 19

(no 2.)

My roommate, in stateroom no 1, is Mr. W. H. Francis of Philadelphia - a business man evidently, about forty years of age and an exceedingly pleasant fellow. He is travelling with his niece a rather plain but very bright and interesting girl of about twenty. She is a member of the Appalachian Club and knows Bolles. She also knows the Rickerings well and Spelman slightly.

I see a good deal, also, of Carruth's partner, Phillips; he took this trip last year in the Caribbee and tells me much that I am glad to know about the islands.

Riley is omnipresent - a mercurial fellow and a great talker.

10 P.M. The afternoon and evening have been delightful and a great change from yesterday or even this forenoon. Through the afternoon the sun shone brightly on a summer sea rippling and curling under a fresh but steady breeze. The color of the water has been unlike anything that I ever saw before, a pure dark blue without a tinge of slaty or gray or lead color. I cannot describe this color but it is certainly never seen in either salt or fresh water at the North.

The Sargasso or Gulf weed appeared at shorter & shorter intervals until finally the sea was dotted with it as far as the eye could reach. Some of the beds being several yards square but most of them only three or four feet. In the twilight the color is rich brownish orange or

1894

Feb. 19

(No 3)

as one of the ladies thought, tawny orange.  
I now saw Portuguese men o' war for the first time,  
three or four of them, floating lightly on the waves  
turning slowly round and round, flashing and  
disappearing in the sunlight like bits of glass or  
ice. I also saw some flying fish at a distance and  
two whales spouting.

There were no birds excepting two Herring Gulls  
one young, the other a fully adult bird. The latter  
came directly over the stern of the steamer and  
sitting slightly on its long, gracefully curved  
wings looked down at me curiously which I  
looked up at through my glass. Both these birds  
were in full, working away busily about our  
ocean and neither attempted to follow our ship.  
I was surprised to see them there.

We had a full moon this evening and its  
effect on the water was simply startling. As the  
slight swells threw up by one wave curled one  
and broke their foaming crests and slopes gleamed  
with an intensity that fairly thrilled the eye and  
yet had the peculiar softness of silver light. Highly  
burnished silver in strong sunlight would be scarier  
brighter and yet infinitely more classless for  
this effect was altogether pleasing and soothing to the  
sense of sight. There was positively no phosphorescence  
at the time or indeed at any time this evening.  
Riley thought that the phenomenon was due to the <sup>high</sup> <sup>range</sup> of the  
a full rigged barkentine with every sail (28 of them) set  
crowded and bows at 3 P.M. bound for the coast.



1894  
Feb. 20 Noon observation: lat.  $28^{\circ}50'$ ; long.  $66^{\circ}53'$ ; run 293 miles.

10 A.M. A summer sky and a summer sea yet both different from anything we seen at the North. The sky very pale, tender blue with cumulous clouds many of which are delicate rose or salmon as if it were near sunset instead of mid-forenoon. The sea is much bluer than it was yesterday - a deep yet perfectly pure indigo. It is just ruffled by a gentle breeze. Near at hand the surface is undulating with short irregular mounds which run in every direction meeting and heaping up sharp ridges and peaks but in the distance it looks as level as the surface of a pond and the horizon line is clear and firm. There is more buff wood than yesterday but it seems to be more broken up; few of the fragments are larger than a dinner plate and none more than two or three yards across but they dot the water so thickly that scarce a square rod is free from them. The color is the same as that of those seen yesterday but it is said to become purer yellow farther to the southward. No Portuguese men o' war this morning.

A Dusky Shearwater (Puffinus anduboni) has just passed, half-a-mile or more away. Save for its smaller size and perhaps quicker motions it resembled very closely the Greater Shearwater (P. major). It is the first that I have ever seen.

Mr. & Mrs. Hubbard from Washington are among our passengers. Hubbard is accompanying Riley as assistant, to attack the scale bugs which are laying waste the lime and lemon groves of Montserrat. He used to know Maynard and he has taken a course of study at the Museum of Comparative Zoology.

1844.

Feb. 20

(No 2.)

11 P.M. The afternoon has been delightful but wholly uneventful. No birds, no flying fish, no whales or porpoises, no Portuguese man o' war seen. Simply the great circle of calm, deep blue sea and the pale blue dome overhead. The swells have gradually subsided until now the steamer moves swiftly on her way without the slightest perceptible roll or pitching. The full moon hangs suspended nearly overhead but although its beams silver the crests of the waves thrown off by the ship's bows the effect is simply that of moonlight on our northern sea and very unlike that noted last evening.

Through the afternoon cumulous clouds have hung about the horizon and this evening lightening has flashed through some of them. Several which have passed directly over us have seemed to me to be very low down and of a peculiar fleecy quality looking more like clouds of steam than anything else. The Captain says that they are trade wind clouds and this reminds me of a note that we reached the trade wind belt this morning when the wind, which has blown steadily from the north-west ever since we left New York, first died away and then sprang up from the south-east and has since blown steadily - a soft, damp wind.

Some of the passengers fished for Sargassæ weed with a cluster of hooks and brought up masses strewed with the most exquisite Polyps of several very different types. There was a small Annelid also.

The only vessel seen to-day was a hermaphrodite brig steering south & six or eight miles away.



noon observation: lat.  $24^{\circ} 14'$ ; long.  $65^{\circ} 36'$ ; run 286 miles

1894

Feb. 21

11 A.M. Thus far a sunny day but the sky filled with cumulous yet diaphanous clouds rising, & down, before the strong, steady trade wind which has blown unceasingly since yesterday. The sea is white-capped but the waves are of only moderate height and the ship is but little affected by them. The water is a ~~very~~ richer, purer blue than it was yesterday. There is much more Sargassum weed, also. To-day it is in rafts or ribbons some of which are many yards across. These are disposed in belts or ribbons which stretch straight away as far as the eye can reach. Between these belts are spaces of immaculate blue water from one to three or four hundred yards in width - blue lanes leading ~~unbroken~~ to the horizon and beyond.

Flying fish have literally swarmed at times ever since breakfast. They are far more beautiful than I had supposed and I never tire of watching them. As a rule they spring from the crests of the waves and ~~fly~~ <sup>flap</sup> twenty or thirty yards only, at first directly into the wind, then turning and skimming down wind, just clearing the tops of the higher waves and often failing to do this even. Some, however, rise four or five feet above the water and fly directly down wind for one or even two hundred yards. These are usually the larger ones for they vary greatly in size. The flight is very similar to that of a dragon fly. Several times this morning I distinctly saw the movement of the "wings" or the base <sup>produced by</sup> ~~which~~ their rapid vibration, ~~and~~ but often they appeared to be, and doubtless were, held rigid, especially when the fish had attained a good momentum

1894.

Feb. 21

(No 2)

and was going down wind. In other words it is quite Flying Fish clear that these fish, like certain birds and insects, flap or scale on set wings as well as their pleasure or

Usually they fly on a nearly level plane but by no means uncommonly they follow the undulations of the waves rising and falling a foot or two while occasionally one will mount directly upward to a height of five or six feet, hover a moment and then either plunge back into the water or glide off on a long, gentle decline. They turn right angles with perfect ease and often very abruptly. There appears to be much individual difference in their powers of flight. Some rise feebly and handle themselves clumsily; others are almost as easy and graceful of movement as Swallows although the grace is of a different quality. I am by no means sure that the Flying Fish is not the more beautiful creature of the two. Against a background of intensely blue water with the sun shining faintly on its sides it gleams like bright, burnished silver and attracts the eye as quickly as would the flash of a bit of looking glass. When going straight away it has a grayish appearance and is of the same color. Hubbard, who has been in the bows of the Steamer and who has seen Flying Fish very much nearer than those which I have been watching confirms much of the above. He thinks that four or five strokes of the wings are usually given when the fish first starts, or when it wishes to rise above a wave and that it sails most of the time.



1894

Feb. 21

(No 3)

as the wind increased during the afternoon kicking up a lumpy sea which made our ship pitch and roll more than was agreeable to some of the more sensitive passengers but still the tables at dinner showed only a few empty seats. The clouds were more numerous than yesterday but the sky was at no time completely overcast. There were fewer flying fish than during the forenoon.

When I first went on deck this morning an exclamation from several of the passengers attracted my attention to a bird which seemed to be just rising from the water about 500 yards from the steamer. It looked about as large as a Pigeon and flew very like one flapping the wings quickly and steadily as it mounted in a spiral course and made off to the westward circling until out of sight. Its nearly white color and the long, slender tail feathers enabled me to recognize it at once as a Tropic Bird, my first. I had expected a more tern-like flight but the resemblance to the flight of a Pigeon was so marked that several of the other passengers were also struck with it.

My first  
Tropic Bird

Besides the Tropic Bird I saw two Dusky Shearwaters Audubon's (P. auduboni) wandering about a mile or more from the steamer late in the afternoon.

The thermometer stood at 74° in the cabin at the foot of the companion way at 1 P.M.

Noon observation Lat.  $19^{\circ} 28'$ ; Long.  $65^{\circ} 17'$ ; run 287 miles

1894

Feb. 22 11 A.M. Practically the same conditions as yesterday but more clouds and an even bluer sea. Miss Francis identifies the color of the general surface as "dilute ultra-marine", that of the water churned by our screws as "robin's egg blue".

When I first came on deck we were running through great fields of Sargassum weed, not continuous or unbroken fields but rafts of varying sizes floating so thickly that in many places the rich, tawny orange nearly equalled the immaculate blue interstices — a painted ocean so remarkable as to be positively unreal. The Sargassum was not here disposed in wind-bows but was very evenly disposed. It came on in and off abruptly, and now there is not so much as the smallest present in sight.

Flying Fish are abundant but not so generally distributed as yesterday, occurring now at comparatively infrequent intervals but in large schools which rise like flocks of silvery birds and skim off over the bright blue sea. One came aboard during the night and I have just examined it with some care. It is a broad-backed, solid fish of about a quarter of a pound in weight and measures as follows: length, 9.25; stretch of wings, 10.75; length of "wing" (i.e. lateral pectoral fin) 4.75; greatest breadth of wing (at its extremity) 3.25 inches. The "wings" resemble, in many aspects, those of butterflies especially in the veining. The veins or rather spines ~~for~~ twice or thrice. The eye is very large, the iris hazel, the back dark slaty, the upper sides bluish, the lower sides and entire underparts silvery white. The mouth is directed upward.



1894,  
Feb. 22  
(No 2)

The first land St. Thomas was sighted about three o'clock and an hour later mountainous islands loomed ahead and to the right and left - Porto Rico, St. Thomas and the Virgin Islands. We reached our anchorage in the harbor of St. Thomas at about eight o'clock. It is now eleven. The night is delightfully cool, yet wholly without chill, and the strong trade wind sweeps steadily overhead and ruffles the water about the ship. A Russian training ship lies at anchor near us. The moon has just risen over the mountains to the eastward. We are too far from shore to hear any of the night sounds of the land.

During the forenoon I saw only one bird, a large brown sea-bird which I did not recognize but which I now believe to have been a Booby Gannet. Soon after land was first sighted and about thirty miles to the northward of St. Thomas the sea over a large area was literally alive with Puffins (P. pacificus) sitting on the water and skimming about singly and in flocks of from ten to twenty. They behaved and looked very like P. magi. There were also a few Booby(?) Gannets. These latter flew close to the water and more in the manner of Puffins than like Gula bossona. Flying fish were very numerous but they were nearly all of small size and many of them did not seem to exceed an inch in length.

Washington, Nov. 3. Maj. Gen. Robert Maitland O'Reilly, former surgeon-general of the United States army, personal physician and intimate friend of President Cleveland, died here today of uremic poisoning.

In the Spanish-American war Gen. O'Reilly was chief surgeon of the 4th army corps. He was a member of the excavation commission at Havana and chief surgeon of the division of Cuba during the first American occupation.

St. Thomas.

1894

Feb. 23

Clear with strong steady trade wind. Warm on shore in the middle of the day but at no time really uncomfortable. With Dr. Riley I landed at about 9 a.m. We walked about through the streets, visited the market, did some shopping, drove to Bohrebeards Castle (whence we had a fine view of the harbor and the town) and finally lunch at the Hotel de Commerce.

The town is very neat and picturesque, the architecture of the Moorish type. There are many beautiful shade trees along the streets and in the yards and gardens but I had my first glimpse of wild tropical vegetation on the hillside which we ascended on the way to the castle. It was more grotesque, more unusual, more artificial, and less beautiful than I had anticipated. The land, however, has been parched by the long winter drought and many of the trees were practically leafless. The shrubs & lesser plants were nearly all spiny or thorny. Over the mountain sides the trees grow sparsely and but few of them exceed 20 to 30 feet in height. At a distance the coloring of these mountain slopes is chiefly pale brownish or straw-color dotted here and there with yellowish green and a very little deep green. We are told that after the first rains the coloring is chiefly green. As it is now it recalled to Dr. Riley Arizona and, indeed, was scarcely less parched and arid-looking.

Along the water front the palms (coconut, royal & a few lake palms) made a belt of deep shining green. We saw dry grasses forming beds along the roadsides - fine grasses very like those at home.



1894

Feb. 23

(No. 2.)

I saw this morning on St. Thomas one Thrush (probably *Margarops fasciatus*), several Honey Creepers (*Coccyzus postonensis*) with white supraciliary stripes, great numbers of *Euthesia bicolor*, two fair large Hummers with dark velvety throats and broad rounded tails and a Kingfisher (*Ceryle alcyon* ♀).

The Grass Lints were everywhere. In the tower they were quite as familiar as *Passer domesticus* (but less tame) and while we were dining on the piazza of the hotel they were continually alighting on the floor among the tables and hopping about apparently in search of crumbs. They chirped like our Sparrows and also made a fine, hissing tr-c.

The tr-c was tr-c and our tr-c was tr-c above and dropped down over the tr-c making, all the time, a shrill squeaking like that of *J. columbis*. Doubtless they were a pair mating.

The little Honey Creepers behaved much like our *Mniotilta*, creeping and hopping by turns & taking frequent short flights.

The Kingfisher was sitting in a palm by the roadside and we passed within 20 ft of it.

I heard no bird singing whatever and no sound of insects. The latter seemed scarce. I saw a

St. Thomas

1894

Feb. 23

No 31

as house flies, one small butterfly, and  
a bee of some kind.

A lizard which looked like our Chamisa  
was clinging to the wall in a garden and  
I caught glimpses of others of larger size  
along the roadside.

As we steamed away from St. Thomas at  
3 P.M. on our way to St. Croix we had  
a fine view of the western and southern coast  
and mountain slopes. At a distance of a  
mile or two from shore the whole face of  
the country looked brown or yellowish brown  
with a few dots or belts of green.

A few white birds, perhaps Royal Terns, were  
flying about the harbor but none of  
them came nearer than half-a-mile & I  
could not identify them.

Perhaps the prettiest bits we saw on shore  
this morning were the wooded inlands and  
gardens with their palms, lime trees and yucca  
like plants. These, seen through low, broad arches  
which opened on the strand, were highly  
picturesque but more oriental than American  
tropical, as it seemed to me.



St. Croix

1894

Feb. 24

Most of the morning cloudy with occasional short, brisk showers of fine rain and now and then a burst of sunshine. Afternoon clear. The trade wind strong and steady all last night and to-day.

When I came on deck this morning I had my first view of St. Croix for it was dark when we were here last evening. The island, as seen from the roadstead, appears much less mountainous than St. Thomas, and it is very much greener. The belts of sugar cane about the town and around the bases of the hills are yellowish or pea green, the trees dark, rather sombre green. The upper slopes of the mountains are pale yellowish or reddish brown in places, in others green.

The water about the ship is the purest and richest blue that we have thus far seen. It varies in shade under different lights and at different depths. Inshore it is robin's egg blue.

Brown Pelicans are flying back and forth in small flocks. I see no other birds from the ship.

We all went ashore directly after breakfast. I kept with Prof. Riley and the Hubbards to-day. We first visited the market place and then drove out into the country for three or four miles over a hard, clayey road the soil of which was of about the same color as that in Massachusetts. Fields of sugar cane bordered the road on both sides for most of the way but there were many beautiful

St. Croix

1894

Feb. 24

(no 2)

trees scattered about the edges of the fields and road and we passed one piece of woods covering perhaps ten or twelve acres. On our left rose a mountainous ridge of no great elevation but very picturesque, its steep sides densely covered with a scrubby, thorny growth of various tropical shrubs with now and then a cove filled with larger trees.

Mr. Hartford pointed out to me the Ceiba, the fig, Tamarind (most beautiful of all the trees that I have thus far seen and a favorite shade tree both here and at St. Thomas) the Mango, the Talking Tree or Woman's Tongue (covered with yellowish pods and also much used as a shade tree), Mangroves and various others. There were coconut palms in abundance and the most varied and bewildering growth of shrubs, vines and herbaceous plants. Flowers were less numerous than I had expected but still we collected a very pretty bunch of them.

Of birds I saw Euthia bicolor in the village; a Ground Dove and a pair of Tyrannus dominicensis on the outskirts; several Zenaidura Doves (Zenaidura macroura?), three Anis (Crotophaga anis), two Coereba newtoni, and two Hummers (exactly like those noted at St. Thomas) in the country.

One of the Zenaidura Doves cooed twice - very much like our Z. macroura. The Honeycreepers chirped softly (tup) very like our Yellow Warblers. Some birds that I did not see made a curious musical chirrup which slightly resembled that of our Chipmunk. Besides these

St. Louis.

1894.  
Feb. 24  
(No 3)

formed I heard positively nothing save a single, distant, bell-like bird voice on the mountain slope.

Do not birds sing here and where were the insect voices?

Butterflies were common but nowhere numerous. We saw four species, three new to me and very tropical looking, the fourth one common Cabbage Butterfly.

I saw two Hawks flying high, one soaring over the crest of the mountain ridge, the other crossing a valley among the hills. Both looked like Falco and one was probably Falco sparverius.

One of the passengers, who has just returned from a drive across the island, tells me that he saw a Mongoose and a Deer. The latter animal he said to be numerous.

I nearly caught a small mouse which started up under foot among banana vines by the roadside and eluded me by merely taking one or two short hops whenever I put out my hand. The creature was of about the size and nearly the color of our black field mouse. I am very sure that it was not a House Mouse.

Perhaps the most impressive experience that I have had thus far was that of my first sight of tropical fishes in the market place this noon. There were perhaps 100 fishes laid out in the sun on the sidewalk. There were scarce two alikes and they were more beautiful than birds, flowers, insects



St. Croix.

1894

Feb. 24

(No 4)

or indeed any other objects animate or inanimate that I have ever before seen. Words fail utterly to describe their truly gorgeous coloring and extraordinary markings. Perhaps the impression that they produced on me will best tell the story; I gazed at them a moment and then burst into tears. It was actually several minutes before I could again face the crowd of impassive negroes and control my voice sufficiently to talk with Riley and Hubbard. I do not know how to account for this emotion but for the moment it simply overpowered me.

We left St. Croix at 5 P.M. and spent the night there, for St. Christopher, 125 miles distant. The trade wind blew strong and the sea was rather rough but only two or three of our passengers were at all affected by the motion.

We have not seen the slightest trace of phosphorescence in the water since leaving New York. Riley and Hubbard are puzzled by this fact.

St. Christopher (or St. Kitts)

1894  
Feb. 25

Just agreeably warm with brief intervals of  
sunshine alternating with longer periods of  
cloudiness and occasional drizzling showers of  
fine rain. Still the steady trade wind, though  
to-day than usual.

I rose at 5.30 this morning and coming  
on deck at 6 found that we were running  
in towards the open roadstead off Bass Hill  
the chief town of St. Kitts. The scenery was  
new to me and for the first time I saw  
true volcanic mountains with their pointed con-  
ical peaks and eminently wrinkled sides as  
if cloth had been drawn down over them and  
loosely folded. Their upper slopes are wooded  
and dark green but everywhere else, save in  
a very near the town, the whole face of the  
country is devoted to sugar plantations, some  
newly ploughed fields alternating with great  
patches of fully-grown cane which at a distance  
in the morning sunlight looked pale yellowish  
green like ripening grain.

After breakfast I went ashore with Dr. Riley.  
He found the Herons in the park (Paddocks)  
which proved so beautiful and attractive that  
we spent the forenoon there and returned  
to it again in the afternoon after taking  
lunch on the terrace. It was filled with  
the most beautiful palms and there is a big  
"banyan" tree (not the true banyan but a kind) in the center.

St. Christopher (or St. Kitts)

1894

Feb. 25

(No 2)

By Hubbard's help I learned to distinguish the Royal (Palmist), Date, Coconut & Fan Palms, the Rubber Tree (Hevea) ~~the~~ <sup>these</sup> ~~as~~ <sup>as</sup> one house plant but here 2 ft through at the base and with a wide-spreading top 50 or 60 ft. high, a tree hollyhock 30 or 40 ft high, a feathery, graceful tree allied to the Equisetums but 30 ft high, a tree like 20 ft high with a trunk like a young ash, the sand-box tree whose bursting buds are nearly as dangerous as bombs, the bread fruit, a beautiful tree of large size thickly hung with fruit and a host of other vegetable growths that I cannot now recall. About the fountain were aloe, a superb ferns peacock, balsams (like ours), a beautiful convolvulus and many other flowering plants, while gardens bordering the opposite sides of the square were glowing with color, lantanas, hibiscus, roses, and hosts of brilliant flowers most of which Hubbard recognized at once but whose names quickly escaped my memory.

Later in the afternoon we entered two of the largest gardens and after looking out for some time to do so wandered about the 'mootly kept' & often tiled or paved walks and revelled in the feast of brilliant coloring and luxuriantly graceful forms. No wonder those who have been in the tropics long to return. No wonder the descriptions of the best writers among them fail to give even the faintest idea of what this vegetable wonder world is like. It must be seen.



St Christopher (or St Kitts?).

1894

Feb. 25

(No 3)

The big "Banyan" tree (it spreads about 150 ft and its foliage closely resembles that of our Live Oak) was alive with birds and they were also numerous throughout the Park as well as in the neighbouring private gardens. I saw and fully identified one Mniotilta varia (♀), a dozen or more Tetophaea ruticilla, several Coccyzus boathat, numerous Euthenia boston, three Vireo calidris, and one Bellona (the only Hummer). There was also a beautiful male Spotted Hawk (Falco) with only a slight tinge of Rufous on the faintly barred tail, conspicuous black cheek markings, and pure white under parts heavily streaked longitudinally with blackish. It made several unsuccessful dashes at the smaller birds & perched over on the terminal spike of a Royal Palm.

Vireo calidris was singing at intervals through the day. Its song is very like our Red-eye's but more disjointed or less flowing and an occasional note has a wild ring that recalled the voice of our Sotolomus. Its call note is also much like that of V. olivaceus but shorter & harsher.

The Grass Lints (Euthenia) chirp like Sparrows and make a peevish see-e which reminds me of the sound produced by striking a tightly-strung wire sharply or by whirling a slender wand about the head. This I think was the song. The old birds were feeding broods of young which were partly grown & resembled the adult females.

\* At Antigua Feb. 25 I saw a Honey Creeper Coccyz. boathat in the act of molting. This bird and two I saw named that very afternoon. This the notes to Euthenia was a clear imitation. The Euthenia was also at Antigua, I found together.

1894.

Feb. 25

(no 4)

The Hummer was darting about among the hanging aerial roots of the big "Banyan", catching minute insects no doubt. It was an exquisitely beautiful little creature, green above dark grayish beneath. The shining sapphire of the upper surface of the crest showed only when the crest was erected which happened every few seconds as the bird poised on busying wings a yard or two above where I stood.

I saw the Honey Creepers (*Corobates*) probing the with their curved bills. While thus engaged the bird bent forward and down pecking just above the ground and then ran & so on. Parula Warblers.

I saw only one butterfly in the Park, a small yellow species much like our common one. There were a dozen or more dragon flies about the fountain. All appeared to be of the same kind. They had dull red bodies and plain grayish wings.

In a little pool filled with small lily pads & a leaf that resembled our floating heart we caught a pair of water beetles of about the size of our large *Dytiscus* and evidently belonging to that genus but of a uniform dull black color.

Boasards were abundant about the fountain. There were two kinds, one grass green, the other drab with a dull red throat. The latter were from twelve to eighteen inches long & singularly alert & intelligent looking. One picked up a palm berry and took it off in its mouth.

1894

Feb. 25

(No 5)

The garden soil in this Park is of much the same color and general appearance as that in Cambridge gardens. After the showers it emitted the same delicious fresh earthy smell. The roses also were similar to ours but of rather more straggly and weedy growth.

The only water birds which I have seen here are a few Brown Pelicans. They walk about on the beach within a few rods of men at work and float like brogs among the boats or fly about close to the wharf and plunge down after fish disappearing for a moment beneath the surface.

One of our passengers who visited a sugar plantation to-day reports that the mongoose was introduced on this island from Jamaica six years ago and is now very abundant in the cane fields. The planters say that it has not seriously diminished the numbers of the cane rats but it has destroyed all the lizards and ground-nesting birds and poultry raising has become almost impossible. But the worst results which have followed the introduction of this noxious animal is the great increase of the species of insects which bore into and destroy the sugar cane and which the lizards and birds formerly kept in check. Many of the planters fear that the sugar raising will ultimately have to be abandoned.

Monkeys of two species are said to abound,



1894.

Feb. 26.

The weather precisely like that of yesterday but warmer.

We all went ashore after breakfast. I spent most of the forenoon in the Park where I saw nothing new. The Vireo calidris sang a little at long intervals. The song is much more disjointed than that of V. olivaceus.

At 2 P.M. we started for Mountserrat which we reached just before sunset. It is by far the most beautiful island that we have seen thus far - a short range of wild, rugged mountains rising abruptly out of the sea in places, in others sloping <sup>as</sup> steeply with a few patches of the light green sugar cane contrasting sharply with the darker green of the forests which cover by far the greater part of the island.

After dinner I went ashore with Dr. Riley, Prof. Riley and the Hitts who we have seen here. It was very dark and there were few street lamps but we stumbled along through narrow, crooked streets and alleys many of which were paved, with deep, paved gutters in which water was flowing and frogs uttering a most musical piping like the twinkle of a tiny silver bell. There were also crickets, rather numerous, with more musical "voices" than any crickets that I have ever heard before. Streets, gardens & back yards were filled with a profusion of scabrous palms. We called on an English family & were most hospitably entertained.

Antigua.

1894

Feb. 27

The weather is so nearly uniform from day to day that I shall not record it after this unless there is some marked change. On the land the thermometer is  $83^{\circ}$  to  $85^{\circ}$  at noon and  $74^{\circ}$  to  $76^{\circ}$  at night.

We left Montserrat at midnight and when I came on deck at six o'clock this morning the steamer was running up the long narrow bay which forms the harbor of Antigua. On both sides of this bay, but especially on our right hand, cone shaped volcanic mountains, densely wooded from base to summit, rose against the sky. The water was even richer colored than that at Santa Cruz. Every few minutes a huge shark of a pale flesh-color showed first his dorsal fin and then a portion of his back. A few Brown Pelicans were the only water birds in sight.

At 9 A. M. I went ashore with Dr. Riley in a small steam tug. On the way we passed within fifty yards of a large rock on which a dozen or more Brown Pelicans (mostly young birds) were standing, or lying in picturesque attitudes.

On reaching the town we walked about through the streets, visited the hospital and Cathedral, and dined at a very good hotel where we had green turtle soup and steak, both extremely good, and venison from Barbados. We afterwards called at the library and finally reboarded the steamer at 4.30 P. M., sailing at 5 P. M.

1894.  
Feb. 27  
(no 2)

The town is decidedly the most interesting place that we have thus far seen. The houses and other buildings are small and of a commonplace style of architecture. But the English Cathedral is rather attractive, especially within. The interior is finished with hard pine (from Georgia, I think). There is a wonderfully beautiful view of the town & harbor from the front of this Cathedral. There are no gardens or parks of any special interest & but few shade trees.

I saw a very fine Euthia bicolor, a pair of Tyrannus dominicensis, a Sparrow Hawk (Sp.?) and great numbers of Coccyzus carolinensis. The latter included were here the characteristic town birds and for the first time very greatly outnumbered the Grass Quits. I was not a little surprised to find that the Re-e-e note which I have heard on all the other islands but which previous to this morning I have attributed to Euthia is really uttered by Coccyzus. It has been simply another case of the "pig note" of our New England Quits for the Euthia and Coccyzus has been caught together and without any real proof I have been misled by usually finding a Euthia when I heard the note. To-day, however, I saw a Coccyzus make this sound while I was standing directly beneath him thus settling the matter.

Saw the Re-e and an occasional low chirp from Euthia. I heard no bird voices and there were no insect sounds. Nor did I see any insects save a few house flies and two very small mosquitoes.



Antigua.

1894.

Feb. 27

(No 3)

The Mongoose has been introduced on Antigua and is now very numerous and a terrible scourge to the planter. It has utterly exterminated the Quail, reduced the number of the Guinea Fowl very sensibly, made poultry raising and eagle impossible (the price of chickens and turkeys has doubled within the past few years) and now it is actually eating sugar cane and has developed an especial and very curious fondness for pine apples. In their desperation the planters have resorted to a regular method of reducing the number of this voracious little beast. They have trapped a number of the mobs and after inoculating them with typhoid have set them free again. The Englishman who told me all this believes that this remedy will in time prove effectual. He says that the Mongoose has been turned out on nearly all the larger islands of the Lesser Antilles except Montserrat.

Mongoose

On our way back to the ship I saw a pair of Trigons which looked and flew like actitis. They were on a small rocky island.

Spotted?

Swampspine

Soon after reaching the steamer I saw my first Trigate Birds two of them sailing in circles over a volcanic peak about half a mile away.

Trigate  
Bird

Through the glass I made out their white heads (both were young birds). Their flight disappointed me but probably I did not see it under favorable conditions.

Guadaloupe.

1894.  
Feb. 28

We reached Guadaloupe sometime during the night but lay off the mouth of the harbor until daylight. When I came on deck the steamer was running up a narrow bay with a low, wooded shore on the right and cloud-capped mountains (one of them is a smoking volcano) on the left.

This town is rather large, flat, with hard sidewalks and stone gutters in all of which clean water is running. There are some beautiful gardens, and a good many fine shade trees, chiefly sand box trees and wisteria trees. The people are nearly all negroes and there are few among them who speak or understand a single word of English, the French being the universal language here.

As we walked up a broad street shaded by a lush row of gigantic sand box trees I heard a sweet, plaintive bird song wholly new to me and really the first bird music that I have thus far listened to. It resembled more the song of Dendroica dominica having the same dreamy, "far away" quality but it was even sweeter and more expressive, without the slightest hesitation or reservation I should rate it as the most musical song that I have ever heard from a Dendroica - for a Dendroica the bird proved to be, and had a good view of me from beneath and saw it sing. The under parts were of a pale yellow much as in the ♀ of our D. aestiva. I saw no markings of any kind although the bird was some 20 ft.

1894  
Feb. 28  
(No 2)

about me and I put my glass on it. I heard at least a dozen males singing during the hour that we spent ashore but not another bird of any kind did I see or hear except a female Redstart, which hopped and flitted about a narrow street adjacent to the ground within a few yards of us; and a small greenish Hummer which flitted past my head giving me no chance to note its form or coloring with any degree of accuracy.

As the morning was still wind clear and as we were ashore some after sunrise it seems safe to assume that, at this season at least, the only singing bird which is commonly and generally distributed in this town is the Martin above mentioned. I suppose this species to be Diurica petechia melanoptera Bonap., peculiar to Guadalupe and Dominica.

We were told that the Guinea Fowl are still very numerous on Guadalupe but the Merganser is here, also, and is preying on them with its characteristic energy and relentlessness.



Dominica

1894.  
Feb. 28  
(No 3)

He reached Dominica about 11 A.M. and coasted the leeward side of the island for about twenty miles before reaching the town where we cast anchor and remained until midnight. Chapman came out in a boat to meet us. He had engaged four horses for a trip inland and with Mr. & Mrs. Clark, Miss Clark, and Miss Savin we went ashore and started, Chapman and Miss Savin on horseback the rest of the party in two small, two-wheeled carts.

The road led up a narrow valley down which rushed a shallow but rather wide stream which reminded me forcibly of some of our New Hampshire rivers - such as the Pemigewasset or Peabody River. On both sides rose steep or vertical walls of volcanic mountains and once we passed through a large circular basin, evidently the crater of an old volcano. The way in was a turn in the narrow, winding roads opened to the view a fresh peak or ravine. The luxuriance and variety of the vegetation utterly defy my powers of description. For there were not only innumerable kinds of indigenous plants and trees but also crowded plantations of such exotics as cacao, bread fruit, banana, sugar cane, &c. &c. In some places the vegetation was so dense that it was difficult to find a high place where the rock to which they clung could be seen. Near the head of one of the valleys ran a waving stream a smoke or steam - from a geyser.

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As soon as we got fairly outside the town  
we began to see birds in considerable numbers  
and higher up the valley they were really  
abundant in many places. Both *Chondestes* and  
*Empidonax hammondi* were common.

*Empidonax pictus*, *E. hammondi*, etc.

*Thryothorus* "frontalis", *Pyrrhuloxia ludovicianae*, *Geothlypis trichas*

The *Thryothorus* birds were very common and  
were seen in great numbers.

Two were seen in flight and I often saw four or  
five together. The males were continually chasing the  
females and the flight of the females was  
very peculiar. It was very similar to  
that of *E. columbianus*. The flight of *Pyrrhuloxia* is similar  
to that of *columbianus* but both species of *Empidonax*  
either in short, rather undulations with a number  
or on a level plane with long, steady, rapid wing  
beats.

The birds were heard in the air when the weather was  
clear and they were very numerous. They were very  
common in the air.

In the intervals between the showers we heard a  
low plaintive call of two syllables very like the  
one heard of *Pyrrhuloxia carolinensis*. Chapman says  
this sound is made by a tree frog.

Butterflies were numerous but I saw only  
a few of the common species.

1894

Feb. 28

(no 3)

On the 20th of the morning I saw my first tree frog. It was a small specimen and the color of the feet is bright but was not so bright then I had expected. The color is a light green.

On the 21st of the morning I saw a collection of in spite of the protection of umbrellas & waterproofs we were all under the rain - and the rain was so heavy that we had to go back to the town where we found the hotel. On the 22nd of the morning we had "mountain chicken" a large species of frog. The first of the bird is a large, tender and delicious.

As we walked down the narrow road which to the whole "frogs" similar to those heard at Montserrat were piping everywhere, in the garden of the hotel we saw a large, dark, spotted frog and saw a large, dark, spotted frog. I saw a large, dark, spotted frog but I could see nothing in the dim light.

Early in the afternoon we went to the hotel and alighted on a palm tree. I was disappointed to learn that it was a female. Mid Parrots, we are told, are now everywhere and are to be found in the wild and most remote parts of the mountains.




March 1

1894

March 1

Cloudy most of the day with an endless procession of heavy showers.

We left Dominica at midnight and reached Montserrat early this morning. The first thing I saw when I looked out of my port hole was a comical shaped little boat about four feet in length  and very narrow in which were two negro boys called out by a black man in the distance. They were diving for coins which our passengers were throwing over and which they overtook with surprising ease. One of them swam directly under the steamer coming up on the other side although we are now drawing 18 ft.

Chapman and I went ashore directly after breakfast and drove directly to the Garden de Plantes where we spent most of the forenoon. The almost incessant and often very heavy showers interfered seriously with our photography. I made a series of mental pictures which should never fade. To describe them as so feebly and imperfectly is utterly beyond my powers. As the garden is said to be one of the most beautiful in the world I was in a measure prepared for the wonderful variety of rare and curious trees, shrubs and plants but I was totally unprepared for the natural beauty of the place. It is a ravine two or three hundred yards wide at the mouth, narrowing to a width of only three or four rods at the upper end where the little river which flows through the whole comes

1894

March 1

(No 2)

pitotrine, down in a shell full of about 60 ft.  
Under <sup>or behind</sup> this fall but here above on the rocks bare.  
Everywhere else although the sides of <sup>the</sup> diving mountain  
sides which work in the valley are nearly or quite  
vertical they are so densely and uniformly covered  
with luxuriant tropical vegetation that they are  
single or clustering flowers & incidents of a  
brilliance. All this cliff growth is, of course, perfectly  
wild and spontaneous for the gardeners have quite  
enough to do in caring for the innumerable estates  
which line the paths and cover the river level  
areas of the garden. There is a pretty little pond  
with lilies, large lotuses, plants and a few  
of semi-aquatic vegetation which was newly added  
to me. I saw to-day, for the first time, the  
Bois immortelle, the wild plantain and a leafless  
tree or large vine simply aflame with large flowers  
of glowing scarlet. A vine which climbed over the  
trees to their very tops bore masses yards in length  
& width of magenta flowers.

Every minute almost my eye would be arrested  
by some flower or leaf of new and brilliant  
coloring or extraordinary shape. Yet I no doubt passed  
without noting hundreds of leaves and flowers quite  
as interesting & strange. It was such a feast of  
beauty of color, of grace of form, of wild, untrammelled  
tropical luxuriance mingled with carefully ~~other~~ selected  
& grouped exotic forms that my eyes were and my  
brain reeled. I gazed at them in a state bordering on

1894

March 1

(No 3)

positive stupefaction, at others my emotions were so overpowering that I could not ~~stand~~ trust myself to speak. Miss Francis confessed to me this even-  
 ing that she was similarly overcome and her brother  
~~also~~ said that she spoke scarcely a word all the  
 time she was in the garden, and Edward so  
 strongly that he feared she was ill. How can scenes  
 which arouse such emotions be described. It is  
 simply presumptuous to attempt to write about them  
 at all.

In the garden we saw Margarops desiratoris,  
Clainia martinica, Luscinhas inflexirostris, Euphonia  
flavifrons, Coccyz martinica, Bellona exilis, Eulampis  
pugulois, E. holosericeus, Pyrrhuloxia rubra, and  
Thryothorus martinicensis.

Clainia is a curious bird with little of the manner  
 of our Flycatchers, very active and alert taking short  
 flights and hopping from twig to twig, and when  
 perched nodding the head from side to side and  
 bobbing it up and down. It has two very musical  
 calls one very like the phoebe note of our Sayornis,  
 the other resembling the higher notes of the song  
 of Vireo solitarius. Chapman says this bird feeds on berries.

The only real song that we heard in this garden,  
 however, was that of the Thryothorus. It was a  
 bright, gleaming song reminding me of that of  
 the English Robin but with a gushing trill almost  
 exactly like our House Wren's. We heard it frequently.



1894  
March 1  
(No 4)

Zenaidura macroura resembles our Zenaidura in flight and general appearance but its voice is even harsher and more croak-like.

Euphonia interested me exceedingly. I saw three or four of the beautiful little creatures. In attitudes, flight, and general appearance they seemed to me to be typical Finches reminding me most of our Indigo Bird. They are easily called by "screeping".

Curiously enough I have a correction of a mistake to make regarding the song notes which I attributed first to Euthesia and afterwards to Coccyz. It is made by both as I ascertained by a question to day. After watching each species carefully and comparing their notes I failed to detect any difference whatever and Chapman tells me that he has just had the same experience at Dominica.

The Thryothorus was the only real song bird that we heard in this garden. It has a very musical song consisting of several bright glancing notes ending in a rich trill almost exactly like that of our House Wren. Chapman has a theory that it is a Troglodytes and not a Thryothorus at all. It looks, however, much like our Thryothorus ludovicianus being of about the same size of a rich brownish fulvous beneath.

Marlinique

1894

March 1

(no 5)

Hummingbirds were even more numerous in this garden than at Dominica yesterday. I had abundant opportunities to watch them ~~and~~ they were perfectly fearless and it was only necessary to stand still for a moment near one of the innumerable flowering shrubs to be flown to or thence to half-a-dozen within arms length.

*Ptilonia exilis* was by far the most abundant of the three species and I thought it the most beautiful, also, until I got my first really good view of an *Elanopsis jayakeris* which perched in front of a flower within a yard or two of my face. Its wings beat so slowly that there was no blur but each stroke could be easily followed. Whichever way the creature turned it fairly glowed in the sunlight like a great gem and as I watched it I quickly came to the conclusion that it was the most beautiful bird that I have ever seen.

*Ptilonia*, however, is in certain ways the more interesting of the two, partly because of its more animated movements and partly because of its rapid crest which it displays to wonderful advantage raising and depressing it a dozen times a minute.

St. Lucia

1894  
March 2.

Clear & cloudy by turns with less wind than usual. Very hot in the forenoon but pleasantly cool in the afternoon and evening.

We left Martinique at midnight and reached St. Lucia in the early morning running in to a wharf for the first time since we have been in the West Indies. The harbor is small but very pretty with steeply sloping hills and volcanic mountains hemming in the view on three sides. The town is small and comparatively uninteresting.

We spent the forenoon in the Botanical garden which is a wonderful example of what can be done in this region in only eight years time. It is on level land made at the time the harbor was dredged and is very tastefully laid out. The central walk is bordered on both sides by Scanning Bush trees at least 40 ft. in height. They are curiously like larches in their general appearance and especially in the character and color of their feathery foliage.

Coccyzastur martinica, Exochus bicolor and the three Hummers Bellus exilis, Eulampis jugularis, & E. histosericus were the characteristic and perhaps the only birds in this garden. We saw a Green Heron also. It passed just above the tops of the trees calling heugh exactly in the tone of our bird. On a wooded hill just outside the town a bird was singing which I did not know. It was apparently a Dendroica & uttered from a pine tree notes





St. Vincent.

1894.  
March 3

We reached St. Vincent at midnight and spent to-day there, the steamer lying at anchor in the open roadstead a few hundred yards from shore.

Chapman and I landed about 9 o'clock and walked to the Botanic Garden which is on a steep hillside well outside the town and on the edge of an extensive forest which flows down from the wooded mountains above and beyond. It is a pretty place with large trees and many interesting shrubs and plants which are the result of but four years growth, for although the garden was begun nearly a century ago it was given up for a long period and has only just been brought under cultivation again.

The gardener is a well-educated and very agreeable young Englishman fresh from Kew and most enthusiastic about his plants & trees. He showed us among curious and interesting things, among them a white tamarind said to be the only one in America a nutmeg tree covered with nearly ripe nutmegs, the vine (very like our climacteris in general appearance) from which black pepper is derived, and a ~~small~~ tall tree with its remarkable flowers and powdery fruit. He had a small bed of our asparagus which seemed to be doing well and the sight of which warmed our hearts.

Cassava is extensively cultivated on this island on some acres of the coast, growing plants which resemble our Potamogeton as much as anything else.

1894  
March 3  
(no 2)

Previous to to-day I have met with only two or three birds which had really musical songs and in no one place have I heard more than one or two individuals singing while in most places, however favorable the conditions, there was nothing but the squawky chirps and wing or hissing notes of Coccyzus and Guetaria. But St. Vincent is evidently an exception to the rule among West Indian islands for its gardens and groves were ringing with bird music the whole forenoon or at least up to eleven o'clock. The most conspicuous and agreeable songster was a Mockingbird which we took to be M. gilvus. It was abundant everywhere and on a seldom out of hand of its voice. Its song is very similar to that of our M. polyglottus and some of the phrases are identical but they are given with rather less energy, there are more and longer phrases of silence, and the bird's notes as far as we could judge appear to be all its own. In other words it does not "imble" at all.

There was a Bay Wren (Thryothorus) also, colored much like our Carolina Wren and mostly white beneath, which sang very sweetly. The songs of different individuals varied considerably but all began with a few low, stammering notes very like those of the House Wren, and included a note which one bird followed these notes with a note which appeared similar, as I thought, to that of T. aidon but Chapman thought it more resembled the song of M. gilvus.

Another bird, as we both agreed, sang almost precisely like a White-eyed Vireo.



St. Vincent.

1894.  
March 3  
(no 3)

The Glarea (E. ) found here was also very musical. Its song seemed to me to be very nearly like that of our Pipilo but it was much sweeter.

It was rather startling after looking only yesterday, at Humming Creepers with bright yellow underparts to find on this island a species (Coccyzus ultramarinus) wholly of an uniform black color. It was ~~very~~ abundant and familiar. Its song is very unlike that which I have heard on the other islands and consists of four to six full and rather musical notes. Until we saw the bird we supposed that it was a Warbler. There is said to be also a yellow breasted Coccyzus on this island but we did not see it.

Anis were numerous both in the across root fields and in the garden. They are interesting birds, very tame and much more graceful in form and movement than I had anticipated. The flight is much like that of a Canada Jay—a few rapid wing beats and then a glide on full wings and wide spread tail. They sit very erect when perched and at a distance look like Grackles. I heard this Anis once a number of birds uttering a series of loud calls which resembled the clamor of Guinea Fowl.

In the garden I saw a Myiarchus obscurus, a tiny bird not unlike our species but smaller & grayer. Euthraupis was as common here as on the other islands.

Barbados.

1874

March

Barbados is very warm.

We left St. Vincent at 5 P.M. yesterday and came to anchor in the open roadstead at Barbados a little after 6 o'clock.

At 9 A.M. Chapman and I went ashore and after crossing a short distance through the town took a carriage and drove out into the country. It proved singularly barren and uninteresting for it is nearly flat and chiefly in sugar cane and grass fields with now and then a small piece of low scrub much like that of Florida. The soil is said to be fertile but it looked parched and withered. The vegetation was withered and dried, and many of the trees and shrubs were nearly bare or very thinly covered with leaves. There are few fine trees except in the town where we saw distinctly scores of "banyans" similar to the St. Kitts, and many other beautiful trees.

Birds literally swarm on this island but curiously enough they all seem to have squeaky or whistling notes and we did not hear a single musical song.

We saw Grackles (Quiscalus), Euthia bicolor, Pyrrhuloxia, Coccyzus, Dendroica, D. aestiva (?) and Elanoides forficatus?

The Grackles looked much like ours but they are smaller & the females are colored like the males. They have yellow eyes and the male is "boat-tailed". They are probably the most numerous of the

1894  
March 4  
(no 2)

Sixteen species of land birds, ~~few~~ we saw at least two or three hundred during our drive. They were in every grass field and pasture flocking sedately about precisely in the manner of Loriculus airiens and every group of these was alive with them. I was much interested in their notes for they seem to have copied some of them from Agelaius. ~~Thus they~~ ~~have~~ At least the call note (caw) and the cry of alarm (flee) are curiously like those of our Red-wing. In addition they utter a series of four notes which may be rendered as fee-quik-con-hee given in high, rising, squeaky tones with a slight rising inflection at the end.

There was a beautiful Yellow Backed Cuckoo, with the whole crown rich red brown but otherwise like D. aestiva in color & markings. The females lacked the brown cap and were generally darker than the males. I also saw a pair of Yellow Warblers which I took to be true aestiva. I had both male & female under my glass at about 1000 yds & in a good light.

We saw only two Hummingbirds one of which seemed to be Eulampis jingulensis.

Everywhere that we went but especially in the town we saw great numbers of Pyrrhuloxia. It is of about the size and shape of an English Sparrow and colored very nearly like the ♀ of that species save that the under tail coverts are dull brick red. It takes the place of the House Sparrow here and is



Barbados.

1894

March 4

(No 3)

original. Like that bird in generally general appearance and when hopping about on the ground in the busiest thrills and with the same bounding or bounding motion. It is a more active bird, however, and it appears to be less social for we seldom saw more than two together. Several of our passengers mistook these birds for House Sparrows.

We left Barbados at 4 P.M. and had a wonderfully smooth and pleasant run to Trinidad. The sea was almost as calm as a small lake. Chapman saw an Audubon's Shearwater before Annapolis at about 11 A.M. I heard many times at short intervals what was probably the cry of this species. They seemed to come from the surface of the water close under the rail of the ship and were so loud and frequent as to attract the attention of every one who happened to be on deck at the time. One of the passengers thought that resembled the screams of a small child and suggested that one of the negro women on board had thrown her baby over the rail but to say so they were more like making growl of an angry cat.

It was very warm this morning even on deck for the trade wind was unusually light and we were running well, ...



St. Thomas to Trinidad.

and impressions of the West Indies.

1894

Feb. 23 to

March 4

Now that I have finished my trip "down the islands" it may be as well to give briefly a -  
 1. general impressions which I received.

I have been struck (1) by the entire absence of Vultures and Swallows (Pogon is of course present on a few of the islands and Chelidon occurs in winter but I did not see either species); (2) by the scarcity of Hawks (I saw also Falco sparverius or its close allies of the same genus); (3) by the fact that with the exception of St. Vincent there are practically few or no musical bird voices to be heard during a morning walk through the towns or their outskirts or even (apparently) in the woods on the lower slopes of the mountains; (4) that by day, at least, even in the early morning or late afternoon there are literally no insect sounds in the fields or woods near the towns; (5) that even on Dominica and Santa Cruz butterflies and dragon flies are comparatively scarce and unobtrusive (we saw only one butterfly yesterday on Barbados); (6) that house flies are everywhere exceedingly scarce even in the towns and about decaying vegetable or animal matter.

As for I have seen only the mosquitoes and one or two of the ticks as far as I can remember. They are a source of serious annoyance to the natives.

The general scarcity of water birds is also a surprise. I have not seen a full grown water bird on any of the islands.



1844

March 9

Florida Rest House.

We left Port-of-Spain on the T. & L. train this morning and reached Princetown at about eleven. For the greater part of the way the railroad traverses a perfectly level country bordering the coast and interspersed with sugar cane, with occasional small patches or broad belts of swampy woods, which, at a distance, resemble the dense forests of our South Atlantic States. Indeed where the sugar cane was not too well grown or the palms too numerous it was ~~hard~~ no means difficult to imagine myself in Georgia or South Carolina near Charleston.

The Black and Turky Buzzards sailing about everywhere helped the illusion but this was destroyed at once by the close view of the forest or of the smaller birds, such as all of which were wholly new and strange to me. It would be idle to try to record half the interesting species which Chapman pointed out and named to me. I was most impressed with a large black Hawk, probably Umbeluga, which sat perched on a large tree near the railroad, by the beautiful Rose-breasted Grosbeaks which were flitting about in pairs or singly on most of the large plantations and which in form and general behavior reminded me of Red-winged Blackbirds, and by the strikingly colored White-headed Vireos (Arundinicola leucocapilla) of which I saw several flying from tree to tree or from cloud to cloud in the recently ploughed fields.

1894

March 9  
(No 2)

On reaching the end of our rail journey we called on Mr. Warner who received us most cordially and thoughtfully invited us to stop at his house for breakfast of which we were in pressing need. After breakfast we continued on our way to the Rest House. Although it was the hottest part of the day we were perfectly comfortable under the canopy of the rather shabby old barouche drawn by an excellent Prince Edward's Island horse and driven by a very intelligent Coolie who spoke perfect good English.

The country was wholly unlike anything that I have thus far seen on this trip. Save for the saddest difference in the vegetation it resembled the region between Washington and Richmond being equally hilly and broken and with similar deep valleys and abrupt ridges. It was under high cultivation but the abundance of banana plants & plantains and the low, thatched huts scattered plentifully everywhere reminded me of pictures of native villages in the hill country of Africa. There was a great abundance of birds immature in fullest bloom. Altogether the scenery was very beautiful and interesting.

For the first five miles the road was macadamized and in excellent condition. Then came two miles of clay, exceedingly rough after the recent rains. We got out and walked most of this distance. As we approached the Rest House the country became more level and wilder and we began to see





1894  
March 9  
(No 4)

but the creatures which made them were for the most part hidden from our view in the dense foliage and Chapman's assurances that one was a Pipra, another a Thamnophylus, a third an Odinops etc only added to, instead of dispelled, my utter bewilderment and confusion of mind. I tried fixing my attention on one sound until I thought I had mastered it but a few minutes later Chapman would pronounce what seemed to me the same sound to be the voice of another and very different species. After awhile I gave it up and ~~accepted~~ wandered on ~~stopping~~ my horses in the extraordinary beauty of the scene and letting the bird sounds pass in one ear and out at the other. Of course there are a few notes which were sufficiently impressive or distinctive from the ~~rest~~ rest to be easily remembered. One of these was the cooing of a Dove (Cathartidae) which came at times from a dozen different points in the forest. It is a single rolling coo very deep and impressive and forming, as Chapman truly observed, a background for all the other sounds. Another was the rich warble of Cyclorhiza flavipetres which I first heard and mastered in the garden in Port of Spain and which reminds me by turns of the warble of our Bluebird and of a note of the Red-eyed Vireo song. Then there was the incisive, emphatic ~~gust~~ gust gust a bit of Pitangus and the bright, glancing song of Geothlypis sephala, like, and yet unlike, the song of our W. Wren. By degrees, also, but very slowly, I mastered some of the common notes of the rich vocabularies of Odinops & Cassini.

Trinidad, W.I.

Moruga Rest House

1864.  
March 9  
(no 5)

I was disappointed in the butterflies, as although we saw a few fine and striking species in the woods there were no really large or gorgeous ones and the commoner kinds were either plainly colored or yellow and so nearly like our common <sup>small</sup> yellow and cabbage butterflies that they would not have attracted my attention at home. Nor were they at all numerous individually.

I was also unprepared for the almost total absence of insect sounds both in the woods and fields.

As the afternoon waned and the sun sank low in the west the birds became more noisy and showed themselves more freely. They are far more numerous here than they are with us except during migration and in especially favored places. They are also as a rule, tamer and ~~less~~ less suspicious than our birds. Humming birds were very numerous but they were so restless and active that it was next to impossible to get a good look at one, and I identified only two or three in all although their buzzing was almost constantly in my ears and often a minute passed when one or more did not fly across our path. One species at least chirps as it flies very much in the tone of a Minstrel - a penetrating, rising, ~~deep~~ deep chirp.

We saw several Parrots flying high and swift, over the forest, calling.

1894.  
March 9  
(No 6)

I shall remember this evening to the end of my life. Evening  
It was perfectly calm with a cloudless sky in which  
the new moon hung like a curved ~~thread~~ silver thread.  
The light for half an hour after sunset was something  
incredible, a clear, strong, amber light which brought  
out every detail of the trunk and foliage more distinctly  
than it is ever seen at noonday, but beautiful as  
was this light and the tropical foliage which it  
glorified I scarce noticed either so absorbing was the  
interest aroused in me by the crepuscular and  
nocturnal bird voices which I here heard for the first  
time. No sooner had the sun set and the heavy  
tropical dew began to fall than all around the  
edges of <sup>the</sup> forest ~~was~~ ~~for~~ now here, now there, nests  
from two or three forests all once <sup>rose</sup> a long, rolling  
whistle as clear and sweet in tone as that of a silver  
bell yet with a strange airy quality - a subtle  
coldness, almost heartlessness, of expression which, like  
certain types of human beauty, at once fascinated and  
repelled. This strange, unearthly voice might well  
typify the cry of a lost soul, hopeless yet  
unrepenting. It held me spellbound for many  
minutes and thrilled me as no bird music has  
ever done before yet as I stood waiting with  
intense eagerness for the next call I more than  
once caught myself half dreading its repetition.  
Chapman told me that the bird is a Linnaea  
( ). He has seen it in the act of  
producing the sound. It ceased calling this  
evening before the twilight had wholly faded but  
I heard it once or twice during the night.

The voice of  
the Linnaea

Moruga Rest House

1894  
March 9  
(No 7)

Before the Parrots had quite ceased the Wood Wood Rails began and at frequent intervals well into the night we heard their outrageous clamor from different parts of the forest. Two birds nearly always called at the same time but in different keys and tones one calling, as it were, a second they would keep it up for several minutes without the slightest pause. Their notes varied somewhat but all were exceedingly loud and penetrating. Some of the calls reminded me of those of a Guinea Hen <sup>form of cry,</sup> others of a Gallinule. (Crow-ci-crow-ci-crow-ci was one.)

There were also several Butorches (Nyctidromus Nyctidromus) of the same species. As a rule they said che-we-o, slowly and distinctly, at intervals of eight or ten seconds but every now and then one would change it to "wuk, wuk, I-wuk-well, I-wuk-well," as the Negroes interpret this variation of the call. The "I-wuk-well" was not unlike the "whippoorwill" of our bird but less emphatic and hurried.

Then there were two different Owls. One which Chapman believes to be Myiagrops ~~catter~~ had a very rapid, rolling hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo, hoo closely similar in tone to the voice of our Bats. The other called ho; ho; ho; hoo or sometimes hoo; ho; ho; ho; hoo in a tone almost exactly like the Barred Owl's. Toward morning Chapman woke me to call my attention to the cry of a Barn Owl but I was too sleepy to receive a very clear impression. He also heard at intervals during the night a



## Moringa Rest House.

1894  
March 9  
(no 8)

high loud, cat-like yell which Chapman thought was made by an Owl (he afterwards became convinced that this sound was uttered by an Owl but failed to identify the bird).

Soon after sunset and at short, regular intervals the sound during the night an exceedingly loud, woody sound came from a point in the forest half-a-mile or more away. I could not compare it closely to anything ~~else~~ but it reminded me at times of the sound of a long succession of rapid blows struck by a mallet on a wooden floor, at others of the rapid puffing of a distant engine. Chapman told me that it is supposed to be made by a large tree frog. He has heard it in Cuba, as well as here before. There was only one of these creatures within hearing to-night.

Besides the above sounds we heard nothing but a few crickets. There were fireflies which looked like ours & gave a similar intermittent light but the big ones are not out at this season.

The fragrance of the air to-night surpassed anything that I have ever smelt before. It was not oppressive or over rich like that of an orange grove but rather delicate and subtle in character.

The night was cool that I was unable to keep warm under a heavy blanket and after vainly trying to sleep was forced to lie and feet on all my clothes in addition to the blanket.

1894  
March 10

We rose at daybreak and after a hurried cup of coffee and a few sips of hot tea for hours just as the sun was rising. The air was so crisp and bracing as almost to seem frosty, and we struck out briskly to start the circulation. It was a heavenly morning, the sky without a cloud, the air wholly free from fog or haze, the wonderful tropical foliage frosted with dew drops which glistened and sparkled in the sunlight and sent down showers of water whenever we brushed against a tree trunk or the stem of a palm frond. And the birds! How can I hope to record here anything more than the most meagre account of the most thrilling and interesting? Perhaps it is as well not ~~even~~ to attempt even this but simply to jot down a few of the mental pictures which flit through my brain as I sit thinking over the morning's experience.

The first is of a broad but grass-grown road bordered on both sides by impenetrable thickets with palms and tall forest trees rising in the background. Hoops of Blue and Maroon Tanager are flying to and fro across the opening. The still air rings with strong chucks, whistles & calls and the rich Bluebird like warbles of *Cychloris* comes from a tree near by. The "background" of all these sounds is the cooing of dozens of Doves (*Leptoptila*) which ~~swells~~ and hushes yet none for a moment is wholly still.

Now a dozen Parakeets whirl overhead reminding me of a flock of Cedar Birds as they rise and

1894

March 10

(No 2)

fall in slight undulations and wave in their course. Next a larger Parrot ~~flies~~ across the space of open sky, his wings looking broad and bat-like and cutting down deep at every stroke.


The second is of a creek of shallow, clay-colored water winding between steep and often overhanging banks through a Cacao grove. From some drift wood lodged at the head of a pool a long, slender, blacked branch projects upward and on its extreme end full in the beams of the rising sun, glittering like a big emerald, sits a tropical Kingfisher (*Ceryle cabanisi*) his bill pointing down and his gaze fixed on the water beneath. I stand for a minute or two within ten yards of him. Then he takes flight in silence and ~~moving~~ disappears around the next bend. Humming birds are buzzing all around me and a Honey Creeper is singing cheerily overhead.

A tropical Kingfisher

The third is of a huge ceiba which stands not far from the road & just outside the forest. It is bathed in strong sunlight and its foliage is agitated here and there by the movements of a number of large birds of a dark, rich maroon brown apparently, with much yellow in the tail. They are Caciques (*Atinops*). One of the females is at work on the framework of a nest which hangs suspended, precisely like an Oriole's <sup>nest</sup> at the end of a leafy branch. The males are apparently engaged in feeding among the

Caciques

894.  
March 10  
(No 3)

terminal leaves. Every now and then one of them Ostrings ~~stops~~ ceases this occupation, utters a succession of curies, liquid notes resembling somewhat the sound of water flowing from the neck of a bottle, curves his neck forward and down until the tip of the bill nearly touches the breast jerks his tail straight up like a <sup>Wren and</sup> ~~Wren~~ <sup>above his back</sup> finally raising his spread wings, ~~straight up~~ strikes their tips smartly together six or eight times in rapid succession producing a loud, rattling or flopping sound . Altogether it is a remarkable and most grotesque performance and one which Chapman has never before seen so satisfactorily as now. He both laughs heartily at it.

All the while the Greater Green Birds (Cassins) are flying back and forth across the road, chattering, cascading and whistling. Their flight resembles our Red wings whereas Ostrings flies more heavily and without undulations - in fact almost precisely like a Cross Blackbird.

The last picture is of a tall, blackened stub which rises by the roadside above the tops of the surrounding cacao trees. Near the top of this stub is a hole out of which a large Woodpecker (*Hylotinus*) is peeping. His scarlet crest glows in the sun like a red-hot coal and through the glass I see that he has a white iris. A moment later he launches into the air & gallops off looking for all the world like our Pilate Woodpecker.



Tanager, E. ...  
Moraga Rest House.

1894  
March 10  
1894

Tinamous called freely at times as late even as Tinamous ten o'clock. I had half expected that their notes when heard in the broad daylight would sound commonplace but such was not the case. On the contrary they thrilled me quite as much as when the birds were calling in the twilight last evening. They seemed to chord a harmony in some subtle way with the cooing of Leptoptilos which, of course, we did not hear last evening. I saw one of the Tinamous this morning. It started within two yards of me as I was following a path in the forest and ran off out of sight into the tangle, moving almost as well like a bird but more slowly and steadily - a gamey looking bird of rich yet subdued coloring and great, dark, ~~very~~ gentle eyes.

We left the Rest House at about 2 P. M. and drove to Rincos where we arrived. Spent Sunday with Mr. Warner. Nothing of marked interest along the road. The sun very hot and few birds stirring.

Mr. Warner was not at home but we took possession of his house and dressed for afternoon tea which was served in the garden under dense shade. Five or six of the neighbors including their ladies came and little later I lost sight of all Mr. Warner. It was just pleasant, cool under the arbor. Now (11 P. M.) I am almost chilly as I sit writing in the open hall.

1894

March 11

We spent the forenoon very quietly sitting in Mr. Warner's garden under an abundant tree talking. Humming birds were almost constantly buzzing about us among the flowers and at frequent intervals we heard the more or less distant notes of *Diplopteryx naxos*, *Thamnophris delata*, *Myiagra sclateri* and *Saltator olivaceus*. Once a pair of Kites, white beneath with a dark gray back and wings, sailed overhead. We also heard *Glaucochyia* a few times. On the whole there were not many birds here.

In the afternoon we visited the Mr. Bean's plantation "Hindustani", distant about two miles. After photographing the Coolies and drinking tea we walked to the mud volcanoes which are about a mile from the house. On the way we came upon a great army of parasite ants. They were carrying bits of leaves from all took them to their nest which was in a hole in the ground in a cane field. Mr. Mc Bean assured us that they would completely strip the tree in two days.

At the volcanoes we saw three large green Parrots sitting in the top of a dead tree and heard a Toucan calling. A *Thryothorus* was the only bird singing.

I rode back to Mr. Warner's about starting at 10 P.M. and walking the horse most of the way. It was a delicious night, still, just pleasantly cool, the air richly spiced with the fragrance of unknown flowers. A *Scotophilus* (*Nyctidromus albicollis*) calling *cheewee* by the roadside was the only night bird. Bats as large as Night Hawks were making noise.

1894

March 11

No 2

Mr. Little's friends. In a thicket of scrub I heard what I supposed at the time was a bird but the same was of course a small green frog. It is a rich, clear whistle of two syllables not unlike one or the calls of Columba virginianus. It seemed to be a low-e.

There were crickets and grasshoppers ~~abundant~~ in the grass and shrubbery about the roadside but they were not anywhere at all numerous. The grasshoppers made a sound similar to that of our or our common Convolvulus. The chirp of the crickets was unlike that of any of our species but not at all bad or unpleasant.

As I rode slowly along the smooth, dusty road it was difficult to realize that I was in a strange land. Indeed I never then once caught myself fancying that I was on one of the country roads about Concord. Then the great feathery fronds of a coconut palm would appear ~~in the distance~~ <sup>against the sky</sup> and the ~~impression~~ <sup>impression</sup> would be ~~disappointed~~ <sup>disappointed</sup>. On the whole, however, I am constantly <sup>am</sup> struck by the resemblance which this country affords to the landscape, trees, plants and birds of New England when by the degree which exists between the two. In other words I had expected ~~everything~~ <sup>everything</sup> to be different whereas many sights & sounds are essentially the same.

March 12

We left Mr. Warner's delightful home at 7.30  
 10.30 a.m. Train for Changuarones  
 Mr. Carr and Mr. Wick met us. They had a cart for  
 the luggage, a mule for Chapman, and a small, quiet  
 and very easy-gaited horse for me but they were  
 obliged to walk most of the way - a distance of  
 eight miles.

The road is straight, wide, level and macadamised  
 for the first four or six miles. It is bordered on  
 both sides for most of the way by extensive groves  
 of cacao but as we approached Capars we passed  
 several large tracts of "high woods" as the primary  
 forest is here called. Birds were exceedingly abundant  
 in places, in others apparently very scarce but this  
 may have been due to the fact that it was the  
 hot hour of the day and very hot at that for there  
 was no breeze and the sun burned like fire.

I saw nothing of peculiar interest except a pair  
 of Pygmy Owls sitting low down in a leafless tree,  
 one above the other, very close and still.

Tacouas were really numerous in many places. I  
 heard the calls of two different species. That of one is  
 practically identical with the cuc-cuc-cuc-cuc  
 of *Coccyzus erythrophthalmus*, that of the other is more  
 like the shout of *Colaptes*. I saw only one bird.  
 It sat almost bolt upright on a large branch  
 and ~~perched~~ only its head slightly.



1894.  
March 12  
(Ms.)

We reached Mr. Carr's country house at Coparo a little before sunset. The house is in a small opening surrounded on one side by cacao groves with a small, muddy river winding between steep, high, clayey banks just behind the tree. This runs out the wind to the eastward. Beyond this river the land rises in a steep ridge covered with primary forest.

After tea we walked to the river to see a "robin's nest". But the birds (*Micropus gymnotus*) did not find it. Carr says that he has seen hundreds of these birds in the place - a dense thicket of plantains and bananas on the bank of the river. He saw nothing but a small Heron (*Ardea cyanura*) which in flight and note exactly resembled our *A. nescens*.

No *Tinamous* called this evening but I heard one about midnight. During the then or four which we spent sitting on the piazza before going to bed we heard only two birds, both Owls, one the "Megalops" which calls "coo-er-re-coo"; the other a large Owl (according to Mr. Carr.) which made a very cat-like sound.

There were two tree toads calling at once. The sound to right reminded me most of escaping steam. There were also four or five frogs like the one which I heard at Puerto town last night.

1894  
March 13

Most of the day spent in unpacking, and  
arranging our things. Chapman and the three Carrs  
with which went off into the woods in the forenoon  
to set a number of traps. They saw a number  
of Trogons & heard toucans and Motmots. After a  
while one of the Carrs returned with the news that  
some men whom we had sent out to get palm  
leaves to thatch ~~the~~ hut whom we were to do our  
work had started two deer. He took his gun and  
three or four dogs and started after them. For two  
hours or more we heard nothing of him or the dogs  
but after the others had returned and just as  
we were finishing dinner the distant yelping of the  
dogs and the sound of a horn warned us that  
the game was coming our way. Instantly everything  
was in the greatest confusion. Mr. Abbott Carr  
begged for my gun and picking up two shells loaded  
with no. 1 shot dashed off through the cacao grove as  
fast as he could run. Chapman and another Carr  
followed him and negroes and Spaniards armed  
with guns, cutlasses and sticks appeared from  
every side and ran across the opening towards the  
river. Every now and then a dog yelped on the  
wooded ridge and presently two shots were fired  
in quick succession by Chapman who had a  
perfectly open shot at the deer at about 40 yards  
distance as we afterwards learned. He wounded  
the animal severely and after running a few  
hundred yards it turned back towards the river  
and Abbott Carr killed it with my gun or  
rather so nearly finished it that the dogs and

1894  
March 13  
No 2.

cutlasses did the rest after the poor creature had  
tattered to the river as a last desperate resort.  
The noise during this final scene (which, fortunately,  
I did not witness) was something tremendous. The  
men yelled and screamed, the dogs yelped and  
barked and the deer, as Carr afterwards assured  
me, added its voice to the general clamor "bawling",  
as he expressed it, loudly. It repeatedly struck  
the dogs and forced them under water but the  
flucky little cars stuck to it closely, thus  
the water side.

I went over to the river where Chapman and I stood. Presently  
the men came with the doe which one of them  
bore on his shoulders. It was an old doe  
with short, rounded ears, very small  
rounded head, delicate legs, and small  
eyes. The entire head and neck were blackish  
divided by hair and the skin was a dark  
black color. It was a doe and pregnant, the  
fawn being of nearly full size and pretty stout.  
The weight of the doe "in dress" was 80½ pounds.  
Carr says that the male does exceed 70  
pounds in weight. The male has small horns but  
they are always covered with skin. There is  
another species of deer found here which has  
naked horns.

In the afternoon four beautiful Tanager (Calliste  
flaviventris vailloti) came into the cacao trees near  
the house & I shot at one of them but missed it.

Turkey, D. W. L.  
(Capers)

1894

March 13

m 3

The birds

fell after sunset, took us to a place where they had been some Goatsuckers, flying about in the twilight a few evenings since. It proved to be a stretch of the public road, broad, straight, covered with a carpet of beautiful green turf, bordered on one side by a cacao plantation with a deserted row surrounded by bananas, on the other by a sloping hill side covered with dense primary forest. It must be

remembered that at very times and in the night when it was hunting nocturnal birds, the Goatsuckers were seen to them, flying back and forth.

On the 13th of March, 1894, I was out on the road, occasionally seeing, starting up after a while, a few of these birds, flying back and forth.

Woods, into which they also plunged in times. Their flight was very swift and, as a rule, direct. They flapped their wings steadily and quickly with a motion unlike that of any of our Goatsuckers and more like that of a large bat. But the latter was more firm and direct than ~~any~~ bats that of any bat with which I am familiar. When they took to the roads they usually were seen in pairs or alone, close together. They were seen on the ground or the branch of a tree although this is surely a mistake on our part. We shot both birds and found them to be males of Goatsuckers americanus. They are curious looking Goatsuckers, intermediate in both form and behavior, as it seemed to us, between Chordeiles and Thryothorus.

11 May

Goatsucker

(Goatsuckers).



1894

March 14

The big tree toads made a deafening clamor during the whole night and I also heard the chirps of Nyctanassa and the hoot of the Owl that calls ho; ho; ho; ho besides the cat-like cry of the Owl heard at the Rest House.

At dawnbreak this morning the Carro called me to hear the Howling Monkeys. I tore a blanket from the bed, thrust my feet into a pair of slippers and rushed out. The east was flushing with rose and salmon tints <sup>was still</sup> but the little clearing about the house <sup>was still</sup> filled with the soft, "daisy twilight," our House Wren had just begun singing but some of the other birds about the clearing were as yet silent. No sooner had I got fairly out into the open air than I heard the Monkeys in the distance to the eastward. Indeed for nearly half an hour they kept up an incessant roaring. One said that they were about two miles off and that not more than four or five were roaring. I should have supposed that they were within a quarter of a mile and that there were several hundreds of them. The sound was wholly unlike what I had supposed. It was almost exactly like the distant, muffled roar of a great city - London for example - heard from some quiet spot. It rose and fell but never wholly died away until just before it ceased altogether. As the daylight grew Parrots in pairs and threes or four together began flying <sup>about</sup> always at a height of one or two hundred yards. Occasionally a Linnaea ~~lingua~~ called. The Pitangus was one of the earliest birds. The Toucan and Humming birds did not appear until the sun was above the woods.

Monkeys  
roaring.

1894  
March 14  
(182)

Thirty or forty Swifts were flying about over the clearing and I quickly shot five of them (in my shots) getting three Chaetura <sup>canadensis</sup> and two C. spinicollis. The latter notes resemble those of C. pelagica very closely. I have not as yet made out the notes of C. Lawrencei.

After the usual early tropical breakfast of bread and coffee I took my stand beneath a blossom; bird immortelle tree and spent an hour or more there. Several Hummers were getting down at the representative lone Chaetura among which was a pair of the beautiful Coccyzus. I also killed a male Blue Cupid (Arremonops cyanus) by far the most tropical-looking bird that I have thus far seen. It was feeding among the bird immortelle blossoms bending head downward much in the manner of our Parula Warbler.

Shooting  
Hummers

The remainder of the day was spent in skinning my birds and getting our bird shotter put in order. He is open on all sides and roofed with palm leaves. As I sat at the rough table at work Hummingbirds, tropical Tanagers & "Carpenter", big birds, and beautiful butterflies were continually in sight & often within a few yards. Under the shade it was agreeable, cool and comfortable.

1894

March 15

Again at day break this morning the Howling Monkeys gave us a full chorus. They were much nearer than yesterday and I could hear the individual voices much better. (Bub-bub-bub war, bub-bub-bub war etc.). After coffee and bread I went to the birds immediately. At first there were few Hummers about and even came into the tree until the sun was an hour or more high after which they appeared in great numbers as yesterday. I had bad luck in shooting but after breakfast went out again and killed enough birds to keep myself busy for the remainder of the day. The most interesting specimen was a Jacamar which was perched on a twig over the river wagging its long tail.

1894

March 16

The sky was cloudy at daybreak this morning and the Monday, so far was colder and for a much longer time than yesterday. After sunrise we had several heavy showers.

I went out early with Chapman & Hutton. We took a track which enters the woods just beyond where we shot the cockatoos and after crossing a swampy area, a hill and winds along the crest of a narrow ridge. It is said to be hundreds of years old - in fact one of the original Indian trails. The woods are very varied and beautiful but I cannot describe them now. Birds were very numerous and the woods fairly rang with their calls. We were shown a tree thickly hung with nests of *Ostrinops*. A Parrot alighted in this tree and I shot at but missed it. It was probably out of range for the tree was very tall.

Early morning in the forest.

Wagons were very numerous. In one place four or five were flitting from tree to tree calling at short intervals. They were of two species. One gave the Cuckoo-like call, the other a succession of hard notes which closely resembled those of the Flicker's "chout". I shot one of these birds, a female. I also saw my first Mot-mot, a slender, graceful bird. It wagged its long tail from side to side with a curious waving motion.

Wagons

Yellow-headed Manakins were flitting about and chasing one another. The male has a high and by no means unmusical song.



1894.

March 16

(No 2.)

In the afternoon I went on an Agouti hunt with the Carrs and Hutton. We crossed the river, traversed a large cacao plantation and finally came to the edge of the forest where Arthur Carr put out the dogs, which the rest of us hurried on following a trace which led across a brook and up a gentle wooded slope. I stopped in a little opening, Carr fifty yards or more beyond which Hutton chose the crest of the ridge. In the meantime a little covey had started an Agouti and the tall air rang with their yelping which every now and then Arthur Carr encouraged or directed them by whooping at the top of his lungs. The chase led in our direction but the Agouti did not come near me. It passed within long range of Hutton who fired and, as we afterwards ascertained, broke one of its fore legs. It then turned back and the dogs became silent for awhile but soon afterwards began barking in our spot and the Carrs called to us that the Agouti had taken to a hole. I hurried to the spot and found my three companions and all the dogs collected about a hole which looked very like a woodchuck's burrow. Albert Carr, was guarding another entrance and Arthur was digging out the main hole with his cutlass. The dogs were half crazy with excitement and every now and then one of the smallest would rush into the hole and bark to ground as it worried the poor Agouti. Finally one of them dropped the animal out & we went home.

1894

March 16

Mar 31

Printed by J. V. L.  
C. J. P. S.

While I was waiting for the Agents to come my way I was entertained by many interesting sights and sounds. Every now and then the howling Monkeys would break out in a great uproar. They were probably a wild race, but I heard them with great distinctness. Turamons gave their weird calls at short intervals and there were various strange road sounds. The Cog boys whistled near me and presently appeared, walking steadily and brightly exactly like a Rail and jerking up its tail at each step in the same manner - a pretty bird which I saw here for the first time although Chapman introduced me to its call this morning.

One of the most interesting things that I saw was an Emperor Butterfly, a superb creature with great blue wings. It flew slowly and with a flicking motion.

After our return when twilight was falling I went up the road to try for a Goudancker. Hutton who was with me and ahead saw a Deer in the middle of the road and beckoned to me. I walked slowly to the crest of the knoll and at once saw the animal. It made a pretty picture as it stood perfectly motionless in the middle of the road its right side turned towards us. In the dim light it looked exactly like one of our northern Deer, and its position was the same.

A Deer  
in the  
road

1894

March 16

(no 4)

Hutton begged me to shoot at it. I declined at first but the distance was so great - fully 200 yds. that I felt sure my charge would do harm so I finally fired. The deer at once started and crossed the road into the woods moving slowly and with a curious gait, half lops, half trot the head carried very low. Hutton ~~at once~~ then ran back to the house and presently reappeared with the dogs and the whole pack of dogs which at once took the track and opened <sup>with</sup> their usual shrill clamor. The chase soon bright beyond sight and hearing and it was ten o'clock before the dogs returned. They had followed the dogs for miles through the forest but the deer did not give them a shot.

I turned back of course and met Chapman. As we were strolling slowly homeward we saw a large bird which on its first look for an Owl sitting on the top of a tree about 10 ft. above the ground, in a young cacao plantation. Every half minute or so it would launch out into the air after a flying insect and then return to its perch. The shape & proportions of wings and tail showed at once that it was no Owl but a gigantic *Boobler* (*Myiobus jamaicensis*) - the bird which, according to Carr, "is the Po-me-one" which the people of the country believe (that is, the cry, not the bird) to be a *Sloth*.

"Po-me-one"

1894

March 17

Early this morning Chapman and I started off together - for the first time since we have been here. We took the same path as yesterday but went much further in - to a Calala tree. Chapman & I then set a number of traps yesterday. The path follows a ridge the entire distance after it leaves the swamp and the woods are very varied and beautiful.

Small birds were numerous. I had good luck in shooting but got a few interesting things among them a boat-billed Flycatcher (Platylabus insularis) which was flitting about among the shrubbery uttering a sharp cry, a fine log-bird, which we called from a considerable distance by imitating its whistle, a Thrush (Merula sumicola), which I saw to Chapman and two B. (Cajaro, Costa Rica), in fact we saw a number of other birds. The rest of the day working on the birds.

shot a Red Bird (Atapha) and an (Euphonia) which came about our camp. At sunset we walked up the road and watched the big Gootucker on the tree which is evidently his habitual feeding station. I shall make further notes on his life.

At 9 P.M. we started out on our Manicom (Coprosmum) / Amontigee hunt taking the whole pack of dogs. As we were crossing the bridge over the creek we heard some creature give a succession of leaps in the bed of wild plantains and these both sides of the creek



1894

March 17

1892

and the next moment it began thrashing about making a tremendous noise. One went into the thicket with a cutlass in one hand and a bull's eye lantern in the other and found a large water rat (one of Chapman's new species of last year) fast in one of C's traps into which he had run, quite by accident, when startled by our approach.

On reaching a large cocoa plantation beyond the creek the dogs were put out and all my companions followed them but I remained in the road preferring to watch and listen from above. It was bright moonlight and many nocturnal creatures were active. The tree toad was making his prodigious clatter near the creek, and there and there an owl hooted, and then there was a loud humming sound of wings close to my head. Chapman afterwards told me that it was undoubtedly made by a big fruit bat but I saw nothing although the noise was equal to that which an Eagle would have made. The dogs finally started a Manioc but it escaped them and the hunters came back empty handed an hour later.

1594  
March 18

Sunday. The weather practically presents no variations General  
from day to day and the temperature is almost equally observations  
regular. At daybreak the air is fresh and cool but on climate,  
wholly without chilliness. As the sun rises higher and temperature,  
higher it quickly warms the open spaces but in etc.  
the woods the coolness continues for two hours or more  
after sunrise. Up to eight o'clock there is rarely or  
never any wind but the trade begins regularly within  
ten minutes of that hour and continues through the  
remainder of the day, usually blowing hardest (in  
strong puffs or squalls) at about 3 P.M., ordinarily  
dying wholly away a little before sunset but sometimes  
continuing <sup>well</sup> into the night or rising at 8 or 9 P.M.  
after an interval of several hours of calm. The  
coolest and ~~all things considered~~ pleasant <sup>part</sup> of  
the day is from four to six P.M. ~~The~~ nights  
are always cool if one is sitting quietly on the  
veranda but the air is really close and very humid  
and a slight amount of vigorous exercise brings  
profuse perspiration.

The birds are most active and noisy from  
sunrise to about 9 A.M. and from 3 P.M. to  
sunset but there are frequent and to me wholly  
inexplicable exceptions to this rule. Thus on some  
mornings the woods seem almost deserted and  
there is scarcely a call in the cacao grove  
up to ten o'clock after which until noon birds  
of many kinds are very conspicuous and noisy.  
There is, I think, less singing and calling at  
sunset than at the north but ~~that~~ is the  
hour when we hear the Linnaea & Ceryle most.

1894

March 18

(no 2)

J. W. L.

Caparo

After breakfast this morning I took a short walk through the cacao grove along the river. A loud flapping of wings, frequently repeated, came from a large tree on the further bank and presently I saw the bird a fine large Pigeon (*Columba speciosa*) with yellow bill and white spotted wings. There were several of them in the tree which apparently bore small berries on which they were feeding.

Perched on the extreme tip of a dead tree on the water, sitting very erect and holding its head about precisely like a Flycatcher was a Jacamar. Its green back glistened in the sunlight like the throat of one of the Hummingbirds found here.

A fine male of *Pterocarpus navi*, the first I have seen and a rare bird *Atropis* tells me, was hopping about on the mud and exploring nooks & crannies under the bank much in the manner of a Carolina Wren.

In the cacao grove I came upon a *Dendroica ludovicianus* and watched it for several minutes. Its motions, like those of all the others that I have seen, are, to my eye, much more like those of a Woodpecker than a Cuckoo. The bird moves up the trunk by a succession of well marked hops and not at all in the even, creeping manner of *Cathartes*. It also carries itself more like a Woodpecker.

In the afternoon I saw two good birds, a *Compsothlypis fityana* in a box in front of the house and a Ruby Spurred Hummer in a flowering tree near our agouba.

1894

March 18  
(no 3)

Habit of

Po. macrurus

In the late afternoon we walked up the road and lingered there until dark. For the fourth time we found our big Goatsucker (Myctobus jamaicensis) on his favorite stub and for the second time we saw him come to it from the forest. He appeared about half an hour after sunset high above the tops of the tallest trees and on set wings, without a single flap, sailed slowly and majestically two hundred yards or more until directly above the stub to which he descended in a broad spiral sweep of two turns ending a yard or so below the top of the stub when he pitched sharply upward ~~slashing~~ his wings just as his feet struck the perch. I have rarely if ever seen so beautiful a flight before and for a Goatsucker it was simply extraordinary. The strong afterglow in the west against which the big bird found a dusky silhouette added no doubt to its impressiveness.

After he has taken his perch our bird always behaves in precisely the same manner on different occasions. He sits bolt upright the long axis of his body parallel with, or rather forming a continuation of, that of the stub against which his tail is firmly pressed. He invariably faces the west but his head is kept moving or rolling from side to side in the manner of a Flycatcher. Here it was for, or indeed probably in spite of, this motion he would be surely taken for an Owl or Hawk while on his perch.

At short irregular intervals - usually two or three times in a minute - he launches out after flying insects flying in a perfectly straight line - usually ascending slightly - with firm and vigorous yet easy wing beats



1894

March 18

(no 4)

his tail wide-spread. At the moment of reaching his prey he often turns sharply upward to secure it. He then whirls suddenly and returns to the stub by a long, slow, graceful glide and alights as already described. With very few exceptions his sallies are made to the northwest, west or southwest where he often flies thirty or forty yards before reaching his mark and when on returning he invariably half circles the stub before alighting. When he flies to the eastward it is only for the distance of a few yards. These facts show (1) that he cannot see his prey distinctly at any great distance except against the light in the west and (2) that he either cannot or does not like to turn on his perch after alighting.

We have not yet watched him until he takes his final departure but there can be no doubt that this occurs before the night has wholly closed in for we have repeatedly visited the stub in the moonlight after the light has ~~totally~~ faded from the west and not once has one bird been there.

The frogs as well as the birds speak freely here. At sunset we hear on every side in the clearing a sweet clear oie uttered at intervals of a second or two and not very persistently. We caught the author of this sound to-night in a shallow & perfectly dry ditch. It proved to be a true frog of medium size and light grayish brown in color with obscure dark markings. Which says it is

I for a few hours some of the same size as ours, others twice or thrice as large.

A sweet-sounding

frog

1894

March 19

Off at sunrise with Hutton taking the trace over the long ridge to the westward. For convenience of reference I will christen this <sup>the</sup> "Ridge Trace". Since then birds are particularly numerous there. We came upon a band of at least fifteen of the beautiful creatures this morning. Some of them were feeding, rising before clusters of small dark berries for an instant then rising one and breaking it off by simply dropping and flying away. Others sat high up in the trees, erect & still, colling. Still others were chasing one another to & fro among the leaves sometimes descending and perching upon the ground fluting their tails slowly. They were all of one species - the kind that has the Cuckoo's voice. I shot them but one in falling struck a branch and lost all the feathers on one side of the breast. Dissection of the three specimens that I have skinned thus far has shown that they will not nest for at least six or eight weeks.

Trogon.

On reaching the coffee tree we found it simply alive with creepers. They were so high above the earth that it was impossible to distinguish colors but shooting quite at random I got three specimens of the red-bellied blue species, two of the yellow-bellied and two of the green Chlorophanes species. The last I had not killed before.

Blue  
Creepers in  
a coffee  
tree

Another specimen new to me was a pretty little Paroquet (Urochroma virgata). A flock of a dozen or fifteen of these birds came into the coffee tree just after I had killed the first Creeper. They flitted

My first  
Paroquet

1894

March 19  
(No 2)

and looped about with the activity of many Sparrows but when not moving it was impossible to see them among the green leaves. I fired at a bird to which I have referred as and brought down one Parakeet and a Green Cuckoo.

There were few birds along the path this morning but near its entrance I shot a Myiodynastes auratus which was sitting on a dead branch in the forest.

Late in the afternoon a flock of six or seven bariegated "Suri Martin" Tanagers ("Suri Martinique") came past the house and alighted in the box immovable trees where I shot one of them. They are exceedingly nervous and restless birds but not at all shy. They utter a sharp tswe at frequent intervals especially just before they take wing when one starts all the others follow at once and they usually dash directly off out of sight and hearing.

In the evening we took a long walk with the dogs who started a Father (Armidillo), which they finally ran into a bush where the Cows dug it out and captured it alive. He heard "Po-oo-oo" in the distance for the second time. There were few Owls to night.

Just beyond the bridge two creatures which I took to be frogs were making at short regular intervals a sound which exactly resembled a loud, slow snore. It was audible two hundred yards or more away.

1894  
March 20

Toucans.

I started out early this morning with the express intention of shooting a Toucan. Rather curiously I had at once an opportunity which I did not improve and shortly afterwards a experience which is probably rare for Mr. Chapman has seen nothing of the kind, nor has Mr. Carr either for that matter. It all happened in this wise. I went first to the ajoupa to get my collecting basket and while there heard a Toucan calling apparently at a considerable distance. I started in the direction of the sound but I had gone scarce twenty yards when I became conscious that it came from nearly overhead. Looking up I at once saw the beautiful great bird sitting in the top of a tree inverted its breast turned towards the rising sun which brought out the brilliant coloring of the plumage <sup>the shining black</sup> ~~and~~ of the long bill and the <sup>blue of the face</sup> ~~face~~ skin about the eyes with the greatest distinctness. There was no chance for the bird was not thirty yards off but I simply stood and stared at him with speechless wonder and admiration until he finally flew when the dense cacao foliage prevented my getting a shot. Clearly a case of Toucan "fever" but I did not regret the episode.

It was evidently a Toucan morning for I could hear the birds calling in every direction. Selecting one which <sup>apparently</sup> ~~was~~ ~~was~~ not far off I crossed the road, waded knee deep through the grass & weeds of an ill-kept cacao grove, and finally came to the edge of the forest where I quickly saw two Toucans sitting in the tops of an



1894

March 20

(No 2)

enormously tall tree quite out of range. Presently, "Toucan  
 they ceased calling and flew into a tree just here dance.  
 where they were quickly joined by others which came  
 from every direction as if they had met by appointment.  
 until (until) no less than seven were assembled. The  
 trumpet tree resembles an overgrown Castor oil plant.  
 It has but few leaves which grow in clusters at  
 the extreme ends of the branches terminal twigs and  
 the branches as well as the main stem are perfectly  
 bare and covered with a smooth grayish bark.  
 Perhaps the Toucans had selected this tree on  
 account of the peculiarities just named for it  
 was admirably adapted to the purpose for which  
 it had evidently been selected chosen viz. a general  
 rump or frolic—or a dance it might have been called.  
 Each bird as soon as it alighted began hopping about  
 as if it had gone crazy. Beginning at the base of a  
 branch it would follow it out and upward to  
 its tip moving by a rapid succession of bounding  
 jumps as if it were a big rubber ball. Of an orange-  
 blue Jay. On reaching the end of the branch it  
 would spring or fly to the one next above or below  
 all seven birds were continually in motion. When  
 two came together they would fence and strike  
 at each other with their huge bills until one  
 was forced off his perch. Yet as far as I could  
 make out they were playing, not fighting. The  
 twilight struck full on the tree which was on a  
 hillside about 100 yards from where I stood. The dance  
 lasted about ten minutes. Toucans kept coming &  
 going during this period and at last a down a

1894

March 20

(No 3)

After birds must have visited the tree but there was the greatest number there at any one time. No one of them uttered a sound of any kind while the deer was in flight. As soon as it had scattered and flown away they began cooing again. I had a good chance to study their flight, with its alternate flapping and sailing it reminded me of the flight of a Wood It's and the Towhee's big bill added to the resemblance.

I shot nothing but a Cuckoo (Diplotypterus narinus). although I also fired at a most-must which escaped apparently unhurt.

For the first time since I have been here the entire afternoon was cloudy. The air was cool and damp. These conditions seemed to have a depressing effect on the birds, for they sang but little and we saw very few about the clearing.

The dogs started a deer down after breakfast and the Caras, with Hutton and Sam, followed in the most manner possible to the hunters; this island running at full speed through the woods whistling and barking. It made only one turn and then kept straight away through the forest to the eastward. Dogs & men returned one by one as the fawn wandered, all alive but, tired & discomfited.

1894

March 20

(No 4)

Boulder, T. M. S.

Chapman

Po. nu. - one

The moon was full to night and to our great delight the sky cleared, a little before eight o'clock. Soon afterwards we heard in the distance the call of "Po. nu. - one". Cass Chapman and I started at once in the direction of the sound. Crossing the road and a broad belt of cacao grove beyond, slipping down by the ditches and tumbling into others, wading knee deep through grass and weeds, drenched with the heavy dew, breathless and gasping at every pore we at length came to the edge of a piece of low swampy woods where, very half minute or so issued the strange cry. Before we stopped, however, the creature ceased calling and for nearly two minutes we stood listening without hearing anything save an Owl, which gave a succession of coo-coo-coo and then two cat-like yells, very near us, its mate answering. Finally Cass whistled an imitation of the cry of "Po. nu. - one". Almost instantly an answer came from the woods. Several more calls and answers and then a big Goatsucker, which we at once recognized as ~~the same bird~~ ~~that we have seen on the shore near~~ the road, came sailing directly over us. He circled twice, uttering a low cry, and alighted on the topmost twig of a low immovable tree within twenty yards of where we stood. For an instant he sat motionless then puffing out his throat and stretching up his neck he uttered the Po. nu. - one. From the house (200 yds. distant) we had heard only the first note, from the road but two, midway of the cacao grove (100 yds.) there but now we got the full song which consists sometimes of four and sometimes of five notes, each a little lower than the next preceding. The first two notes were

D. yeare

1894.

March 20  
(no 5)

clear and full the preceding three somewhat hoarse or 10. me. one. throaty with a crowing quality much like that of a Barred Owl. This both Chapman & Carr considered <sup>was</sup> an individual quality peculiar to it. It detracted much from the general effect of the song which also disappointed me in other respects. Still it was a remarkable performance. The voice was the most human in character that I have ever heard and its pathos was indescribable—a slow, sad wail of hopeless sorrow. The effect was doubtless marred for me by the fact that the bird was so near & in plain sight.

With the first note he threw his head sharply upward, with the next the bill was invariably turned to the right, with the third to the left, with the fourth it was again turned to the right and brought down to a horizontal plain. With the fifth note it was sometimes (if not always) pointed downward. Between the calls the bird sat perfectly erect and still. Just before calling his throat always bulged to fully double its normal size.

After calling a dozen times or more he flew back into the woods but when we whistled he would quickly return, circle, and again alight nearly above us changing his perch on different occasions. Once he chose the top of a stub but usually the topmost slender twig of a tree unnoted. It was a revelation to see a Goatsucker perch in this manner. Another "10-me one" with a much finer voice than ours was calling in the distance most of the time.

An hour later after walking down the road for half-a-mile or more, being nothing but a swell but which flew as slowly as a snail back & forth low down over the road, we returned & kept up the road towards the bridge. Our "10-me. one" was calling



1894

March 20  
(No 6)

in the old place bred a few 'whistlers from Carr brought Po-me-one.  
him to us from a distance of fully 200 yds. He kept  
him calling near us for more than half-an-hour, he  
changed his perch many times alighting usually in the  
tops of the tallest forest trees. When he chose a stick  
where I saw distinctly that although sitting perfectly  
erect his tail did not touch the wood at all. On  
another occasion he and a second bird - his mate no doubt  
perched in the same tree on small horizontal branches  
on which they both sat crosswise. On no occasion did  
we see either perch lengthwise with a branch.

The male once scaled on set wings from the woods  
across a wide opening moving very slowly and in an  
indescribably flabby manner - just as he came to  
his feeding stick the other wing.

Thus we settled the Po-me-one mystery but of course  
it remains to kill the bird which neither of us  
could do to night although we had a gun with us.

Owls of four kinds were hooting to night. There was the  
hoo, hoo, hoo, ho call, the coo, coo, coo, coo call, the  
wha-a-a-a (cat) call and Glaucopteryx. The last named  
comes close about the house and last night one  
reportedly flew against the palm thatched roof making  
a sharp crack like the report of a colliery pistol.  
Mr. Carr assured us that the bird was catching  
cockroaches which are certainly numerous enough.

Owls.

One marked feature of these moonlight nights is the  
total absence of the calls of diurnal birds. At home  
several species would be heard. Here we have yet to  
hear one.

1894

March 21

A pleasant morning but the afternoon cloud & threatening with heavy rain in the evening & most of the night

At sunrise I started into Chaparran for the woods where we caught the Agouti the other afternoon. We went this morning especially to hear the big Hummingbirds sing. Although these birds are common enough in other places where we go daily we were here then with anything more than a single chirp. But Mr. Carr directed us to a place in these woods where, he assured us, he never passes without hearing a number of the birds. Sure enough as we approached it this morning we heard a new and strange sound issuing from a dense different place at once as it seemed to us. It was most like a chorus of Hylas - yep - yep - yep going on unceasingly yet now swelling, next abating somewhat. There was nothing especially peculiar about the place save that the trees were small, slender & crowded, with a plentiful admixture of rose palms. This growth covered a hillside which sloped steeply down to big woods below. In the space of a quarter of an acre or less there were at least half a dozen Hummers. Each bird had his favorite perch where he would sit for many minutes at a time calling yep almost unceasingly. Every now & then another bird would approach hovering boldly where the calling bird would dart at him and the two would ~~gaze~~ <sup>gorge</sup> warily through the woods, one apparently pursuing the other and one or both making a loud swelling sound which I found could be imitated almost perfectly by pressing the tongue against the roof of the mouth and withdrawing it forcibly. After the pursuit had

A Humming-  
bird Concert.

1894

March 21

(No 2)

Continued for a minute or two ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> time one bird would return to the perch and begin yapping again. His motions while thus engaged were peculiar and most interesting.

He sat very erect but in an easy, listless attitude the points of the wings drooping. Below the tail which was closed and kept constantly vibrating up & down slightly, there <sup>about</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>three</sup> ~~vibrations~~ <sup>to</sup> each cock. With each yep the long bill was thrown nearly straight up and the mouth slightly opened while the red under mandible showed very conspicuously and the whole body twitched convulsively.

At long intervals (in fact we saw it only twice) the bird would spread his tail to its widest extent and erect it on his back so that it pointed straight up at the same time moving it slowly from side to side. The tips of the central feathers nearly touched the back of the head and the general effect was almost peculiar, like that of a strutting Turkey cock.

All these Hummers perched low down when calling usually from two to four feet above the ground on a slender horizontal twig bare of leaves. Carr tells us that an imitation of the call of *Glaucochim* excites them greatly and draws them about the caller but we failed to make it work in this way probably because our imitation was not sufficiently good.

I shot a fine Cop. bird and several other small birds among them two Yellow-headed Manakins. We returned to breakfast & spent the day in a ~~few~~ <sup>few</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~birds~~ <sup>birds</sup>.

1894.  
March 22

A dark cloudy day with heavy rain at frequent intervals.

When we came out after early breakfast Swifts in great numbers were flying low over the clearing and as there was no prospect of getting into the woods we began shooting these birds. I killed nine and Chapman two species. He each got four species. As usual, as I can make out they all have essentially the same notes most of which resemble those of our Swift very closely. The birds also fly in precisely the same manner but as a rule the two large species were more & more less brightly. I repeatedly saw three birds careering about together in the manner of our Swifts.

While at work in the garden I often see or hear some bird new to my little collection and shoot it by merely taking a few steps from the bench. Yesterday I killed a pair of Orioles. To day a Flanckia made us repeated visits. He was a most active little bird hopping from branch to branch and vibrating his tail. His flight was swift, undulating and altogether most un-Oriole-like. I finally shot him but he fell in a bed of tall wetland grass & could not be found.



1894

March 23

A clear, cool, fine day

Off with Chapman in the early morning visiting the convent given by the Hummingbirds again. There were only two birds there this morning, but they were "hard at it" and we watched them for a long time.

On the way in I had two shots at Wet-mots but missed them both. The hoo of this bird is singular, Owl-like. In its flight, attitudes etc. it reminds me most of a Cuckoo.

I shot 2 big Cuckoo (Piaya cayana) in a tall tree near where the path enters the woods and at the river bank a large Swift and two Swallows! (Stelgidopteryx)! After skinning these birds I went to work on this journal which was there 3 or 4 days before it and which I have been forced to write on, hastily.

Now that I have finished with the first a word as to the present. It is now sunset and I am sitting alone on the river bank with the cacao grove behind me and the edge of the forest walling in the further bank of the narrow, winding, muddy little stream. To the left is a clearing brilliantly lighted by the slanting rays of the sun. All else is in cool shadow. The trade wind has fallen and leaves a breath of air sweeter than leaves. Birds are calling on every side. Now the peep-fee of Dryopteris, next the qu'est ce-dit of Pitangus & Myiophobus, next the loud silencing song of Thryothorus, into the caw of Thamnophis

Sunset on  
the edge of  
the forest

1894

March 23

(No 2)

A Grive (Merula gymnocephala) sings much like our Robin. Then comes a series of clear whistles and a long trilling song recalling our Field Sparrows. These notes are made by a pair of Juncos which, perched on dead trees a few feet above the ground on the opposite side of the stream have been catching flies in plain sight of my position the whole afternoon. Near them on a pair of Megascops and on, pretty birds sitting close together on the same branch - silent as a rule but with loud explosive voices when they do cry out.

Another Flycatcher is Megascops rubus pitangus. It looks very like Pitangus but has a wholly different call a succession of shrill, rapidly uttered notes which closely to my ear resemble a Parrot's very loud.

The Sun is twinkling fast and the Grives are chuckling, chattering and making <sup>like our</sup> ~~the~~ call which <sup>is so very like</sup> ~~is exactly like~~ that of our Parus carolinensis. They dash about near the cacaos trees chasing one another.

Directly overhead I hear a humming & I cannot be him. This humming, like that of a big Humbird bee, is scarce ever out of hearing in these woods. & all the species seem to make it in the same tone.

The sunlight has just faded in the clearing and from a thicket on the river bank directly opposite & within twenty paces of where I am sitting rises the weird, unearthly call of a Hiawatha. What a sound! As beautiful as any bird voice I ever listened to and yet as cold and heartless as the voice of a fiend. It is like the tinkling of ice. I shiver as I ~~listen~~ <sup>listen</sup> intently.

Sunset on  
the river  
bank at  
the edge of  
the forest

1894  
March 24

Early morning showery, the rest of the day fine.

After the usual coffee & bread Chapman & I started out. In the cacao grove I found a pair of Hoopoes and shot the female. I then crossed through the grove to the road which I followed to the bridge where I found another pair of Hoopoes of the species which makes the "Hitter" call. I shot at the male twice but only wounded & lost him. I also shot <sup>and lost</sup> a ~~Confamilia~~ <sup>Confamilia</sup> ~~pitagora~~ <sup>pitagora</sup> ~~but failed to find him.~~ <sup>which</sup> ~~He~~ was sitting in the top of a tall tree. The song resembled that of our Parula Warbler but ended differently - with a "c" little trill. My bad luck continued most of the morning, for I actually did ~~under~~ <sup>under</sup> consecutive shot without picking up a single bird although I brought down four or five & bled one or two more.

While I was shooting at small birds along the Yorcans road Yorcans were calling at intervals in the woods on the hill. I finally went up there and found at least a dozen of the big birds in the tops of the trees. After watching and following them about for some time I at length got three shots in quick succession. I shoot bringing down one bird and wounding another my first which I afterwards found sitting on a branch <sup>specimen</sup> only a few feet above the ground in a dense thicket of rose hedges. Another shot finished him. In the meantime Chapman had come up and shot down three more Yorcans but he failed

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(No 2)

to find one of them.

The rapid firing seemed to rattle the birds for instead of flying away they kept passing back and forth over our heads alighting in the tops of the tallest trees and uttering their peculiar calls incessantly. This call is a raucous, <sup>or raspy</sup> creak. It is very loud and penetrating and can be heard nearly a quarter of a mile away when the conditions are favorable. I heard another cry this morning a "short, low, deep, rolling whistle."

<sup>succession of</sup> In these woods I heard a "long whistling note" very loud and rather musical. The following of the bird I found it to be a Dendrocincla.

While watching the Toucans I saw a Woodpecker <sup>A strange</sup> nearly as large as Geophilaus puleatus with the <sup>Woodpecker</sup> upper parts of a uniform dull yellowish green, the lower parts of much the same color but apparently obscurely barred, a very large & long crest which I think was very light brown or brownish white. This bird alighted against the trunk of a tree within less than twenty yards of me and in a good strong light. He climbed slowly up a few yards and then flew to a liane and ascended that. He made no sound whatever. To my great surprise Mr. Chapman failed to recognize the species from my description. Indeed he says that no such bird is known!



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March 24

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At about noon Mr. Albert Carr brought in a Bell Bird which he had killed a mile or more away in the woods to the eastward, & which he gave me. The curious appendages on the throat were soft & clammy to the touch. They looked much like pieces of cotton shoe strings. I have never seen a bird of the size of this which was nearly so heavy. The body when taken out proved to be very broad and plump but it was not especially unsuited. The skin was rather tough but it came off easily. The eyes were very large, the irides dark hazel. The stomach was enormously distended but on cutting it open I found that it contained only a single fruit the stone of which I shall put in alcohol, with the vocal organs. The liver was more or less enlarged but it appeared to be rather fleshy and it was of a dark purple color. This color had stained the feathers about both mouth and vent. The bird was singing. It was a male with testes of about this size: O.

Bell Bird

For the past three evenings a Guin has sung at intervals for some time in the cacao grove by the river. Its song is strikingly like that of our Robin but, less varied and, consequently at the same time more unvaried with something of the quality of the song of the English Blackbird.

Song of

Murela

gymnophila

1894

March 25

A cloudless day with strong trade wind after nine o'clock. At times it was so cool in the woods that I almost felt the need of a coat. The air was dry and very clear. Altogether it was one of the best days that I have seen on Trinidad.

This was fortunate for Mr. Carr had arranged to take Chapman and me on a long tramp to the "Grand Ravine" where the Bell Birds live. We started at about 7 A.M. crossing the river and taking the track which enters the woods where we had the Agouti hunt. At the first brook I shot a *Tamias* (*Phainothraupis rubra*) new to me, and a pair of Mot-mots which were hooting in the trees at the foot of the hill. I fired at one of them with the air-chamber - by mistake - at full 25 yds. but killed the bird nevertheless, getting a perfect specimen. The female had a defective tail and I gave it to Mr. Chapman. I afterwards shot another, a male.

Near the place where the Hummers (*Phaethon gurgis*) sing we heard two birds calling, evidently answering one another. Mr. Carr at first pronounced them to be Woodpeckers but after a little they came nearer and I got a sight at and shot them both. They proved to be Collared Lizards (*C. collaris*), a species which I have not met before. Their red breasts glowed like living coals among the green foliage. They acted precisely like the common yellow-breasted species. Their call was composed of six or eight notes identical in tone with those of *Lophoceros* *residens*;

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(No 2.)

was lower in number and given much more slowly, and distinctly. Both proved to be males. I shot a third male later in the day in low woods near a creek. The first two were on a ridge.

There were only three Hummers (*Phaethon gyrus*) singing in the place where we have seen them before but a few hundred yards beyond in a precisely similar locality we found at least six or eight making a great racket. I shot two of them and found that both were males. One was yelping the other knocking.

Half a mile further on we came to a piece of high woods remarkably free from undergrowth but still with scattering young <sup>200</sup> palms and shrubs of various kinds. In this on every side arose an incessant shrill chirping which we at first thought must come from a great number of Cuckoos (*Coccyzus*) ~~that were~~ excited about something, possibly a hawk or owl. But presently Mr. Chapman recollecting similar experiences of last year and assured us that the birds were Hummers (*Pygostictus longicaudus*) singing. It had to look long and closely before we could light one of the tiny, brown creatures although several were evidently within a few yards of us. They perched only a foot or two above the ground, but rather erect, and jerked their tails precisely like *Phaethon* but we did not see them spread and erect the tail. There must have been more than a dozen of ~~them~~ assembled within the space of half an acre or less. Each bird had its favorite

A comment  
of the ~~hummer~~

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perch to which it always returned, after  
being driven away, I noted the song of one individual  
as swee, see-see-see-see repeated many times in quick  
succession without the slightest variation. Another called  
swee-see-see-see-see, swee-swee-see-see. The tone was  
high and chirping but not shrill.

On the banks of a creek I had a fine opportunity to  
watch a male *Heteroscinus naevia* which hopped along  
the edge of the water and finally flew to a log where  
it turned its body from side to side clattering like  
a House Wren. This bird reminds me much more of a  
Wren than of a Water Thrush. It resembles the latter  
to be sure in its habit of feeding in muddy places on  
the banks of streams but it does not wag its  
tail and its gait is a Wren-like hop. It is an attractive  
looking bird of neat plumage, soft coloring, and  
sprightly motions.

On the banks of this creek I killed two more  
Hummers of a species new to me, viz. *Glaucothraupis*.  
I have seen them daily, for they are common where  
the wild Mountain grows, but they are exceedingly  
difficult to shoot for they rarely alight and they  
 seldom pause in ~~one~~ <sup>such</sup> long enough to allow one  
to get a fair aim. The flight is a succession of  
short flittings with momentary pausing every few yards.  
They make an exceedingly loud droning sound and  
usually spread their broad brown tails when pausing.  
I killed both my birds to day by sharp shots with  
the revolving. The ordinary with these birds is a



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Strong Fringilline look much like that of Eucophala caerulea. I have never seen Glaucois outside the woods but Phaethon occasionally visits the cacao groves. Eucophala is equally common throughout the forest and in the cacao.

A little beyond this creek and some two miles from town we heard the distant call of a Bell Bird and followed it about for an hour or more without seeing or even getting very near the bird which would utter a down or fifteen calls, remain silent for awhile, and then begin again in a new place. Its cry resembled the stroke of an axe on resonant wood a bock or toc repeated every few seconds. This is not the bell sound which we did not hear.

While following the Bell Bird I came upon a beautiful Woodpecker, Celeus elegans. It was very tame and Chapman killed it with very anxious. He afterwards saw its <sup>mate</sup>.

On our return we followed the banks of the creek for a considerable distance. There was no path but the trees were so large that there was very little undergrowth or weeds and the walking was open, smooth and easy. I was forcibly reminded of the woods on the bottom lands of Southern Illinois but the palms, of course, gave the scene a tropical cast wherever they occurred in any numbers. In most places, however, they were scarce or wanting, and the forest trees when viewed hastily were not strikingly different in appearance from ours. Indeed I saw one small tree growing on the banks of the creek

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Col. J. B. W. I.  
C. B. W. I.

which in foliage back and habit, exactly resembled an American elm. Other trees in these woods closely resemble in the <sup>general</sup> character of their foliage our ash, hickory, birch oak, & magnolia. Saw the palms there are few that have very large or in any way peculiar leaves. This is a great surprise to me. I saw one tree in this bottom which was remarkable for the glossiness of its leaves. As they stood in the sunlight they shone like the most highly burnished silver and it actually made my eyes ache to look at them long. The sheen of our oak foliage is dull in comparison.

The ~~trunks~~ <sup>stems</sup> of these tropical trees are, almost without exception, smooth-barked and most of them are very light gray or whitish with dusky blotches. As I walked through the woods merely looking at the trunks of the trees I often found myself in a grove of well-known beeches yet so great is the variety of the <sup>species</sup> of ~~the~~ <sup>these</sup> trees here that it is rare to find two of the same kind in close proximity. For this reason chiefly hunting is unprofitable, although many trees yield very valuable timbers.

On the way home we walked fast & steadily but I shot a Dove (*Coccyzina*) and a Motmot.

We reached the house at 2.30 P. M. and spent the afternoon preparing our specimens. I brought in fifteen birds in all.

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In the early morning Chapman and I took the Hagan  
Tram and followed it for half a mile or more. I  
shot only a few birds. A Bell Bird was heard in these  
woods by the Coles yesterday afternoon but we listened  
in vain for it this morning.

In the afternoon, however, I was more fortunate. Albert Carr, an experienced  
- hunter before we left the tram - we heard the loud  
bark repeated at short, regular intervals and at length  
the long-tonguing of the "Bell". The former sound was  
very deceptive and ~~long~~ before we were <sup>at all</sup> near the bird  
I could have sworn that he was not thirty yards off.  
At length after walking nearly a quarter of a mile  
through heavy bottom-land timber we came beneath the  
tree in which the bird was sitting and in a few  
minutes Carr saw him perched on a slender, bare twig  
in the very top of the tree about 75 ft. above the ground.  
I watched him here for full fifteen minutes and saw as  
well as heard him make all three of his calls a number  
of times. At length a pair of Bucaras came into the  
tree and alighted near him. He looked at them a  
moment with evident distrust and then flew off  
out of sight. Presently he returned, ~~stained~~ <sup>stained</sup> his own  
own head, and to my great delight settled on a  
branch not over 20 ft. above the ground and scarcely  
twenty yards from us. He remained here for at  
least fifteen minutes more, bark-ing, tonguing and  
calling tree-tree etc. many times. Mr. Carr assures me  
that he has never before watched one under such favorable  
conditions. The bird sat on a naked branch in a strong

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(No 2)

clear light and the air was perfectly still, I used my pencil and note-book freely and <sup>now</sup> transcribe the results as follows:

The Bell Bird has the same note, the first call, the second two or three times. The note is probably a call. It is a very low, some-  
times a single note, but often a series of about ten notes, sometimes a single note and then a series of notes. It is a very low note, a few feet

hard, resonant wood, and is very misleading for although it is not difficult to judge correctly the direction from which it comes a novice would be entirely deceived as to the distance and would <sup>suppose</sup> judge the bird to be only fifty yards or so away. Indeed as one follows on in the direction of the sound the impression which he is likely to conceive is that the bird is flying from tree to tree and keeping on ahead of him. This impression, however, is dispelled after he comes within 100 yards or so for the sound then becomes louder and louder until when the listener gets directly beneath the tree it is simply tremendous in volume. It now has a slightly rolling quality (be-rock) and is so abrupt and explosive in character that it is nearly as startling as the report of a gun. I have never heard any bird note which at near range sounded anything like so loud yet it apparently does not carry so well as the croak of the toucan which can be heard fully as far away although it is not a very loud call where one is directly under the tree on which the toucan is sitting.

Song and  
notes of the  
Bell Bird.

# This was a pure assumption at the time and I am now inclined to doubt its correctness although I was forced to say "frantically" without "telling" was "broken" (what? Call or his mother's call?) and only by the way.



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No 31

As I stood beneath the Bell Bird this afternoon his boke at first made me actually jump each time it was delivered. It also produced a startling vibration of ~~my~~ ear drum which was disagreeable and somewhat painful.

Song and  
notes of the  
Bell Bird.

At each utterance of this note the bird opens his bill to its widest extent and throws his head forward and down with a violent, convulsive jerk as if he were in a passion and striking <sup>violently</sup> at some rival. This jerk is indeed so violent that the bird evidently has some slight difficulty in maintaining his ~~footing~~ <sup>balance</sup> during its delivery as well as in afterwards recovering his <sup>normal</sup> balance, or pose.

The second note, tee, is much softer and less loud than the boke and is delivered from tip to down twice in such rapid succession that each ~~tee~~ is the notes are run together in an unbroken series. Despite this fact each tee is followed by a metallic ring which sounds exactly like an echo and appears to be of nearly the same duration as the tee. At first I could not believe despite that this ring was made by the bird which I was watching, for it seemed impossible that he could interject it between the tee notes and moreover, it seemed to come from another direction, but after repeated observations I became satisfied that it was really an integral part of the tee song (if song it be). When uttering these notes the bird sets rather erect and perfectly motionless save for a slight tremulous motion of the throat and tail which accompanies the delivery of each tee. The tail moves up and down - or rather down and up.

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Cape Cod

The third note, tang, is also repeated a number (from 18 to 33 this afternoon) of times in quick succession but the sound is much louder than the tee and the intervals between the notes although short are well marked. Sometimes the bird began slowly and gradually increased the rapidity of its utterance at others the intervals were about the same from the beginning to the end. Each tang is accompanied by a ringing sound like the vibrations following a sharp stroke of a hammer on an iron bar but this ringing although similar in general quality to that of the tee call is less loud and is more evidently and directly connected with the note which it accompanies. In other words the effect of an echo is lacking.

At a certain distance <sup>(about 100 yds.)</sup> the tang sounds exceeding like a slow humming in C natural on the string of a banjo—as Mr. Carr actually demonstrated this evening to our entire satisfaction. It can be heard at a greater distance than the tee but not nearly so far as the look. At a distance greater than 200 yds. the sound would scarcely attract the attention of any one except an ornithologist thoroughly versed in the bird voices of these woods. It probably could not be heard at all beyond three or four hundred yards unless the conditions were exceptionally favorable.

While tanging the bird sits in much the same position as when making the tee, rather erect, the head well up, the wings drooping beneath the closed tail.  At each utterance the tail vibrates slightly, there is a marked swelling of the black throat, & the mouth is opened to its widest

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(No 5)

extent ~~of~~ but although the lower mandible is worked with some apparent effort and thrown well down the upper mandible and the <sup>rest of the</sup> head are held perfectly motionless.

After calling and singing a few times without changing his position the bird would turn squarely on his back and face in the ~~directly~~ opposite position direction for an equal period, then turn back again. During the intervals of silence, which often lasted ten or fifteen minutes, ~~the bird~~ he devoted his attention to his plumage which he preened and arranged with great care.

The flight of the Bell Bird is swift, easy, slightly undulating, the wings being beaten rapidly <sup>a few times</sup> and then closed during ~~the~~ downward sweep. It is much like the flight of *Habia Indoviciana* which, indeed, the Bell Bird also resembles in form and bearing, although it is of course larger & heavier. It is an alert but not a very active bird sitting for a long time in one place but moving the head about quickly and occasionally twitching the wings. I saw no tail motion ~~when the bird was~~ <sup>during the act of</sup> calling. The fleshy throat appendages were not visible at any time, either when the bird was calling or when it was sitting still or preening its feathers. This is difficult to understand for when the head of a dead specimen is held out horizontally the appendages hang ~~straight~~ <sup>straight</sup> downward. They are indeed as soft and limp as so many bits of old shoe string yet the bird must be able in some way to hold them

Characteristic  
attitudes  
flight, etc. of  
the Bell Bird

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March 26

(No 6)

tightly pressed against the throat. I was surprised to find that they were not displayed in any way while the bird was singing.

In this connection I will add that on the afternoon of the 27<sup>th</sup> we found this Bell Bird singing in the same tree & perched on the very same twig where it sat on the 26<sup>th</sup>. And further that on the morning of the 29<sup>th</sup> I shot a female Bell Bird in the cacao grove within 20 yds. of our ajouba. It came flying from the woods across the river and alighting on a branch of a tree immovably sat there silent and motionless long enough for me to go to the house and return with my gun. On dissecting it I found the ovaries only slightly developed the largest ovules being of about the size of no 8 shot. The body was rather ~~less~~ heavy and muscular than that of the male skinned last week. The irides were dark hazel. There was no apparent peculiarity of the trachea or larynx.

A female

Bell Bird



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March 26

(No 7)

While we were watching the Bull Bird my eyes & ears took in many other sights and sounds. Every now and then a Hummer (Glaucois or Encyphora) dived overhead or dashed past us. Pigeons gave their Cuckoo or Flicker-like calls and the rasping creak of the Lizard came almost incessantly from two or three different directions at once. Cuckers (Coccyz luticola) were singing on every side and now and then a Hen (Thryothorus reticulatus) repeated its clear, strong song two or three times in quick succession. The loud ringing whistle of Dendroica auduboni was also a frequent and characteristic sound of these lonely woods, and the Flicker-like "chirr" of Thamnophis major, ending with its curious low caw, was occasionally heard.

Before we left the place the sun had sunk below the tops of the trees and the woods about us fairly rang with the weird, unearthly music of the Lizard while the Cog-birds whistled on all sides of us, every side. It was twilight under the trees when we reached the trace and the only bird voice <sup>now</sup> was the deep hoo of the Mot-mot who calls latest of all the diurnal birds here. Small bats were flying about close to the ground among the undergrowth and every now and then a morpho butterfly passed us. He had the net with us and caught a number of other species but this has thus far eluded me.

Carr is altogether the most delightful and congenial companion for a woodland walk that I have ever met.

He is quiet yet alert, an accomplished woodsman as quick to be "hiss" of animals & birds as are the best of our Mani guides and without an utterance of note or sight. He knows all the trees, shrubs & flowers & most of the birds & insects also.

Sounds of  
a Trinidad  
forest.

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March 27

A rainy-season day with frequent showers of fine rain and humid oppressive atmosphere.

In the early morning we started down the road nearly to Mrs. Medfield's plantation. Before starting, I shot three Swifts for Chapman; during the walk, a beautiful pair of *Tityra cayana* which I mistook for Bell Birds. They were in a tall tree over the road feeding on large berries which they first seized while hovering in front of the cluster and then broke off by dropping backwards in the manner of Trogons. I also shot a *Myiophobus* and a *Ramphocelus nigriventris* but lost both in dense thorny scrub into which they fell.

I had a fine view of two Green Parrots (*Anas carolinensis*) a pair, apparently, which alighted in a small, solitary tree not 50 yards from where I stood and within 20 yds. of a negro's cabin. They climbed down a vine using their beaks as third leg and altogether behaving in a manner which possibly reminded me of our Parrot, "Jack". I also saw several flocks of Parrots whirling about high in air like gay birds. The big Parrots fly in pairs and their flight is very like that of *Fregata aethiops* in many ways.

In a small, perfectly leafless tree by the roadside my eye caught ~~a~~ a slight movement and looking more closely I saw a female Hummingbird (*Amazilia beryllina*) sitting on her nest which, except for its large size, exactly resembled the nest of our *A. carolinensis*. It was modelled on a naked branch about 20 ft above the ground.

I fully intended to return to and take this nest but, dark & time prevented. It was the only incubated nest seen on 9. I thought that I found one finished.

\*

1894

March 27

(No 2)

In the afternoon Call and Chapman went to the  
Lodge woods to hear the Bell Bird. I followed them  
with Sam (Chapman's trapper & assistant) and Mike.  
He found them by first hearing the Bell Bird and  
following up its call. It was sitting in the same tree  
& on the very same twig as yesterday and Chapman  
was lying on his back on the ground beneath the  
tree watching it. Soon after we arrived it flew away.  
It evidently comes to call before the sun sets.

We heard Curassows, Big Ois, Toucans, Macaws &  
various other birds and Carr showed us the bones  
of a big mapache (Crotalus) which his brother killed  
in these woods three months ago. This skin and  
the prey which they afforded of the presence of this  
deadly snake made us shiver a little.

It was twilight when we reached the road. I shot  
a bat and then we saw the big Goutard fly across  
the road. Taking station we waited for him to return.  
At length Chapman got two shots in quick  
succession, both in the same bird, the first a miss,  
the second a hit, but the Goutard flew far off  
among the bananas and was lost to our sight in  
the gloom.

When we reached the house we found that Arthur Carr  
had brought in a "Wood Dog" a curious and very interesting  
creature of the Mustel family, about as big as our Fisher  
but less heavily furred. The expression of the face reminded  
me of that of a Bear. Carr started him of these animals from  
a hollow tree

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March 28

A clear fine day hot, of course, at noon but with dry, breezy air.

In the early morning we all turned out to search for the big Goutouk (Pam-on") and soon quickly found him among the bananas near where I saw him last. He was alive and his only injury seemed to be a broken wing which he must have dropped while flying for he fell fifty yards or more from the spot where Chapman shot at him. He opened his mouth wide, made a loud growling somewhat like that of an angry cat and struck at us with his beak so quickly and violently that it was difficult to control our nerves sufficiently to receive the blow which, of course, was really quite felt and harmless. His pupils in the daylight were scarce larger than a pin head, the irides, which were of a deep chrome yellow, occupying nearly the whole of the great, protruding, staring, expressiveness eyes. When we placed the bird on a log he seemed unable to stand up but the moment we offered him a perch on the top of a small stump he accepted it ~~stoutly~~ and pressing his tail against the wood stood as erect as any Hawk or Owl. It is quite evident that this is the bird's normal position & that he cannot or will not perch like our Australorians. We took several photographs of him before we killed him.

I spent the remainder of the day in the  
the cacao grove near the ajapa. I saw a  
of course, but one was the one I saw a few  
miles.



1894

March 29

Early morning clear. Remainder of day cloudy with frequent heavy showers of fine rain and very warm and oppressive atmosphere.

For ten days or more we have seen but few Hummers in the cacao grove. This has been doubtless due to the fact that a good many bois immated trees have been in bloom in the grove and many fig trees in the woods. The fig is out of bloom again and we have only one bois immated in full bloom. To this Hummers came to-day in considerable numbers although there were none more than four or five in the tree at any one time. But I noticed that they kept changing. I shot five or six specimens for the tree stands within a few yards of our apouba and I could easily slip out and back between the showers. I noticed that when it began raining the Hummers all ceased feeding and perched until the shower was over, often in the bois immated tree and not as a rule under the shelter of thick foliage.

There were a good many Jacobins this morning and I had a fine chance to watch them. They are by far the most showy as well as the most animated and interesting of the species which visit the cacao grove. At times they seem to become perfectly frenzied with excitement and dart hither and thither through the trees or swoop high above them and dash <sup>madly</sup> about in zig-zag courses. Both males & females act in this way and often when no other bird is near. Once this

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March 29  
(No 2)

morning I saw a male Jacobin showing off before his mate. Both were rather high in air (50 or 60 ft.) over the clearing but not far from the oak wooded grove. The female was flitting about and picking, perhaps catching small insects. The male <sup>would</sup> ~~rose~~ about 25 ft above me and darting down swept just over her back then rising again and plunging again describing very nearly the wing of a pendulum. All the while he kept his tail spread to its fullest extent showing the white very conspicuously. The white on the rump was also displayed to remarkable advantage flashing in the sunlight whenever the bird turned it towards me. I am beginning to hear the notes of the Hummers here. Encelphora and Glaucois made a shrill Tringiform Zeep, Hirundo mellivora and Aegialia chinifrons a soft, full trump very like the chirp of a Warbler.

Early in the morning I shot a female Bell Bird in a oak wooded which stands within a few yards of our ajonpa and later in the afternoon a fine male White-headed Monalini in a thicket not ten yards from our work bench. The Monalini made his sharp whistling sound turns as Chapman & I stood watching him.

In the evening I walked up the road to the woods and shot a couple of Bats. I also saw a small Goatsucke (Lurocalis) which rose straight up against the sky, caught in vision, turned and plunged downward into the gloom before I could fire.

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March 29

(No 31)

At daybreak this morning the howlings roared much nearer to the house than we have before heard them. Carr said that they were within a mile of us. We could distinctly hear the different notes of the howl whereas previously it has been merely a muffled sound. The opening notes sounded like bab-bab-bab-bab-bab followed by a prolonged roar. Mr. Chapman suggested that the general effect was not unlike that of a number of hogs when about to be fed. Carr agreed to this but it did not strike me as a happy comparison although I could make out a hobbe resemblance.

For the past four or five evenings we have heard in the high woods near the road a prolonged whistling which almost exactly resembles the sound of a distant steam whistle. This is made by a Cicada which is called the "six o'clock bug". It begins very regularly within ten minutes of 6 P. M. and continues until dark or later. Near at hand one hears a short prelude to the whistle, composed ~~consisting~~ <sup>now</sup> first of a low rattle and then of a piping sound which runs briskly into the whistling.

1894.

March 30

A fine day with strong sun, ~~the~~ sky filled with thick white clouds as it always is at this season but no rain.

I spent most of the early morning and the whole of the forenoon taking photographs. Sam accompanied me along the Tropic Road and cut down a number of small trees so that I could get the nests of Ostinops on the hill beyond the brook. The strong wind was a serious obstacle but there are always short intervals of windy or quite dead calm in the windiest weather here.

These woods were swarming with hunting ants to day an immense army of these creatures having invaded them since our last visit. They were making thorough work ascending all the trees and pushing strong detachments into every nook and corner. He had to step carefully to avoid the streams, then or four inches across, which poured over the ground in every direction. As usual they had attracted numbers of Dendroica. I saw five of these birds in one tree and heard their calls on every side. They kept flying down to the ground sometimes hovering just above the streams of ants, sometimes alighting for a moment. I repeatedly saw them pick up something but not having my gun I was unable to settle the mooted question as to whether they were carrying the ants themselves or the insects which the ants disturbed.

I find my time here all too brief. One might spend a full month - or a year for that matter - very profitably and pleasantly studying ants alone.



1894  
March 30  
(No 2)

While making some photographs near the bridge this morning a little after sunrise I was fortunate enough to have a fine view of a King Vulture. Indeed the noble bird kept appearing and disappearing over the woods for half-an-hour or more at intervals. At one time it came nearly over me and within one hundred yards. It appeared to be wholly white beneath save for the broad dark band across each wing. The head looked brown. There was a good deal of white on the back. The tail and wings were very broad and the tail was kept widely spread most of the time. The bird was soaring in broad circles. Its flight was more nearly like that of an Eagle than of a Vulture. A Turkey Buzzard which was with the King Vulture most of the time appeared much the smaller of the two.

When I returned to dinner at 3 P.M. I found that the Carro had brought in a pair of Quarks (Pecaries) which they had killed within about two miles of the house. They flayed them very near the balata tree on Lagoon Piece and the dogs ran them about two miles before they stood at bay. Arthur Carr killed one by thrusting a pointed stick (which he cut and sharpened while running after the dogs) down its throat a common method here. He then shot the other. He had probably filled the muzzle of his gun with mud during the mad chase for it burst, at the muzzle fortunately & with out harm to anything but the poor Quark. These Pecaries have peculiar, deep hollow eyes. Otherwise they are typical big.

1874.

March 30

(No 3)

Late in the afternoon I walked up to road taking my gun as usual but not intending to shoot anything unless a rare bird. The "six o'clock" Cicadas began shrilling just as I left the house and when I reached the edge of the woods the sun had sunk below the horizon and the whole of the open country to the eastward was illumined by the amber light of the after-glow which is so constant a feature of <sup>the</sup> sunsets here. A few birds were singing - Diplopteryx, Thamnophis major & doliatus, a Geogon or two, and a House Wren. These tropical birds do not, however, sing nearly so much at evening as in the early morning. Even now and then a huff-huff-huff-huff like the distant puffing of a locomotive would attract my attention to one of the big Corn-birds (Ostinops) flying high overhead on his way to some distant roost. This sound is made by the birds wings and is a regular accompaniment of its heavy, direct flight which is much like that of Zenaidura macroura. The ordinary call of Ostinops is also exceedingly like the husky coo of our Grackle.

Very soon after sunset and before twilight had begun to fall - indeed at the time when the amber light was most intense - a multitude of Swifts and Bats appeared over the clearing and began darting about in every direction feeding. They appear regularly every evening but their relation as well as aggregate number vary greatly on different evenings. Last evening there were about ten Bats to one Swift; this evening the Swifts were by far the more numerous of the two.

1894

March 30

(No 4)

The Bats are all of one species (Molossus rufo) and it is interesting to see how closely they resemble the Swifts in general appearance and especially in their flight which is quite as direct and if anything even more rapid than that of the Swifts. Their wings make a strong rushing sound which can be heard at fully 100 yards distance when the air is still. When shooting these Bats we actually find it difficult to distinguish them from the Swifts in time to shoot before the creature has passed beyond gun range. Swifts and Bats always appear together and with great suddenness. You look about in every direction and not one is to be seen. The next moment there are hundreds dashing about in every direction, at first low down, afterwards 100 feet or more above the earth. The greater number remain in sight only from fifteen or twenty minutes. They leave a few at a time and do not appear to go in any particular direction. A very few of the Bats linger until it is nearly dark rising higher and higher as the shades of night deepen.

While watching the Swifts and Bats this evening I suddenly saw among them what I at first took to be a gigantic Swift. It was flying in a great circle, moving its wings with that rapid, vibrating motion so characteristic of the Swift's flight. It appeared to be somewhat larger than a Martin and had a large head and a short tail. After circling a few times it made off over the woods where the whole throng of Swifts and Bats started after it with shrill twittering and squeaking. Hutton, who was with me, at once

1894

March 30

(125)

pronounced it to be a "Boat Hawk", and said that it preyed wholly on Boats & Drifts. I could not at the time believe that it was really a bird of prey but it soon proved to be right for the singular looking creature presently returned and pitching down

right alighted on a dead stick where I shot it. It turned out to be a male Falco nifigularis, ~~by far~~ the most beautiful Hawk that I have ever killed. According to Scotland it is a crepuscular species spending the day in the forest and coming out into the open country only after sunset. Scotland also says that it feeds exclusively on Boats but this specimen was flushing a bird when shot for no bird was seen. It was floating about its perch in the still air. Probably the bird was a drift but although we saw it, yet we could not find it under the tree.

Returning to the edge of the woods I waited there for some time in hopes of seeing the Goatsucker (Saururus). At length he appeared flying straight down the road but before I could cock my gun he was nearly out of range & I missed him. Shortly afterwards I heard him call a number of times in the banana plantation where as nearly as I could make out he was sitting on a prostrate log. The call is exceedingly like that of the small tree toad which is so common here. Indeed it appears to differ only in that it is repeated three or four times in quick succession whereas the frog calls only once at a time. It may be written whie - whie - whie - whie





Trinidad, B. W. I.  
Apr 2

1894

March 31

I spent the forenoon skinning the Hawk and some Hummingbirds which I shot in a flowering tree immortal nearly over the agave. They came to this tree in great numbers to-day but nearly all the common Ceophala caerulea and Agystia chionipetris with a good sprinkling of Coronopsis violacea. Of the last I see at least <sup>eight</sup> ~~five~~ females to one male whereas the males of Ceophala <sup>apparently</sup> outnumber the females in the proportion of ten or a dozen to one. One fine male Jacobini came into the tree but he only stayed a moment.

Bats in the afternoon. I went up the road with my gun. I shot three Bats (Molossus) soon after sunset and later, when it had become nearly dark, one of the small, slow-flying Bats which Chapman has been so anxious to identify. It proved to be a Saccopteryx a pretty little creature with less white stripes on the back.

Chapman has been laid up in these days with a bad cold on his leg.

March 31  
Cape

1894.

April 1

A beautiful day very clear with less wind than usual.

We were busily engaged in packing from morning to night for we must send our baggage to Chaguanas by cart to-morrow.

At evening I went up the road as usual to see the sunset which was remarkably beautiful. There were few Bats or Swifts but I saw the Bursera's flying low over the banana plantation.

1894

April 2

Another remarkably fine day with few clouds and but little wind.

As we were drinking coffee early this morning a Bell Bird began booming on the hill near the road. We could hear it very distinctly from the house which is about 400 yards distant.

Arthur Carr started off before daylight to hunt for Hoisting Monkeys. He returned at about 9 o'clock with a fine pair which he killed from a band of five. They were about the cleanest animals which have been brought in during our stay here being apparently wholly free from ticks, red bugs, fleas or other vermin. Their fingers and the nails were as neatly kept as possible and black with a high polish. The beard of the male was of a rich purplish chestnut. The eyes of both were light hazel and rather gentle and intelligent in expression. We cooked some of the flesh of the female & found it excellent, very like tender beef.

At ten o'clock I started out with the camera crossing the river and following the old trace to the fig tree of which I made two pictures. I took in all ten most of them standing in the trunks & foliage.

I saw a fine pair of Toucans which were unusually tame permitting me to stand directly under them for ten minutes or more although they were in a small tree not about 25 ft. above the ground. One of them held a large berry in the tip of its bill but it would not allow me to drop or swallow it which I was watching it. Both birds sat in rather crouching attitudes. They rolled their heads from side to side much in the



1894  
April 2  
1892/

masses of briars but on the whole they reminded me more of Jays especially in their manner of moving from tree to tree.

A curious and characteristic sound in these tropical woods is that of the falling of heavy fruit which come down in minutes cascading through the leaves and striking the ground with great force. Perhaps the most important and heaviest is the fruit of the Common Bread Tree. Each fruit is as large as a coconut and weighs from a couple pounds.

Studying the foliage carefully this morning I became satisfied that if one ~~leaves out~~<sup>excludes</sup> the palms (which are nowhere at all numerous or conspicuous in the primitive forest) and the parasitic plants (Calladums etc.) the leaves are, almost without exception, smaller than at the north.

Another fact which interests me very much is that here and there one sees leaves fully ripe and about to fall which are colored with what we should call autumn tints and the ground under some of the trees is covered with yellow, crimson or russet leaves that have recently fallen and among which the foot walks pleasantly recalling October at home. There is, however, no leaf mould nor any matted and decaying leaves even in the densest woods. The ants and the rapid action of heat & moisture make quick work here. Few stumps or fallen logs last more than six years & many disappear utterly within three

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No 31

years after they fall or are cut down. Hence the woods and ~~some~~ older clearings are remarkably free from stumps and fallen logs a fact which doubtless explains the comparative scarcity of Woodpeckers when these grand old forests are compared with those in the wilder parts of the United States.

In the recent clearings, however, one sees many tall blacked or fire-charred stumps which remind one forcibly of those on our Southern plantations.

At evening I went, for the last time, up the road to the high woods near the Bridge. There were few Swifts or Bats. Tinamous and a Cog-bird were calling. As twilight deepened the *Bucconis* came within four feet of my head and then flew up and down the road hawking for insects. The little Junco Birds (*Glaucochim*) were very noisy for a short time after sunset and later I heard the *looker-ee-ee* of the Owl and the Owl that calls *hoo, hoo, hoo, hoo*. These little frogs that say *ow* so hoarsely were out in great force this evening and the big tree toad by the river clattered at frequent intervals up to about eight o'clock. But after night has fairly set in & warm there is no moonlight we hear but for sounds save the chirping & stridling of cicadas and grasshoppers.

Caparo to Chaguamas.

1894

April 3

We left "El Carrizal" at daybreak. The birds were just ceasing their hooting and in the forest to the eastward the Howling Monkeys were greeting the dawn with a succession of deep bass roars. Chapman rode Carr's horse while I walked as far as Mudfords where I found the latter much saddled and waiting for me. Soon after reaching the high road we heard Paragots making a great screaming and presently saw a number of them peering about in the foliage of a tall tree. We conjectured that they had passed the night there and were just waking up for Chapman says this he has never before known them to remain which seemed. After a minute or two they all took wing and crossed the clearing flying in their usual vacillating aimless manner now closely bunched, next spreading out, cackling and inclining first to this side, next to that as if they were in sad need of a leader.

An early morning ride.

It was a heavenly morning, deliciously cool at first, pleasantly warm later, without a breath of wind to shake the dew from the broad leaved plantains and palms that lined the road. I have never before seen this wonderful tropical vegetation to such advantage. And the birds! How they called and sang and swung to and fro across the road. Within an hour I saw or heard the greater part of all the species with which I have become acquainted during the past three weeks. It is needless to enumerate them all here. There were great rose-breasted Toucans, yellow-bellied Trogons, Singes, Tanagers of five or six kinds, yellow and white

*The Mirror* DEATHS Dec. 16,  
1908.

On December 15, at the Colonial Hospital, Mr Arthur William Carr, youngest son of the late Mr Thomas William Carr, aged 40 years.

### Death of Mr Arthur William Carr

We regret to have to announce the death of Mr Arthur William Carr, youngest son of the late Mr Thomas William Carr, journalist and Librarian, Trinidad Public Library. Mr Arthur Carr, who had a very large circle of friends and acquaintance, was well known as a planter of Caparo, where, with his two brothers, Messrs Albert and Reginald, he was one of the pioneers to open up the district. He owned a large country business at Talparo. He was a most indefatigable hunter and a great supporter and player of cricket in Caparo, Casaguanas and neighbourhood. Every one who knew him (and who did not know him) loved "Artie" Carr as the most unselfish of men and one who was never more pleased than when ministering to the pleasure and comfort of others. No hunting party was complete without "Artie" and his acquaintance with the woods and the ways of their wild denizens was unequalled. He had been in bad health for some time but his great strength kept him going. About three weeks ago he became seriously ill and on November 28 he entered the Colonial Hospital as a private patient. His case was diagnosed as one of spinal disease. His death has been expected momentarily for days past, but his magnificent strength kept him up until yesterday morning. "Artie" Carr will be sincerely mourned by many as a right down good fellow, a thorough sportsman and one of Nature's own gentlemen.

The funeral took place yesterday afternoon from the Colonial Hospital to All Saints' Church whence, after the funeral service had been conducted by the Rev A B Eastgate, M.A., the cortège removed on to Lapeyrouse Cemetery, where the remains were interred, after the concluding portion of the funeral ceremony had been recited by the Rev A B Eastgate.

The bearers were: Mr J L Driggs, Dr Seon, Messrs R R Mole, F W Ulrich, G Prince and E Gransault. The chief mourners were the Messrs A B and T R Carr, brothers of the deceased.

Among those who followed were: Messrs Hy Adams, E Cairnes, R W Gordon, C Oraney, J F de Souza, A Schoener, J F Amundez, E F Richards, T O'Brien, E Lafond, H Ghent, A Boleiere, A Campbell, Wm Givens, A W Lake, Dr Lindsey, Walter Mills, F F Ferrell, L B Thomas, H Graham, Misses Graham (2), Messrs L Klages, Hugh Boleiere, Arthur Hamlyn, the staff of Mr Carr's business houses at Caparo and Talparo, Misses Lee (2) and many others.

A large number of peasant proprietors and cocoa contractors, inclusive of a few East Indians, from Caparo and surrounding districts were in attendance, testifying to the esteem in which he was held by them.

Among the sorrowing friends who sent wreaths and other floral tributes were: The Trinidad Cocoa Planters' Association, the staff of L Schoener & Co., Mrs Philip John, the Misses Graham. The grave was covered with these tributes.

Mr Carr wishes to say how highly gratified he and his family were with the treatment his brother received from the staff at the hospital—the doctors, nurses and attendants. They spared no pains to make his brother's suffering and his end as easy as possible.



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April 3  
(No 2)

headed Manakins, black-headed and ~~abundant~~-breasted Finches, Our early Parrots, & Gentians of three or four kinds—in short pretty morning side. nearly all the common birds of Trinidad.

As we neared Chaguaramas the sun became very hot and there were few birds singing except Figos which love the heat (like our songsters) and some Wrens (V. agilis) in a large cacao grove near the station.

I must not omit to mention our Bird boy which especially interested us because of its close resemblance to that of our Indian Bird. It came from a thicket by the roadside and presently we saw the singer which Chapman pronounced to be Sporophila.

We had the vexation of missing our train by a few minutes only and in consequence were obliged to ~~take~~ spend the entire forenoon at Chaguaramas and take the noon train for San Joseph where we waited another hour for the next train. We started at about 2.30 P.M. Mr. Birchfield was waiting for us. He had a mule for Chapman and a horse and trap for me. I said a horse but the animal was really a pony which weighed according to the driver who owned him only about 400 pounds. He is said to be frequently seen in fifties or sixties & occasionally seventy five units in a day. He took us up the steep, winding road to Birchfield's, a distance of seven miles, with wonderful ease & brightness meaning many of the hills.

1894.

April 3

(no 31)

This river is without any exception the most beautiful that I have ever taken anywhere. The road follows the course of the Caura River most of the way but it frequently leaves the bed of that stream and ascends or descends the nearly vertical slopes on either side by a succession of short zig zags. It crosses the stream by fords no less than a hundred times. For its entire distance it is delightfully picturesque each short, straight reach being overhung by trees or bordered by clumps of tall bamboos with every now and then a cluster of palms, and the river, with its clear water and rippling shallows, in which small, trout like fish were darting about or leaping in play above the surface, was very like one of our White Mt. streams.

There were fewer birds than at Chapaco and I saw nothing new.

Lichfield's house is situated at the very head of the Caura Valley in the end of a cule de sac as it were with steep mountain slopes rising 1000 to 1500 feet above it on every side. These slopes are covered with the densest possible vegetation which to the eye, of a novice appears to be wholly primitive forest but really there are few areas of "high" woods left the greater portion of the country being covered with densely-grown scrub or old cacao plantations in which the Bois immortels trees are the most prominent. Sixty to seventy feet in height and from one foot to two feet in diameter at the base with buttressed roots like cecropias. These Bois immortels are of a different species from those which we have seen at Chapaco but they have

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April 9  
1844

I had an hour or two before Chapman & I reached  
around and employed it in sticking up and down the  
road watching and listening to the birds. The commonest  
species here appear to be Merula gymnocephala and  
Dendroica. I also noted Cyclocis, Sialator olivaceus, Tachycineta  
corax, Tanagra setaria, Euphonia timulata, Thryothorus negundo,  
T. lobatus, Diplopteryx, Thryothorus logoleucos unifasciatus and  
a number of Hummers some of which I was able to identify.  
Swifts were flying about in small numbers but all, as far as  
I could make out, were of one species the kind that has  
the white ring.

As night closed in I listened in vain for Bats and  
Goutaekers. The only sounds were ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~breathing~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~rush of water~~  
in ~~the~~ that of the marvelous little water falls in the  
mine, the chirping of crickets and the ~~call~~ <sup>call</sup> of a Frog which  
we have not before heard. There were three or four of them  
and called during the whole night. They make a noise  
which sounded exactly like the breathing puff of a large  
engine when it is working very slowly and (I think)  
sucking the steam through the exhaust pipe. Chaparral  
christened them "breathing" frogs but "breathing" seemed to  
be the better term.

I forgot to mention the Lissone without whose view  
no historical scene could ever again fully satisfy me.

464 frequent intervals late in the afternoon and far into the twilight I heard his wild music from the mountain side, above the house, near at hand.

1894

April 4

A cloudy day with occasional brief periods of sunshine and a few light showers. There is much less wind here than at most places on Trinidad; the high ridges to the north and east are the cause of this. It is only occasionally and on these grounds that the foliage is moved to any extent. There is one thing that the air has that vitality and freshness. In the most elevated regions it would be very hot at times. As it is the climate is more agreeable than at Capora.

After early breakfast Mr. Bickford took me for a walk up the side of the mountain to the north of the house. We followed a broad mud track (the Indian road to Arona Valley) for a short distance then branched aside into a foot path which led upward through Cacao plantations to a beautiful waterfall about 40 ft. in height and about nearly a mile distant from the house. Reaching our goal further we came back into the road and followed it some homeward. The entire walk was one of the very steepest that I have ever taken. The mules & donkeys take heavy loads (a mule sometimes 200 pounds) up and down this road.

In a pretty little stream which a brook came down over the rocky ledges clothed thickly with moss & vines I heard what I was perfectly certain were a number of Hummers (*Phaethornis guy*) singing but Mr. Bickford assured me that the sound was made by frogs and presently proved this assertion by pointing out one which was sitting on a wet stone under a projecting



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shell of the tube rising measurably. It was a tiny creature less than half an inch in length above wood brown with dark mottling, beneath pale yellowish with a bright sulphur yellow throat. Its toes were supplied with minute round suckling discs. (This description is taken from a specimen which Mr. Siebold caught in another place later in the day of which we are keeping skin in a tumbler to the sides of which it clings with ease. The one in ~~the~~ <sup>our</sup> ~~same~~ <sup>box</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~more~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~dark~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~capture~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~but~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~unusually~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~same~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~species~~ <sup>was</sup>).

Our next adventure was with a large *Manisota* (*Oppossum*). We heard something which I took to be a bird making a scolding noise near the path. After waiting & listening for a moment we saw some bushes shake and presently a gray mass moving among them. Shortly afterwards it came out into plain view on a long branch where it followed for eight or ten feet occasionally stopping and looking down at us with a quizzical expression its large eyes very wide open, the ears twitching a little now and then. Next it climbed directly upward thirty feet or more following a slender vine, moving slowly and using its fore paws like human hands after testing its hold before trusting to it. After remaining very quiet for a long time on a high branch it descended again by the same vine which it still clasped with its fore & hind feet but it now used its tail, also, curling the end into a hook or ring about the vine but not sufficiently tightly to afford any support but rather, evidently, as a measure of precaution in case the feet should slip. It appeared much to reach the ground again where Lockfield thought there must be a female concealed among

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April 14  
Mrs 3.

the bushes but if this was to our presence disturbed it. It was a very pretty creature much more delicate and graceful than I had supposed. Its facial expression reminded me somewhat of that of a Fox.

Near the last I saw a *Geothlypis trichas* it was on its nest which was placed about forty feet above the ground in the fork of a stout, horizontal branch of a tree unimpaired in general appearance as well as in the position this nest was almost identical with that of our Wood Pewee which, indeed, this bird resembles very closely in every way except in its notes which are a sharp chirp and a low twitter.

As we were passing under a large tree which overhung the path and beneath which the ground was literally covered with a small, brown, bitter fruit I caught a glimpse of six or seven Parakeets which had come from behind us and were just in the act of alighting. We instantly stopped and began looking for them but it was certainly five minutes before we saw the first although the foliage was by no means dense. After a little we made out another and then another until we finally could see five. They sat erect and nearly motionless but occasionally one would crane its neck out & turn its head side down for a good look at us. At length, apparently becoming satisfied that we intended them no harm, the pretty little birds began flitting and chattering about in the most lively and active manner. They had evidently come to this tree to feed on its fruit which Bickford says is much sought after by various kinds of small birds.

1894

April 4

Vis 8<sup>4</sup>

Bats in the afternoon I walked down the road for a few hundred yards, finding a large army of Humming Birds attended as usual by several Cuckers (*Dendromis*) one of which was uttering its monstrous "Hick" or call and "Shout" at frequent intervals. A little later after the sun had set and twilight was falling the croaking frogs began. Very near at hand their cry sounds like a deep, rolling croak, at the distance of fifty yards or so like a loud hoo, at a hundred yards & beyond exceedingly like the <sup>the</sup> breathing puff of a large expiring to which I compared it last night. These frogs were <sup>in the trees,</sup> certainly. The most-voiced little frog is common at Copans (the one that says ou) appears to be wholly wanting here.

The frog that I took for a Humming Bird this evening was singing everywhere along the river this evening.

We saw great number of Bats, the majority *Myotis* *myotis*. There were also a good many slow-flying little fellows apparently like the kind I shot at Copans and we saw three or four large fruit bats.

1894

April 5

Early morning fine. Saw for one light shower. Remainder of the day cloudy with frequent showers.

After early breakfast and a delicious bath in the river pool below the house Brickfield and I started up the mule track which we took yesterday. On that occasion we marked a pomarack tree on the mountain side about half a mile from the house at which Hummers were feeding in great numbers. This tree, the proper name of which is Malacca Apple, is not indigenous to Trinidad but came originally from the East. I have seen perhaps a dozen specimens in the Conna Valley but none so abundant. When in full bloom, as they are at present, they are by far the most beautiful of all the tropical trees which I have thus far seen. They have long, rather narrow, bright green leaves which are as highly polished as if they were coated with varnish. These leaves grow chiefly at or near the ends of the twigs and branches whereas most of the flowers are attached to the stouter portions of the branches along which they ~~are~~ are disposed in crowded clusters. Each flower is about the size and somewhat the general shape and character of a small thistle or still more like the flower of the Hosiery Tree. Its color is the deepest and richest possible rose red. This description fails utterly to give any idea of the wonderful beauty of the tree which must be seen to be appreciated. It is a rather small tree - fifteen to thirty feet in height of erect habit & tapering shape like a slight slender young maple.



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April 5

(No 2)

On reaching the Ponsasack tree we found it simply swarming with Hummers or to be more exact great numbers of these beautiful little creatures were visiting it in rapid succession. As a rule there were from six to eight feeding at once with several others hovering above ready to replace the birds that left. Apparently the tree would not accommodate more than the higher number just stated. This was evidently due not so much to any lack of food as to the fact that each bird required a certain amount of "elbow room" which he was at all times prepared to maintain for the tree was the scene of an incessant battle which, at times, was waged as furiously and indiscriminately as any street fight one bird attacking another and he then kept until three or four would be hotly engaged. Not infrequently the tree would be wholly deserted for a minute or more all its occupants going off in rapid succession pursuing one another beyond sight and hearing. ~~When fighting~~ They fought like little demons, squeaking or chirping ~~angrily~~ shrilly, buzzing angrily, and often clinking and coming to the ground together. After such a battle they would return one by one or others would take their places and for awhile comparative tranquility would reign as they fed busily from flower to flower each making a low, soothing droning sound in place of the angry buzz of war.

There were frequently five or six species in the tree at once and as all were alike apparently oblivious to my presence or movements it would seem to have been an easy matter to quietly select and shoot such as I wanted. This proved, however, exceedingly difficult for against the

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(No 3)

bright light in the sky which formed the background as I looked upward it was almost impossible to distinguish color and very unsafe to rely on size and shape alone. Thus it would often take several minutes to identify any particular bird and by the time at the precise moment when I had fully recognized him and decided to shoot it often happened that he would dart away pursued or pursued by, another. Indeed I sometimes stood quietly beneath the tree for half-an-hour without firing a shot and three full hours were consumed in killing eight birds. Of course I might have fired at random but I wanted only certain species and did not care to waste life.

At this time I fully identified the following species which are named in the order of their relative abundance: Agathia chinipictus, Lamprolaima orlicauda, Amazilia erythronota (not seen at Coparo), Ceryle alcyon, Myiophobus and Eucophala caerulea. Lower down in the valley in cacao groves and especially among the thickets of Heliconia I saw Glaucois hirsutus and Phaethon groups but neither of these species appears to well visit the Malacca Apple blossoms. In the whole upper portion of Carra Valley Amazilia erythronota seems to take the place of Eucophala caerulea for the latter is evidently rare. Amazilia, however, is not so common as Eucophala at Coparo.

In the evening I shot a fine large bird bat which measured 23 inches in stretch of wing, or one inch more than the Coparo specimen. I gave it to Chapman.

1894.

April 6

A clear, fine morning up to ten o'clock, after which  
one shower succeeded another in quick succession  
until near dusk.

After the usual early bath in the river and the  
inevitable coffee and bread I went again to the  
Pomareh Tree on the mountain side, this time alone.  
The half-mile climb made me breathe hard and the  
perspiration poured off my face in streams for the  
tree has an even and exceedingly steep grade the  
entire distance and I was in too great haste to  
take it by easy stages. Hence when I reached the  
tree I was obliged to sit down for several minutes  
before I was in any condition to begin operations.  
As I was resting and recovering breath a bird that  
we have repeatedly heard from the house but have  
not, up to this time, identified, began singing very  
near me and, after watching for a minute or two  
I at length discovered it sitting high up in a tall  
tree in the sunlight. After making perfectly sure  
that it was the author of the sound I shot  
it and found that it was a Basileuterus. Its  
song, which is one of the finest that I have heard  
or recorded consists of a series of four or five clear,  
whistled notes given in a descending scale. It reminded  
me of the song of our Tree Sparrows having the  
same quality of wildness. It also suggested the  
song of Swainson's Warbler. A singing quality very  
noticeable here is, Chapman Thriller, due to local  
conditions, such as the "bouncing board" background of the  
mountain side & the clear mountain air.

1894

April 6

(No 2.)

Field, D. W. I.

June.

The Pomasack tree all this while was simply alive with Hummers which were squeaking, zipping, and darting to and fro in the most bewildering manner. It was difficult to count them accurately but there were at least a dozen actually in the tree at once on several occasions. As soon as I had started capturing, I began shooting, soon killing eight specimens in the course of a couple of hours. Among my victims were three Ruby-throated Hummers, two males and a female. I also got two young birds only a week or two from the nest and still with the wings. I take them to be the young of Agelaius chrysopus.

The big Camporhynchus violaceus is nearly seen to be present at all these gatherings of Hummers and when he chooses to assert himself he easily "rules the roost" although the other and smaller species are too shakily and hot-tempered to give way without a struggle. Repeatedly in the flowering Bois d'Inde at Copano and once or twice in this Pomasack tree I have seen a Sanfordia take and maintain exclusive possession of the tree for fifteen or twenty minutes at a time instantly darting at and putting to flight any and every other Hummer that tried to get a share of the feast. On two occasions I have been forced to shoot the big fellow for the express purpose of getting him out of the way.

2. In collecting these tropical Hummers on San. Comas that it is a pleasant as well as convenient plan to hold the bird by placing the bill between the lips while preparing the paper cone for its reception.



1894  
April 6  
(no 3)

There were plenty of Bats out this evening but we had bad luck with them and did not get a single specimen. I lost a chance at one of the big ones in the following manner. It was nearly dark and I was standing in the road with loaded gun watching the lane of clear sky between the tree tops when I saw a Bat of about the same size and proboscis as the same species as the one killed last evening, coming swiftly but steadily. It was an easy shot and I was on the very point of pulling when suddenly, from the creature's snout, blazed out a light as brilliant as, and closely resembling that of, the big tropical fire-fly (Glomeris). Turning to our side the Bat next plunged directly into the ~~woods~~ Cacao grove which borders the river and for the distance of fifty yards or more it wound its way through, ~~that~~ <sup>merely among</sup>, the foliage many of the leaves of which were for an instant distinctly and rather brightly illuminated as is the case when an Ecater uses his lamp to find his way amid the trees. There is evidently something worth investigating for it will be remembered that Hutton and I were both satisfied that a phosphorescent light came from the mouth of the big Bat which I shot at Coparo. On that occasion the creature emitted the light when it was wounded and flapping about on the ground at one feet. Of course it is possible that the Bat open to night was bearing an Ecater in his teeth. Chapman also saw the light which he ascribed to me that I quite forgot that I held a gun in my hands.

A Bat  
with a  
head-light!

1894.

April 7

A heavenly morning of the dry season type, clear and perfectly calm up to eight o'clock after which the trade wind rose bringing clouds and later in the day normal brisk showers.

It was my last morning at Costa Bickfold and I rose, as usual, at daybreak and had a plunge in the deliciously cool and perfectly transparent water of the little pool below the house where the same little band of colored fishes appeared about us and rose at the bubbles like trout. Not a leaf stirred on the steep mountain side above us. The whole valley was filled with a strong, clear light, free from glare and casting no shadows yet bringing out every detail of the wonderful, tropical vegetation with startling distinctness. The fronds of the palms and the great, indented leaves of the bread nut trees were glistening with dew. The air was fresh and invigorating yet incredibly soft and charged with a hundred delicate subtle odors. The calls and songs of scores of birds rang out from far and near. Among them I noted the wild, ringing chant of Basilanthus, the sweet, Canary-like trill of the little Cop-bird, the loud, monotonous howl of Sceloporus, the rich, voluptuous song of Cyrtolais, and the fine, ringing notes of Coccyzus. Occasionally the rich fluting of a Guir (Micropus pygmaeus) came from a distant cacao grove up the ravine, reminding me home and the song of our Robin in cherry time. But after a little a hush fell on the valley and scarce a bird could be heard. It was now their feeding time.

## Caura to Tacarigua

1894.

April 7

(No 2)

The sun had just risen above the mountains (a morning) and begun to flood our little world with its cheering side down rays when after a hurried breakfast I said good bye to the Caura to Chapman and Bickford and I mounting our mules Valley rode down the valley. Its beauty impressed me even more than when I drove up from Tacarigua four days ago. There it was late afternoon with a lowering sky. Now we had the freshness of early morning and the contrast of sunlight and shadow. The only drawback was the lack of time for of course we had to press steadily on. One should have weeks to spend along that road, studying and drinking in the beauties of each stretch of river, or group of palms or bamboos, or wild mountain side hung with vines. As it was one succeeded another in rapid succession until my brain fairly reeled with the un-blessed vivid impressions which it tried in vain to classify and store away for the future. It was in a way like seeing the whole of Europe in an hour, if such a thing were possible.

Bickford accompanied me for the first four miles and then turned back leaving me to make the rest of the distance alone. I reached Tacarigua at eleven o'clock and took the 11.20 train for Port of Spain.

During this ride I heard and saw innumerable birds but nothing of particular interest except a Toucan which was colking steadily near the 2 mile post ( $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles up the valley from Tacarigua) and a Cuckoo which took a long broad blade of green grass into the top of a tree where it doubtless was building its nest.

1894  
April 7  
(No 3)

which, however, I could not be on account of  
the density of the foliage.

I had an opportunity to learn something more  
of the general appearance and ways of the little  
thing for Ceryle americana for at one of the  
fords where the road followed the bed of the  
stream for a distance of 100 yards or more we  
started one of these birds and drove it on before  
us. As it flew from tree to tree, keeping all the  
while just beyond gun range, I was interested to  
observe how closely it resembled our Ceryle alcyon in  
flight, manner of preening, etc. It usually alighted  
on dead or at best leafless branches over the water.

One of the very commonest birds in this valley is  
the Red-eyed vireo, V. agilis. I must have heard at  
least twenty singing this morning. The song is  
very nearly like that of V. olivaceus but is delivered more  
slowly with distinct pauses between the notes which are  
also fuller than those of olivaceus. The low ~~stuttering~~  
or holding cry is ~~also~~ much the same in the  
two species. There seems to be good reason for calling  
this tropical form "agilis" for it is a more alert  
and active bird than our species.

As our train was ~~passing~~ the Coire Swamp a  
Least Bittern rose from a bed of tall reeds within  
fifteen yards of the track and took a short flight  
giving us a clear view of its characteristic markings.  
It was a male in full plumage.



1894.

April 8-12

I spent the four days at the Family Hotel in Port of Spain. Most of my time was devoted to preparations for departure, social calls and dinners, etc. but I drove to Blue Basin, six miles north of town, on the 10<sup>th</sup> and visited the Botanic Garden for the last time on the 12<sup>th</sup>, taking a number of photographs on both occasions. I also made a number of pictures of the Black Vultures about the market and on house-tops.

I saw no birds new to me save a large kite, dark above and white beneath, which was soaring high in air above the Blue Basin and even this was very probably the same as a kite which Chapman & I saw on morning early in March near Mr. Warner's house at Princetown.

There are many small birds in the gardens and parks of Port of Spain and still more in the Botanic Garden. The commonest are the Blue Tanagers, the Palmistes, the Black Tanagers, Pitangus, Geothlypis rubra, the Hill Bird (Crotophaga auri, confined chiefly to the Savanna and the Garden), Cyclops, Micropus gymnotus and Glaucopteryx. The last is really abundant in the Garden and I frequently heard its notes as it was sitting in my room in the Family Hotel.

The Hairy Woodpecker appears to share this part of the island for I did not see one anywhere near the city, nor even during the drive to Blue Basin.

Swifts (large & small) and Bats (Molossus obscurus) appear and fly about in extraordinary numbers over the city at evening.

1894

April 8-12

(No. 2)

I quite forgot one bird which I saw here for the first time a Martin (Progne chalybea) of which I noticed a large flock flying high, one afternoon, over the Savanna. They looked <sup>rather</sup> much like our species but appeared to be light-colored beneath.

Just after a shower one evening hundreds of Tike Birds scattered about over the Savanna were engaged in catching flying insects. This manner of acrobatic fishing this was most peculiar and interesting. They sprang from the ground directly upward to the height of from one to three feet and then sailed down to the ground again on a gentle decline. Both wings and tail were wide spread while the bird was in the air but I could not see that the wings were flapped even during the upward spring. The usual gait of the Tike Bird is a slow walk not unlike that of our Leucolus but more clumsy and labored, the tail carried high very like the Grackles. Not infrequently the bird will run four or five yards, its body flattened close to the ground, the tail carried low - a peculiar gliding run which constantly reminded me of that of a lizard. As a rule they are silent birds but when once they begin catching they make a great clamor.

Habits of  
Catiphega

Port of Spain to

1894.

April 13

At 5 P.M. yesterday I went aboard the Corib River in company with a Mr. Fortune (from Memphis) who is to be one of my fellow passengers to New York. The steamer proves to be small and not prepossessing. She is very deeply loaded with asphalt, sugar, cacao etc. We expected to bind at 7 P.M. but lay at anchor all night talking in more fright the docking engines making such a racket that no one got much sleep.

When I looked out through my port hole at sunrise this morning we were passing through one of the smaller Bocas and soon afterwards were out in the open sea where a trifling cross swell caused our little ship to roll heavily. Most of the day was consumed in crossing to Guayaquil which we reached at about 4 P.M. anchoring for an hour or so just outside the harbor and then resuming our voyage.

When about midway between the two islands we saw hundreds of birds chiefly Booby Terns with a few Terns of larger size and nearly all white, some Audubon's Shearwaters, a very few Frigate Birds and two or three Wilson's Petrels, the last following in the wake of the ship for an hour or more.

I did not land on Guayaquil but it looked most attractive. <sup>It has</sup> the first background of mountains that I have seen near any of the West Indian landings - high, conical peaks unbroken, during our brief stay, in clouds or dense mist. Most of the island is covered with trees and there is but little sugar cane. There are few *Scaevola taccada* & a few *Thespesia* (resembling *Thespesia*) flying off the coast.

St. Vincent to Guadaloupe

1894.  
April 14

At breakfast time this morning we were off St. Vincent some six or eight miles from shore. There were a good many birds in sight most of them Sooty Terns which were assembled in flocks over spots where they must have discovered schools of fish for they kept plunging down into the water like terns. There were also a few Wedge-tailed Shearwaters and an occasional Frigate Bird.

Flying Fish were more numerous than I have ever seen them before. They kept rising in great schools or flocks and skimming off in every direction to escape our steamer. For two hours or more they were constantly in sight but after twelve o'clock I did not see one.

Near the northern end of St. Vincent but several miles from the land I saw four birds new to me. They were either Sooty or Bridled Terns. They passed within 100 yards of the steamer & occasionally bowed & plunged for fish. I thought I heard one of them utter a soft reew. It was like that & I have never

The afternoon was consumed in passing Dominica and the open water to the northward. We ran close in shore and had a much finer view of this island than when we passed it last month for to-day the mountains were free from clouds and the air was very transparent. It is certainly the most beautiful of the Windward Islands.



1894

April 14

(No 2)

During the whole time that we spent in crossing the channel between Dominica and Guadalupe the wind, for the first time since I reached the West Indies was west but it was very light and the sea very calm.

We saw in this channel a small school of Black Fish, a very large school of Porpoises, and a Tropic Bird. The last, like the two that I saw on my way down the islands, rose apparently from the surface of the sea and mounting to a height of about 200 ft. flew straight away out of sight. I was again struck by the resemblance of the flight to that of a Domestic Pigeon but the wings are more even feathered than the Pigeon's. The tail was closed, the neck shortened.

1894

April 15

A clear day with light, but steady westerly wind from about 9 A.M. to sunset, a most unusual condition here at this season according to our Captain.

At sunrise we were off the western end of St. Christopher whose slender, tapering volcanic peaks were wholly free from clouds or haze and stood out in bold relief against the clear, pale blue sky.

A little later we passed St. Eustaceius within half a mile or less. The western shore of this small island is bounded by cliffs of apparently three or four hundred feet in height in which a number of tropic birds were evidently breeding for they kept coming and going to & from the open sea rising as they approached the cliff and disappearing from sight as they shot into the dense shadows of its narrow crevices and overhanging ledges. From two or three to six or eight were constantly in sight about this cliff.

A mile or two beyond we passed or started within that were floating on the surface of the ocean.

They sat very still and held their long tails rather high ~~and~~ and pointing out perfectly straight behind. They rose with some slight difficulty, using both feet & wings for the first yard or two in the manner of a Shearwater (it was dead calm at the time). After they had fairly cleared the surface their elongated tail feathers, to my surprise, drooped ~~down~~ <sup>up</sup> for the next thirty yards or so puffing out straight, however, at each beat of the wings. After the bird had flown one hundred yards and aligned

At sea off Sombroso and to the northward.

1894.

April 18-

(No 2.)

full headway the tail invariably assumed a horizontal position, streaming out behind most graceful in an erect line with the body.



All of these Tropic Birds which passed sufficiently near the steamer to enable me to distinguish colors with certainty had the bill of a bright coral red.

Off Sombroso Bay I saw upwards of fifty terns with brown backs and white underparts, evidently either Sooty or Bridled Terns. They were hovering in an excited throng over a spot where some large fish were breaching and kept plunging down, one after another, in quick succession, precisely as our New England Terns ~~do~~ have and plunge over a school of blue fish.

There were also a good many small Puffins, Pandanus doubtless, about Sombroso and between that island and St. Intransious.

Ten or fifteen miles to the northward of Sombroso I observed, for the first time, half a dozen or more Wilson's Petrels following the wake of our steamer. They kept so closely under the stern that it is possible that they may have been with us ever since they first joined us in the channel between Trinidad and Guayana but I do not think that this has really been the case.

We had a fine sunset, the sea very calm, with three shining pathways radiating from the ship towards as many white clouds low down in the East from which the light was reflected - a phenomenon new to me.

Water Birds of the West Indies.

1894

April 15  
(in 3)

Now that I am on the point of leaving the West Indies it occurs to me to enter a few general comments on the water birds which I have seen. They have been very few in number both as regards species and individuals, a fact which is doubtless due to the great depth of the water, even very near the islands, and the consequent scarcity or lack of feeding grounds. In many of the harbors and along most of the leeward shore I did not see a single bird of any kind and at the most there would be only a few Brown Pelicans and now and then a Royal Tern or two. The only Gulls which I saw anywhere were a single bird, which I took to be a Herring Gull, at Port-of-Spain, and three or four Black-heads (Larus atricilla) at Grenada. Booby Gannets and Tropic Birds kept well off shore as a rule and were nowhere very numerous. There were a good many Frigate Birds about Monrovia (Trinidad) and the neighboring waters but they were very scarce elsewhere. I saw the white Sula piscator (?) only near Santhia this afternoon about midway between Trinidad and Grenada on the 13<sup>th</sup>. and the Sooty Tern also on only two occasions, yesterday & to-day.

Perhaps the commonest and most generally-distributed bird of these seas is the Dusky Shearwater (P. auduboni). Scarcely a day has passed actually at sea when I have not noted a dozen or more and frequently two or three hundred have been seen in the course of a few hours.

Oceanites oceanica completes the list which numbers in all only ten species.



At Sea.

Noon Observation Lat.  $21^{\circ} 30'$ ; Lon.  $64^{\circ} 51'$ ; run 223 miles.

1894

April 16

A clear, fine day the wind north-east up to 10 a.m. afterwards north to north-west with a long, heavy swell from the same direction which caused our small and overloaded ship to labor somewhat and drove several of the passengers to their state-rooms.

Although so beautiful the day dragged wearily, at least for me. There were no birds, save three or four Wilson's Petrels following steadily in our wake and I saw but one flying fish. Sargassum weed was in sight most of the time but there were no great masses of it. The sea is still very blue the north wind has the slightest possible tinge of that crisp coolness peculiar to the North.

Among all my <sup>fellow</sup> ~~passenger~~ passengers there is but one who is at all interesting a Mr. Postum from Memphis, Tennessee. He has been in nearly every country on the globe and has much to say about India where he spent five years.

At Sea.

Noon observation: lat  $24^{\circ}52'$ ; long.  $66^{\circ}16'$ ; run 218 miles

1894.

April 17

Clear with a strong but steady north wind and a rugged but not really heavy sea though and against which one deeply laden ship has struggled slowly on.

The water continues of a deep, rich blue and its surface is everywhere studded with floating fragments of the brownish orange Sargassum weed.

I have not seen a bird of any kind all day. Even the Wilson's Petrels have deserted us. There have been a few Flying Fish most of them big fellows - much larger in fact than any that we saw among the islands.

Since leaving Soubirous we not met nor passed a vessel of any kind. Indeed we seem to have the whole ocean to ourselves.

The air has been cool all day, indeed chilly at times and we now find ~~human~~ our coats comfortable if not necessary.

Several of the passengers are taking pets with them. We have on board at least three Yellow-headed Parrots, two large Orioles (*Icterus icterus*), a Monkey (the small gray species found on Linné's), and an Agouti. The last-named is very tame and gentle and is led about the deck on a chain. It reminds me strongly of a Guinea Pig in its attitudes and general behavior.

1894.  
April 18Noon observation: Lat.  $28^{\circ} 03'$ ; Long. ; run 205 miles

Weather practically the same as yesterday but with a stronger head wind and a rougher sea. What has become of the trade wind? Our Captain shakes his head when I ask the question and says that this westerly weather is simply unprecedented in his experience. The wind has not been fairly in the East or indeed, much to the E. of North since we left St. Kitts.

The sea has been very blue all day with an abundance of Sargassum weed sometimes occurring in rafts of several yards square.

Flying Fish have been very scarce. Indeed I have seen not more than four or five but these have all been large fellows - as large as large Mackerel. The larger the fish the longer its flight - as a rule. One of those seen to day flew at least 300 yards rising over the tops of the waves and descending into the hollows following the undulations of the water very closely much in the manner of a Shearwater for which, indeed, I at first mistook it.

The only bird seen to-day was a solitary Wilson's Petrel which, just before sunset, crossed our bows heading westward. It is curious that none of these little Petrels have followed our wake but I have looked for them at different times in vain.

At Sea.

Noon observation: Lat.,  $31^{\circ}05'$ ; Lon.,  $68^{\circ}03'$ ; run 196 miles.

1894

April 19

The wind hauled more to the eastward this morning giving us a roll instead of a pitch but otherwise there was no change in the weather which continues remarkably fine. The color of the sea is paler and drier than it was yesterday and we have seen much less *Sargassum* weed. The blue of the sky is also fading perceptibly.

There were no Petrels following the ship but I saw one, early in the morning, crossing the bows. At about the same time an immature Herring Gull paid us a visit and cycled over our wake finally alighting to feed on something that had been thrown overboard.

Just before breakfast, as I was standing on the deck talking with Mr. Fortune, the machinery stopped very suddenly after a loud clatter. The next moment clouds of black, ill-smelling smoke poured up from the engine room and penetrated to every part of the ship. The passengers were no doubt all more or less alarmed but they behaved extremely well and for some time no one moved and no questions were asked. But presently the news spread that we had burnt out one of the flues of the boiler and that we should not be long delayed by the necessary repairs which, indeed, were completed within half an hour. In the meantime the steamer drifted off sideways before the wind rolling heavily. The perfect silence and entire absence of vibration were very impressive.



## Noon observation.

1894.

April 20

When I came on deck at 7 o'clock this morning the sea was perfectly calm with a long swell running from E. to W. The sky was cloudless, the sunshine warm, the breeze chilly. It was a typical northern sky and sea without a trace of the tender and rich coloring of the tropics which I fear I shall miss badly, now. There was also no Sargassum weed - not the smallest fragment.

Two or three Herring Gulls and a swarm of Wilson's Petrels - at least a dozen - were following the wake of the steamer and most of them are still with us (it is now noon)

Early in the afternoon we entered the Gulf Stream. Fortunately a fresh S. W. breeze had risen and, blowing with the stream, made the water comparatively calm so that up to ten o'clock there was but little motion. Bather on the ship labored a good deal and most of the passengers passed a bad night in consequence.

Dead Pickering at noon.

1894,

April 21

Most of the day cloudy with a fresh S.W. wind and rugged, following sea. Late in the afternoon the sun came out and the wind changed to West. There were several heavy showers during the day.

When I came on deck at 8 o'clock at least fifty Wilson's Petrels were following our wake and still others were flying about aimlessly over the ocean. I have never seen so many at one time before. They followed us during the entire forenoon and up to about 3 P.M. after which I saw only an occasional straggler.

In the early morning there was also a fair Pomarine Jaeger following the ship and behaving precisely like a Gull coming up to within 25 yds. of the stern at times and when any food was thrown overboard alighting on the water to eat it, in this way often falling a mile or more astern but quickly overtaking us again. I made out the characteristic shape of the elongated tail feathers by the aid of my glass & with perfect certainty. This bird followed us for an hour or more.

Soon after the Pomarine Jaeger left us we were joined by five smaller birds which I took to be Long-tailed Jaes Richardson's Jaegers. They resembled the Pomarine closely in general behavior & appearance & kept with us during the remainder of the forenoon. All these Jaegers are curiously intermediate in flight - as well as in certain other respects - between

1894.

April 21

(No 2)

Falcons and Gulls. Their flight is finer and lighter and the beat of their wings more nervous and rapid than that of the Gull which, however, they resemble very closely in other respects especially in their manner of circling and of alighting on and rising from the water. I did not hear any of them utter any sound. The ship was about 130 miles from land at the time they were with us.

During the day I saw but one Gull. It was, I think, a Kittiwake but I neglected to make note of this. It followed our water for about half an hour.

Cambridge, Mass.

1894.

May 30

Late this afternoon I took a walk over ground which I have not visited before at this season for upwards of the Coolidge estate for a year, with the high ground leading to Charles River marshes on the Coolidge farm and the Cambridge Cemetery, Conn. Cemetery. I started at 5 o'clock and did not get back until 7.

The afternoon was breezy, with a good deal of wind but birds were singing fairly well.

I heard three Redstarts on Brattle St. and a fourth in the Cemetery, four Warblers between the place and the Hospital and a fifth on the Hayes place, ten Song Sparrows between the salt creek just beyond the Hospital and the further (W.) extremity of the Cemetery, and at least in Red. wood Mockbirds scattered about on the river marshes where they were evidently breeding for I saw 4 males chasing females.

There were three or four Kingbirds perched on the tops of the old buttonwoods on the round-topped knoll just beyond the creek and a pair of Flickers had a nest in one of them.

In the Cemetery I heard nothing but the Redstart and Song Sparrows. but there were <sup>also</sup> in <sup>the</sup> graves there I should think.

The most interesting observation of all was the finding of a pair of Orchard Orioles which acted as if they had a nest in one of the wild apple trees near the southern end of the knoll beyond the creek on the Joseph Coolidge farm. I saw the female twice in the Cemetery, once above in a willow on the edge of the marsh, once with the male in a burn cherry. On both occasions she flew back to the wild apple on the knoll. The male was an adult in rich chestnut & black plumage. He did not sing but both he & the female gave the Blackbird-like chatter repeatedly.

Orchard  
Orioles



Cambridge, Mass.

1894

Jan 13

I took a walk this evening to the old Brickyard Swamp in the hope of hearing a Chat which I have found there the other day in the thickets between the Boston & Providence R.R. and the clay pits. The bird was either silent or as I heard or saw many other interesting things.

The greedy Starling has eaten up at least nine tenths of these very old Indian planting grounds and has probably drained the water so that the character of the place & its fauna are materially changed. The low bottom lands are now either gone or buried beneath the foliage of a variety of tall rank growths among which I noted a few wild cherries and Viburnums. The place was largely alive with Yellow Warblers and Song Sparrows but I heard neither Red-wings nor Swamp Sparrows. It is probably too dry for them.

A Kingfisher and a Green Heron flew over the Swamp as I stood looking out it hardly thinking of the good old days when it harbored Ducks, Snipe and Rails in numbers that I shall never see hereabouts again.

The little pond where I shot my first Duck (a Pintail) and H. Wicks Goldfinch is still unchanged save by the growth of the surrounding trees & bushes but the stream thence is already eating its way under its eastern edge where the water is held back by an embankment. A Red-wing & Maypole & Yellowthroat were singing here.

In the Swamp below Mr. Smith's place on Faxon's St. I found another Red-wing and among the apple trees in the Godwin's pasture an Orchard Oriole was in full song.

Trip to Mt. Moosilaunde, N.H.

1894

June 15

Went from Rutland to Litchfield this morning by the 9 o'clock train for Moosilaunde where - where spending a week or more investigating the fauna and searching for ice nests, especially the nests of Redpolls. We reached Litchfield, N.H., at 1.45 P.M., where we discovered that my trunk was not on the train. There was nothing to do but wait for the next train which did not arrive until six o'clock. It accordingly walked through the town, crossed the river by the railroad bridge and spent three or four hours sitting on the river bank in a little opening filled with pines and surrounded on three sides by pines, hemlocks, firs, spruces, poplars and yellow birches etc. There was a cold spring just above us with a tiny brook winding down through the opening. A very, Hermit Wood, White-throated Sparrow, Black & yellow Warbler, Chestnut-sided Warbler, Redstart, Blue bird and two or three other common birds that I do not recall came about us as long as we sat there. There were at least a dozen Chipmunks in and under the Charming Brakes and Red Squirrels. Altogether it was a most attractive spot. A fisherman working the brook and casting for trout and a troop of country boys, one carrying a gun, passed while we were there. I was strongly impressed by the freshness & brightness of the foliage. In the town we heard a Woodchuck hiss & a least Flycatcher, Cedar Robin, Chipping sparrow etc. Chipping sparrow was very common. After supper at the hotel we drove to Merrill's at the foot of Moosilaunde where we are to stay. It was a pleasant drive in the cool of the evening with soft Hares, Sparrows & Cowbirds overhead & Herons & White-throats singing in the open green pastures.

Brandy Point, Maine, Oct. 11.

1894.

Jan 11

(104)

"Merrill's Mountain House" so reads the sign on the door - was originally a hotel from which but its present owner, Mrs. Anne C. Merrill and her father have enlarged it from time to time until there are now accommodations for ~~about~~ <sup>about</sup> 100 guests. The stands on a bluff at an elevation of 1700 ft. above the sea and 500 ft. above the village of Hallowell which is five miles distant. The position of the house at the upper end of Merrill's Mountain the village leads to the summit <sup>of Mt. Moosehead</sup> (about five miles from the house) plunges directly into the sea. In the direction of Hallowell the entire valley is cleared and under mown - there through ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~valley~~ <sup>valley</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~river~~ <sup>river</sup> which for the distance of a mile runs below the house flows through a narrow channel. It is not quite 100 ft. in depth and heavily wooded. Along the sides of the valley steep slopes ~~are~~ <sup>are</sup> ~~seen~~ <sup>seen</sup> ~~up~~ <sup>up</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~house~~ <sup>house</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~original~~ <sup>original</sup> ~~forest~~ <sup>forest</sup> which at the upper slopes and crests of the mountains on either hand.

The country in every direction is refreshingly green and brighter after the dust-stained foliage and drought-parched fields which we have just left behind ~~us~~ in Massachusetts.

1894.

June 16

Forenoon overcast & hazy, the clouds gradually clearing away & the afternoon clear and hot.

I smelt at daybreak and heard a Great Horned Owl-catcher, a Prairie Flycatcher, a Pewee, White-throats, Minnits, the singing near the house. Hawks had been trailing the Spice-bird, (not the heronry Sparrow) and a few Pickering's Wrens kept singing the night.

We breakfasted at 6.30 and started up the mountain little after seven. It is five miles to the top, but the deer takes nearly three hours for the grades are exceedingly steep in many places and the road is far from good. At winds through a beech forest (the first that I have seen here in New England) for the first two miles, then for the next two through hemlock forests which have started as the fourth mile point is reached. The last mile is chiefly along the crest of a ridge which ascends rather gradually to the highest point where a house hotel and store are situated. This route is for the most part bare of trees and carpeted with beds of hedges, Juniper prostrata and mountain climber. But the steep hillsides and hollows, interspersed with a few yellow birches & mountain ash trees, begin within a few rods, at least, of the crest and flow down the mountain slopes on every side the trees becoming gradually taller and more symmetrical as they descend until, they at an elevation of approximately 3000 ft., they attain proportions nearly or quite equal to those of their various kinds that grow down. These mount- the mountain can be seen from the summit and the tops are so well and spreading that in many places they are practically imperceptible. But only 0.5.



894

June 16

22

100 ft below the crest of the ridge, at least on the eastern slope, they are fifteen to twenty feet high and the ground beneath is often sufficiently open to afford very good walking. The trees which compose the heavy forest that covers the lower half of the mountain are of the kinds which are found among the Blue Mountains and in Southern Maine, i.e. fir, spruce, hemlocks, yellow & paper birches, gambel, sugar maple, etc. The spruce was the finest that I have ever seen anywhere and it is evident that no lumber fiend has ever caused death and destruction among them. Indeed I saw no indication that a single tree had ever been cut down along the path of the carriage road. Some of the yellow birches were also of great size - at least four feet in diameter at the base. I noticed nothing peculiar in any way about the composition of this forest. There was one, I think, a single kind of tree which is not found at Umbagog. I believe it was *Abies balsamea*.

The bird fauna of the mountain itself is evidently  
strictly Canadian. Near the summit and for about  
1000 ft. below it we found only Chickadee Parus, Junco  
only a very few, White-throated Sparrows, Black-bellied Nuthatch,  
Yellow-rumped Warblers, & Pine Siskins (two). Songbirds were flying  
over the top & sides of the mountain. The Black-throated Bluebird,  
Black-bellied Nuthatch and Yellow-rumped Warblers were not seen below about 2700 ft.  
All the others extended down to Mendenhall. He saw two  
Bluebirds above the 45 mile post at an elevation of  
probably about 3500 ft. One of them was perched on a  
stub, working.

Below 3000 ft. m. water, in addition to some of the birds just named, *Savinsonis* & *Phalaropus* on dry ground. A Canada Warbler, a Kinglet (*Regulus*) two Cuckoos, some

1894

Jan 16

m 3.

Parula Wren, Black-throated Green, Black-throated Blue (very numerous), Black-throated Blue (only a few), Canadian Warbler, Redstart (one only), Downy Woodpecker, Red-eyed Vireo, Cedar Wren, Purple Finch, Blue Jay (one only), Yellow-bellied Sapsucker (one), and Ruffed Grouse. The last are apparently rather numerous on the mountain for we found four nesting warblers and started two birds, one a female accompanied by a band of young.

As we stood on the ridge of the mountain looking to the Richfield's Thrushes on hand in the distance below on Plain-bellied Thrush singing and still were faintly the song of a Hermit Thrush. Thus all these birds were within hearing at once but nevertheless the range of the Richfield's is unquestionably much higher than that of the other two. At its lower limits it overlaps by several hundred feet probably the upper limits of the vertical distribution of *J. hirsutus*.

There were two birds apparently missing on this mountain which we had expected to find viz. the Winter Wren and Mourning Warbler. It is well too known in our experience, however, to conclude that they are not here.

Finches were much less numerous than I have usually found them to be on our New England mountains. Pine White-throats were more abundant than usual especially among the stunted firs near the crest of the ridge.

After tea we walked down across a wide intervale field to the river which flows through a deep ravine heavily wooded. Swainson's Thrushes, Hermits and a Black-throated Blue Warbler singing. A Barred Owl hooting in the distance on a high maple tree on the mountain side.

1894

Brady Point, Missouri, S. H.

June 17 Sunday. - Clear and very warm. Distinct Thunder Storms in the evening.

After breakfast Fagan and I took a path which followed up the bank of the brook just below the house. After walking for ten or fifteen minutes we came to a pretty spot where we spent the better part of the day. On the bank of a big maple looking over the water and valley. On one side was the house looking down over a valley and brook with a row of dense foliage, nothing more than the delicious smell and fragrance of its flowering catkins. On the other side the steep slope of a ridge covered with large patches of grass, flowers, Helianthus, hickories and sugar maples. Along the edge of the path grew many young feathered species of Helianthus, singly or in clusters with flowers of turf in clusters.

The Water Wren, Black & White Warbler, Black-bellied Plover, White-bellied Plover, Hermit Plover, Green, White-throated Sparrows, and Red-eyed Vireo all sang over us. I saw frequently within hearing and a Robin sitting on a dead branch in the top of an old sugar maple, perched as almost without cessation. He was a fine singer. The Robins with a voice full of animation and hope.

At 3 o'clock breakfast with young, doubtless - I have not seen it on previous flights about every ten times on the brook, making a loud cry similar to the whistling and chirp of the Red-eyed Vireo.

A pretty, laughing little chickadee was also one of our

Notes: (1)





1894.

June 18

## Brewer Point, Warren, V. H. (Sawdley on Mt. Moosilauke)

A hot, sultry day with thunder showers passing about during the afternoon and in the evening and through the night passing in a procession, as it were, over Merrill's home.

We started up the mountain at 7.30 A. M. Faxon walking, Batchelder and I in the wagon. Birds were singing freely in spite of the heat. Batchelder shot a fine large Hare (*L. americanus*) which hopped out into the road and began nibbling at the grass paying no apparent attention to us or the horses.

At an elevation of about 3000 ft. we began to hear Chickadees' Thrushes, and I got out and joined Faxon in searching for their nests in a very favorable place where there were dense thickets of young fir forming an undergrowth to a woods of Spruce & fir 35 to 40 ft. in height. Two birds were singing here and we started two others which we took to be females but we could find nothing but two old nests both evidently those of some kind of Thrushes and both built in small firs.

We finally became discouraged and started up the road turning into the woods where we heard a Chickadee Thrush singing & looking out for its nest, always ready. The birds were very numerous and usually I have looked a night here that night a pair of them had a bird.

We reached the cold spring about noon and, after building a bridge to hop off the black firs, descended them. I found a house nest with two young birds very near the spring. A White-throated Sparrow, a Junco, Yellow-rumped Warbler, Black-jacks, Chickadee Thrushes were singing and so. Some Red-breasted Sapsucker flew over singing. The notes of a Lin. B. Thrush came up faintly from the gulf below.

1894.

June 18

(182)

Brewy Point, Warren, New Hampshire. Second day on Mt. Monadnock.

After we had finished eating there was a sudden drop  
of thunder and threatening clouds over us. The  
rest of the ridge above us. We sought shelter at one of the  
overhanging rocks but only a light sprinkle of rain fell  
and the sun has come out again. Patchelder now joined  
us in the wagon. He reported that it was very cold  
on the summit of the mountain. We started down  
soon after this Patchelder going on ahead of us. I  
rode as far as the second mile post above Merrill &  
waited there for Faxon walking in the remainder of  
the way with him. The woods were very beautiful in  
the late afternoon light. Monkeys were singing on every  
side when we entered the upper part of Merrill's clearing.

Holfbrough, N.H.

1894

June 19

Intensely hot & sultry with thunder showers at evening

I went to Holfbrough this morning by the 10.45 train from Warren to attend the annual meeting of the Society of the Academy. In crossing the Lake from the Weiss I kept a sharp lookout for loons but saw only one, a fair old bird.

In Holfbrough I heard a Mocking Bird and an Oriskany S. jacksoni singing on the shore on the village stream and a Rail & G. catkins in a thicket on the Academy grounds. The Purple Martins here apparently increased since my last visit (in 1892). Two large houses were well filled with them but none appeared near nesting - two or three of the comfortable. I saw the martins alight and pick for food from a house large from trees near their nests, sitting among the foliage.

At evening night-hawks were flying & singing incessantly over the eastern edge of the town.

I heard no House Wren this year.

July 20

I left Holfbrough this morning at 9 o'clock and after a trip around the head of the Lake in a steam launch took a train from the Weiss for Warren where I reached about 2 P.M. In driving over to Merrill I heard several Indigo Birds & heard Flycatchers.

Merrill, N.H.

On reaching the house I found that Ratchford & Fayon were about on the mountain. They returned a little before dark. Fayon, who walked down, reported seeing a small flock of White-winged Crossbills near the summit and hearing two Wood Thrushes singing between the bridges at the base of the mountain a mile above Merrill at about 2,000 ft.

1894

June 21

Brewy Point, Warren, ~~Montana~~, N. H.

Very warm with showers and low distant thunder.

Just after breakfast we heard Pileated Woodpeckers calling a little way above the house and Faxon and I went in search of them. We found two birds, a male and female, in some large maple & birch trees in a hollow. They were very tame allowing us to approach to within 50 yards. The ♂ was picking rather listlessly at a dead prong, the ♀ sat motionless on a branch about twenty yards away. They called to each other at short, regular intervals along the short flicker like "Mont". Neither bird changed its perch for full twenty minutes. At length the ♂ flew out into a pasture and alighted on a stump where he was joined by a third bird which we had not seen before. The ♂ remained in the group ~~station~~ where we saw him first. We could not make out whether these woodpeckers were old or young. While perched in the trees they kept moving their heads about and pointing their bills upward - a way that reminded us of grouse. Occasionally one of them would call crack, crack, crack etc. very shrilly a great number of times. This call may be called a whistle. It is rather like the whistle of a whistle.

After leaving the woodpeckers we took a road down to the river which we crossed by a elevated bridge and recrossed, came down, by a foot bridge, ~~which~~ there is a pretty, winding foot-path leading from this bridge back to the hotel, first along the river, then up a steep hillside and through spruce forests. The river flows through a deep ravine over a rocky bed with rapids & whirlpools. A winter house was built near the foot bridge.



1894.

June 22

Rusty Point, Warren, N. H. (Third trip up Moosilauke). ~~June 21~~

A fine day with clear, breezy air, the sky half filled at times with cumulus clouds.

We all went up the mountain together starting at 7.30 a.m. Faxon walked but Batchelder and I took to the summit where he took up his traps while I collected a quantity of Mountain Hens and decided to take back to Cambridge. The combination of a warm sun and a cool but gentle westerly breeze made it very pleasant on the mountain top but the more distant views were obscured by haze. A few juncos were flitting about among the rocks and a few hundred fliers were twittering. As I lay stretched out on the deep carpet of cranberry vines and grass looking off to the westward the songs and calls of Melville's Thrushes came faintly from the sparse forests which covered the sides of a ravine far in the distance just below. The note of the Parula Bird was also heard occasionally.

Batchelder brought in about a dozen house mammals including Peromyscus, Eutamias and Blarina (the last is apparently the most abundant species of all). He also found a fox in one of the traps and gave it to me.

At about 11 a.m. we started down the ridge. Near the point where the road leaves it and descends to the cold spring I had found, on the 16th, a mostly finished but empty nest which then seemed very queer for believing to be that of Melville's Thrush as two birds of this subspecies, a male and female apparently, were seen at the hole and singing shrilly; the female flew

Brewer Point, Warren, V.H. (third trip up Mt. Mansfield)

1894

June 20

Thurs

About among the three downy and downy downy cones  
where we observed the nest.

When we reached the place to-day there was neither light  
nor sound of the birds but as soon as we came within  
sight of the nest (it was from 80 yards from the road near the  
middle of the hill of trees) as at once, to our great delight, saw  
the head and tail of the sitting female peering above its rim.  
Through our glasses we could make out her head marked  
distinctly at a distance of about 100 yards. As then cautiously  
advanced to within ten yards and looked again long & steadily.  
The bird but almost perfectly motionless her tail pointing  
slightly upward, her head raised rather high with the neck  
well drawn towards us. ~~The~~ Regarding us steadily with her large  
liquid eyes which she occasionally winked slightly. It could  
be that the skin around the eye was wholly dark and  
free from buffy but there appeared to be one small buffy  
spot well behind the eye on the caruncles. Again we  
advanced to a small dead tree which was in retirement  
about 100 feet from the nest and was just seen first  
from the tree in which the nest was placed although the  
nest was nine feet above the ground the slope of the  
mountain side was so steep that our faces were now just  
level with the sitting bird. As we peeped or twig entered  
we could study her through our glasses quite as intimately  
as if we had held her in our hands and we intended  
ourselves beyond the remote shadow of doubt that she  
was a true Chickadee. After we had looked as  
long as we cared to I stepped down beneath her and  
reaching up touched the twigs about the nest with the  
muzzle of my shooting pistol. Some this failed to start  
her and it was not until I shook the tree gently that

1894.

June 22

(No 8)

Brewer Point, Warren, N.H. - third trip up Mt. Moosilauke

He finally left the nest. He flew first to a dead tree some ten yards off, gave his plumage a shake and then disappeared among the dense spruces. For several minutes we did not see him again but at length he appeared above and behind us taking those flights from branch to branch, appearing as slowly when we remained perfectly motionless, retreating when we stirred. During most of this time the kept perfectly silent but toward the end he uttered a succession of long, mournful calls. One of these was the characteristic squeak, another a soft peep or peew so very like that of S. bewickii that we could not detect much difference. Another time when we were heard this note before to-day but I have heard it just before we left the road and told me that he heard there was no other bird in the thicket. The bird was willing to swim I finally shot him but he proved to be a Chickadee's third immature. On his body he afterwards found that he had laid all her eggs although the set comprised but three. One was perfectly fresh, another had the yolk slightly thickened with blood, in the third an embryo had obviously begun to form. This would indicate that the bird began sitting as soon as the first egg was laid - a necessary precaution, doubtless, on their cold exposed mountain summit.

The nest was built in a hollow about four feet from the top and nine feet above the ground on a short horizontal limb five inches out from the main stem. It was in no way concealed and could be seen from a distance of several rods in any direction. He sat there now nor heard anything of the male bird during this second visit. On the 16th he was seen about 40 yards from the nest. The woods were composed wholly of balsams with a mixture of yellow pines.



Brandy Point, Warren, N.H. - third trip up Mt. Moosilauke.

1894

June 21

(No 4)

Along the upper edge of the belt where the wind has been  
unobstructed long on the crest of the ridge the trees are stunted  
and matted together but soon about the crest are trunks to  
fifty feet in height and of nearly normal habit although  
if, as is possible, they are of considerable age, they are of  
wood much decayed. It would find no spores in these woods.

They do not appear, indeed, to be much decayed but some have

fallen in the day - after landing at the Cold Spring where  
we were assisted by persons of heavy build plus - Jones and  
I walked down the mountain to Merrill's stopping for an  
hour or more at the place where we saw four *Psittacus*  
*fluviatilis* on the 18<sup>th</sup>, and searching long and carefully for their  
nests among the dense thickets of young balsams which form  
an undergrowth to a better open woods of comparatively large  
30 to 40 ft in height of spruces and balsams. We heard one  
*Psittacus* much singing & another calling during these balsams  
but we found only one old nest, the third which we saw  
down here. All three were in balsam saplings, the lowest  
only two feet, the highest about seven feet, above the ground  
on the lateral branches close to the main stem. In the woods  
where I took the most with eggs we found an old nest,  
evidently a *Psittacus*'s and doubtless a *Psittacus*'s nest, near  
the end of a horizontal branch about three feet from the  
ground and five feet from the trunk of the tree. The branch  
extended out into an open space and no one could have  
found it without seeing the nest.

On the 18<sup>th</sup> *Psittacus* *fluviatilis* were singing & calling very often  
during the whole time we were on the upper part of the mountain.  
To-day they were strangely silent. I heard only two - then only  
& not more than five or six calls. It was not until about  
a distance the peak of Chocoma, near the base of the range  
the bird on the 18<sup>th</sup> climbed up to the top of the mountain.



Brewer Point, Warren, N. H. - Third trip up Mt. Woodlands, N.H.

1894.

June 22  
(no 5)

While searching for Hutton's nests among the young balsams at an elevation of about 3800 feet I stumbled on a nest of the Marble-faced Warbler. It was built just 37 inches above the ground on a stone branch of a fallen and dying White Spruce. The foliage of the spruce branch although thick gave off the most little shelter but it was beautifully concealed by the spreading, lustrous leaves of a little balsam which extended out down above it. A score or more of these young balsams, from six feet tall, had shot up around and through the spruce forming a dense thicket. Happening to step on the trunk of the spruce I saw the bird flit off among the balsams. Following I came upon a female Marble-faced, a beautifully fine old bird so heavily and conspicuously streaked on the throat and sides that I took her at first for a warbler. She was actually tame allowing me to get within three or four feet of her and sitting about close to the ground pretending to feed just as does the female House Sparrow when flushed from her nest. Her pretense was so obvious that I felt sure at once that this Warbler had just left her nest but I had to look for it very carefully before I found it. I afterwards returned to it with a net and found the bird sitting under the nest sitting back the kept moving her head about anxiously as we stood within a yard or so of the nest looking at her. I nearly touched her before she would leave her eggs. She then began acting busily as she had acted during my first visit, flitting about among the balsams pretending to catch insects. She did not once chirp nor show in any way that she noticed our presence. I finally, with great reluctance, decided to shoot her but my cartridges were bad and the two shots that I fired only wounded her slightly.

My first  
nest of the  
Marble-faced  
Warbler

1844.

June 22  
(No 6)

Brewer's Point, Warren, Vt. - Third trip up Mt. Mansfield

We walked down the lower half of the mountain in the late afternoon and were most delighted. The light and shadow were infinitely beautiful and the air was refreshingly cool and filled with all sorts of bird and insect sounds. Curiously however, the birds did not sing at all freely when birds were present. We saw a small flock of Red Crossbills at about 2500 ft. and a little later found a Partridge with her brood of young - rather the young only for while the mother - a dove in color in shape and of about the size of English Sparrows - was sitting and flying off quite lightly in various directions the old bird ran on ahead of us making a grating noise and also chattering like a Red Grouse. The young in doing so uttered a squeak like coo or coo-coo.

Greasy Point, Warren, V. H.

1894.

June 23

Another fine, warm day very hazy, however, with a trace of  
first frost in the air.

My birds, eggs & notes kept me nearly occupied until  
sunning up, just after tea, Faxon and I walked down  
the valley for rather more than a mile, following the road.  
Less than half a mile below the house the bird fauna  
changes quite decidedly and abruptly, and Wilson's Thrushes,  
King Birds, Great Flycatchers, Red-eye Vireos and various  
sparrows, none of which seem to occur about Mendocino, seem  
numerous. We heard all of them except the Red-eye Vireo to-  
night and also a Wood Pewee going through its "chick  
trick" about in a "Sagehen orchard".

While standing in the road on the edge of this grove of oaks  
it occurred to me to try the effect of an imitation of the  
call of *Glaucocheilus* which, we finished, led me to visit  
and attract about the table all the small birds of the  
neighborhood. To my no small surprise it worked equally  
well here. Indeed the effect was better than of calling  
for almost at the first call the Wood Pewee, two Great  
Flycatchers and a Robin came looking about me in  
great excitement and had gathered to characterize  
them notes just as loudly and excitedly as if I  
had discovered and climbed to its nest and young.  
Half a mile further on I tried the experiment again on  
a Great Flycatcher which had just gone to bed in an  
isolated apple tree after taking its last long flight. Instantly  
the bird began "chattering" vigorously and at the second  
call it darted down towards me and then turned back.  
The success of this experiment seems to me most interesting.

Small birds  
excited by  
imitation  
of the note  
of *Glaucocheilus*

Brewer Point, Warren, N. H.

1894

June 23

(No 2)

My father (Hearing a Saw-whet Owl at S. Undergill in May 1896, for the first time I was struck by the resemblance is call bore to that of Glaucidium. Perhaps the birds at Warren mistake my imitation for the note of G. a. affinis.)

The few flies were out in great force to night. They seemed to be spread evenly over the whole valley and were quite so numerous near the more elevated places as in the meadows and woods but they extended upward only to the bottom just below Merrill's or rather were not abundant above this point.

We are told that the Myiophobus are often found a mile below Merrill's and that Probsts were there also but we have not found either species yet. The altitude of Merrill's is said to be 1800 ft.

June 24

Cloudy and cold with strong N. E. wind.

I spent most of the day in the house writing. After tea Father & I walked up the road to the second bridge and back. Very few birds were singing except Thrushes of which we heard a number.



1894

June 25

Breezy Point, Warren, N.H.

Very weather at times clear and hot at others cloudy with light showers.

Faxon started to explore the Woodstock road this morning and followed it over the crest of Mt. Cushman and half way down the other side. He found a lot of interesting birds among them a number (he heard seven different males singing) of Mourning Warblers in Spruce land at the western base of the mountain. I accompanied him nearly to this point and then turned back spending most of the forenoon writing sitting on a log by the roadside near the bridge across the river. Hearing a Black-throated Blue Warbler sing a number of times in the same place I joined him. I went to the spot and almost immediately saw the nest which was placed just  $11\frac{1}{2}$  inches above the ground near the top of a little Spruce sapling which stood alone in a small opening surrounded by young Spruces & maples & birches on a knoll near the road. There were three young birds fully feathered & about to leave and (as I afterwards ascertained) an added egg. The ♀ parent was perched in a crouching position just above the nest and remained thus, perfectly immovable, for a minute or more when I stepped forward & flushed her. She & the male then came flitting about me singing exactly like Snow-birds. In the afternoon when I took Faxon to see this nest we found that one of the young had gone. The other two were missing on the morning of the 27<sup>th</sup> but the old male was still singing fitfully near the nest.

Brown Point, Warren N.H.

1894

June 25

(No. 2)

In the afternoon I walked down to the river with Faxon who left me at the bridge. I then took the foot path over the foot bridge and spent an hour or more sitting on the rocks at the water's edge writing. It was perhaps five o'clock when I started up through the woods towards the hotel. Birds were singing on every side - more of them than I had any idea this place contained. There were numbers of Black & yellow Warblers, Marsh Hermit & Swainson's Thrasher, a Black-throated Green, Black-burnian and Yellow-rumped Warbler, and several Redstarts. Presently I heard a Guttering Vireo and shortly after a Bay-breasted Warbler, both new to me but the Bay-breast sang at first like a Yellow-rumped Kinglet (the two to one), afterwards exactly like a Redstart. I followed him about through the Hemlocks for nearly an hour getting repeatedly within fifteen or twenty feet of him for he showed no fear of me whatever. He was very deliberate in his movements but kept hopping and flitting from branch to branch and from tree to tree keeping always in the leaves and usually near the ends of thin lower branches searching busily for food but singing steadily the while at short intervals. In the same series of woods a Golden-crest was singing fitfully. I thought that I heard young crows cheering near it.

L. Castanea


After tea Faxon & I walked up the hill behind the house. The sun had nearly set when a Barred Owl began hooting in the large maple grove.

Brewy Point, Warren, N. H. - fourth trip up Mt. Moosilauke.

1894

June 26

7:00 am clear and very warm. A heavy shower at 1.00 P.M. followed by light rain which continued until after dark.

We started up the mountain at 7.30 this morning, Faxon walking & riding with Mr. Merrill. Mr. Merrill took guns with the intention of shooting a few Chickadees but the trip resulted in total failure. It was nearly ten o'clock when we reached the crest of the mountain and began the tedious work of picking our way through the wetted talcums. Faxon went down the slope at the head of the Jobilund Ravine. I kept along the ridge above the spring. F. heard a good many Chickadees calling; I heard only two in all. Neither of us got as much as a flycatcher. At a high bird we did see hear my bird. Mr. Merrill as well have left me just at home for we did not find a shot. I found a Thrush's nest unquestionably belonging to I. a. bicolor in a low spreading balsam near the crest of the ridge. It was three feet above the ground on a stout lateral branch close against the main stem which curved out directly over it.  Thinking it very effectively from the weather although evidently a new nest it was dismounted the bird being too late, pulled out by our trip. It was largely composed of grass moss and was very very closely covered the nest with egg that I took on the 22nd.

I. a. bicolor

On this ridge I heard besides a Chickadee several, two Yellow-bellied Flycatchers calling hee-hee hoarsely, a White-throated Kinglet, Junco, White-throats, Black-bell and Yellow-rumped Warblers - some numbers and one about I think was that mixed Warbler. The walking was both difficult & dangerous owing to the covered holes among the boulders & the wetted ground, talcums

Bravy Point, Hawaii, 4th four mile trip up Mt. Mauna Kea

1894

June 26

(No 2)

We met at the Spring about noon and had a picnic  
fire to keep off the Black flies that came. Candy  
had been finished when we heard thunder clapping and  
saw the edge of an ominous looking cloud coming over  
the ridge above us. We started down the mountain at  
once but we had less than a mile before the storm  
burst upon us with great fury, and we were forced  
to huddle together under some lower growing ferns where  
we squatted under an umbrella until the storm passed.  
The termination of the walk home was cheerless and  
uncomfortable for it continued to rain most of the time.  
The road was exceedingly muddy and slippery and  
the birds were almost without exception, flightless.  
We saw a Pouter and a small bird, very brown looking -  
in the road.

It was 4 P.M. when we reached the house after a wet  
and without a single bird on egg to reward us for  
the trip. We did not go out at all in the evening.



Crosey Point, Warren, N. H.

1894

June 27

A hot, hilly day with a heavy thunder storm in the P.M.

Wagon and I spent the entire forenoon in the beautiful woods between the Woodland House and the river; before then we have merely passed through them by the usual path. But to day we explored them rather thoroughly, finding a number of paths which lead to all the prettier nooks and corners with nests under the trees at convenient intervals and bridges across all the brooks. The place has indeed been laid out much after the plan of my woods at Little Hill and, as a rule, with excellent taste but sundry have I walked nearly all the paper bushes on or near the paths.

We found a great many birds - among them the Norway. Crested Murrelet heard yesterday but nothing new of any particular interest. A Black-burnian Warbler showed us at first by his peculiar song: itchee itchee itchee - itchee all the notes on the same key without the usual high ending, the tone squarely and emphatic.

Reuben King of  
D. Blackburn

We found three solitary birds together near a brook and found a nest, which we took to be that of D. virens, on the low branch of a Hesperis over a path. It was new and neat but empty. Near it in an opening were the skeletons of two young Empidonax. Minimus Hawks they must have been shot by someone last year.

We visited the Black-throated Blue Warbler's nest which I found on the 12<sup>th</sup> and took it. The young had all departed but the old parent lay a few times near by. An added egg lay in the bottom of the nest which was ~~quite~~ though, well of the same kind. I took it and

1894

June 27

(No 2)

Berry Point, Warren, N. H.

We were somewhat surprised to find a Swainson's Thrush singing in our opening by the roadside when we saw found a number of them singing on the way and within thirty yards of where I spent the entire forenoon of the 26th. It is possible that he is a young bird which has come to the place since we last rode.

In the morning we walked down the road towards Warren Evening walk for a walk or run. The heavy down had killed the grass and the fields and turned the otherwise dry gutter into a musical little brook. The mountains were cloud-capped and white mist was rising from all the valleys of the valley and drifting off in wisps and long streamers. Robins, down birds and Hermit Thrushes were singing in the woods, Grass Finches and White Throats in the fields, Wilson's Thrushes and Olive-backed Thrushes in the thickets along the banks of Nahas Brook. Every now and then the song of a Swainson's Sparrow came faintly to our ears.

On the edge of the large meadow just as we started two Woodcock from the side of the road where the sand was covered with the "grange". When we returned a little later we heard something making a peeping sound very like that of young Pithys. There were in among the grass and flowers a number of apparently old birds. A few moments afterwards we saw that the bird had not been a just. The meadow where this bird had been was about 10-15 ft. above the surrounding ground and was surrounded by a low wall.

Woodcock

Brewy Point, Warren, N.H.

1874  
June 28

A clearing day with fine, bracing air and long periods of sunshine followed by cloudiness.

I spent the forenoon alone in the beautiful woods between the Mosseland's House and the river. It is indeed a fascinating place - one of the most attractive in any way that I have ever seen. The paths and bridges make every part of it easy and pleasant of access. There is great variety - dense groves of tall Spruces, pasture Spruces with openings filled with tall ferns, groves of beeches, yellow & paper beeches and maple maples, brooks with thickets of mountain and striped maples arching over the rapidly running water. Under many of the Spruces the ground is deeply carpeted with the most exquisite mosses in beds of varying tints - ~~green~~ vivid green, olive green, gray.

It is a great haunt of the smaller birds, especially the warblers. Black & Yellow Warblers fairly swarm and there are many <sup>Acrobates</sup> Black-throated Greens, a few Black-throated Blues, at least one pair of Yellow-rumps and two male Bay Breasts. There were also two Solitary Vireos singing and a Golden-crowned Kinglet in full song.

The Bay Breasts were close together - at times in the same cluster of Spruces. One sang exactly like a Red Start, the other the typical song. I am not sure that there was not a third male at a little distance but one of the two just mentioned may have moved his position & included me.

Songs of  
D. castanea



Berry Point, Warren, N.H.

1894

June 28  
(No 2)

After tea Tarzou and I walked down the valley again. As we approached the bog after noon we heard two or more Woodcock making the wherry sound (a hissing like c-c-c) noted last evening. They seemed to be just over the fence under the trees. As we were standing still listening a Woodcock, evidently an old bird, rose from the spot where the sound came and crossed the road and a bit of open field to the bog ground flying very slowly and feebly with dangling legs (a very Rark-like flight) quacking much like a male Black Duck but less loudly (quack quack quack - quack - quack - quack) six or eight times. The wings made no sound during this flight but when we followed and put her up again she went off like a bullet with legs drawn up whistling shrilly a varied flight in every way. Immediately after her first flight another Woodcock which we did not see rose and whistled off. The wherry sound was heard for a minute or two after this but it soon ceased. We did not see any other birds but we assumed that the pair which flew were adults and that their young were making the wherry sound. It is very like the call of a young Partridge. I do not think that the birds could have been aware of our presence when we first heard them for ~~they~~<sup>we</sup> were concealed by a belt of shrubby ferns and a willow fence and we approached the spot quietly.

Species  
behavior  
notes of  
Woodcock



Perry Point, Warren, N. H.

1894.

June 29

Cloudy and cool with low hanging clouds and thick sand driving across the valley before the strong n.e. wind and obscuring the mountain summits on every side.

Woodstock  
Road

We took the Woodstock Road this morning and followed it to within a mile or less of the summit of Mt. Cushman. For the first mile beyond the river it passes through alternating open farming land and tracts of second growth timber & spruces. Most of the farms are deserted. One of the farms was inhabited by a fine colony of Barn Swallows - a dozen or fifteen pairs at least - and swiftness were breeding in the chimney of the silent house near by. A Savanna Sparrow was singing in the recent field and Cedar birds chirping in the shaggy, unfenced orchard. All around the clearing rose the clear challenging whistles of the White-throated Sparrows.

Just beyond this farm the road descended into a deep hollow where a brook flowed through the empty basin of an abandoned mill pond, with deserted out-buildings, a rotting dam and piles of lumber, marking the old mill site. Beyond the brook a large clearing, growing up to young birches and raspberry bushes with stumps scattered about plentifully, made a long, wide gash in the otherwise unbroken forest that flowed down the mountain sides. The road skirted one side of this clearing & then changed into

Brewer's Point, Maine, N. H.

1894.

June 29

(No 2.)

The woods but for half a mile or more from Moulton our most of the large trees - especially the Spruces - had been cut for a distance of one hundred yards or so in on both sides and dense thickets of young maples and birches had grown up through and among the fallen logs and dry spruce tops which rendered walking almost impossible. The clearing and the partially cleared sides of the road supplied an ideal nesting ground for Mourning Doves and I have seen these birds more plentiful, even on Isle Royale, which their numbers exceeded anything that I have ever hitherto observed in northern New England. There were indeed so many that it was difficult to count them but as nearly as one could make out on hand, in all, eleven different species. We spent an hour or more searching for their nests but without success.

Typical  
breeding ground  
of S. phainopepla

Birds of all kinds that one would expect to find in such a place were also exceptionally numerous along this bit of road. We found no less than four Rose breasted Grosbeaks and at least five White bellied Nuthatches, Swainson's Warblers, White throated Sparrows, Black throated Blue & Canadian Warblers were highly numerous. We saw a pair of Cooper's Hawks, two Hummingbirds, & a pair of Olive sided Flycatchers - all three new to our list. There were several Red Crows, two Chickadees, a family of Chickadees, a Willie's Flycatcher, a Great crested Flycatcher & the two Olive-sided all in sight or hearing at practically one time & place.

A Flycatcher  
Paradox

1894

Marysville, W. Va.

June 29 on the shores of the old mill pond.

(No 3)

In the woods we heard both Hairy and Yellow-bellied Woodpeckers as well as an Heron.

Hermit Thrushes appeared to be abundant and Blackburnian Warblers were very scarce. There were a few Canada Warblers and Redstarts & two Maryland Yellow-Throats (the last near the mill pond).

We got back to Marysville in time for dinner.

After tea this evening we walked down to Valley again. The sky was clearing and the twilight shone through into the clouds tinting the eastern horizon purple and golden. It was a calm evening with much singing of the common birds but in addition there was heard nothing of any special interest.

Deer are said to be scarce here. I have seen but one track - that of a doe & very fresh in a spruce pasture on the other side of the river.

Sable and Fishers are not uncommon on the mountain (Mountaineer), where Merrill sets a line of traps every winter. Two or three years ago one of his neighbors caught six Fishers in a single winter. Otters & Beavers are unknown here by tradition. There were a few Wolves when Merrill's father came over some fifty years ago. At that time there were Moose, also.



Brewer Point, Warren, N. H.

1894

June 30

A clearing day, clouds and sunshine alternating.

In the morning Taylor and I walked down the road to the old bridge and back through the House Springs stopping often by the way; first at the clearing to look for the nest of the Mourning Warbler; next on the bank of the river just below the foot bridge where we sat on the rocks for an hour or more, talking; last among the hemlocks where the two Bay-breasted birds (only one was flying).

In the afternoon I collected four plants and, with Mr. Merrill and a barrel of leaf-mould in the woods along the road to the river. After tea I walked down this road again, alone, to get some plants of *Primula*. It was twilight when I reached the bridge and turned back. How the birds sang, especially the White-throated Sparrows & the Thrushes! The Old air quail sang with their voices standing in one place by the bridge I could hear four Olive-backed and a Mount at one time and I added another Hermit and two more Olive-backed to the bunch. Before I reached the spring below the Mountain House we saw many many herons.

As I looked up the valley and saw the house on Mountain clearly outlined against the sky I thought of John who had gone there for the night. He was listening, no doubt, to the Chickadee's Thrushes which I was among the hermits & Olive-backed below.



1894.  
July 1

Blowing Point, Warren, N. H.

A clear, hot day with fresh air & good breeze.

After breakfast I walked up the dirt path along the brook to get some ferns. As my companion & I were walking was digging in some bushes on the edge of the pasture just above the house. They have not heard him there before!

Tolson came down the mountain in the forenoon arriving just before dinner. He had had a most interesting time but ~~had~~ brought no birds nor eggs of any kind. The Chickadee's thrushes sang freely all over the upper parts of Mount Ascutawad last evening. Their concert was at its height at 8 P.M. and the last bird was heard at 8.20. Two or three Olive-backed were singing within hearing of the crest of the ridge and one seemed to be only a few rods below the spot where we took the Chickadee's nest. Early this morning I saw a female Loxia curvirostris on the knoll above the cold spring.

J. Chickadee

1st evening (this evening) we crossed the river and walked half a mile or more down the road on the other side. It was a calm, clear, warm evening and birds were singing very freely. The Hermit and White-throats stopped at about 8 P.M. as did also the Sparrow Sparrows & Lark's Flycatchers. The Olive-backed Thrushes kept on fitfully until 8.15 one bird singing a little for four minutes then and interspersed in the normal song a variety of odd squeals and trills. One of his trills was almost precisely like that of Chickadee's trill. At sunset a superb cumulous cloud stood up in bold relief against the blue sky behind Mt. Carr. It was glowing with rose & salmon tints and resembled the face of a cliff broken by ravines and fissures.

1894.

July 2

## Return to Cambridge from Warren, N.H.

Clear and the hottest day of the summer thus far.

Immediately after breakfast Taper and I took our last walk through the beautiful park-like woods between the Moosilauke House and the river. We had barely more than an hour but we went over most of the ground in this time. The Bay-breasted Warbler with the Red-start-like voice was singing in his favorite cluster of spruces. A little beyond we stopped to look at a nest which we found on the morning of the 27<sup>th</sup> (June). It was empty then and although evidently a new nest I had little hope that it would ever be laid in, but this morning we saw a trail projecting over the river and on driving off the bird it proved to be a Black-throated Green Warbler. The nest was built directly over the path on the horizontal branch of a spruce about ten feet from the main stem and ~~at~~ nearly the same distance above the ground. From ~~the~~ beneath ground this nest was very conspicuous (it was composed of light grayish materials with some brick work) but some clusters of spruce needles pressed down close around and over it effectually concealing it from above. It could not have been taken without sawing off the branch and as we had no time for this we left it unharmed.

Nest of  
B. Green

On the way down to Warren we added a bird to our list - the Field Sparrow, a male singing in a pasture growing up to young white pines.

The car ride to Boston (we left Warren at 11.30 a. m. & arrived at Boston at 5 P. M.) was exceedingly hot & trying. We saw two pairs of Carolina Doves, one near Nashua, the other between Nashua & Manchester.

Amadon  
manuscript

1894.

June 15 to

July 2

## Bevy Point, Warren, V. H.

Nominal List of Birds ~~observed~~. Full data on birds  
in note books).

- |   |                                      |
|---|--------------------------------------|
| 1. <u>Merula migratoria</u> .           | 29. <u>Sylvania canadensis</u> .     |
| 2. <u>Turdus mustelinus</u> .           | 30. <u>Setophaga ruticilla</u> .     |
| 3. " <u>fuscescens</u> .                | 31. <u>Vireo olivaceus</u> .         |
| 4. " <u>pallasi</u> .                   | 32. " <u>solitarius</u> .            |
| 5. " <u>swainsonii</u> .                | 33. " <u>gilvus</u> .                |
| 6. " <u>a. bicknelli</u> .              | 34. <u>Chelidon erythrogaster</u> .  |
| 7. <u>Sialia sialis</u> .               | 35. <u>Petrochelidon lunifrons</u> . |
| 8. <u>Cathartes canadensis</u> .        | 36. <u>Anthus cedrorum</u> .         |
| 9. <u>Troglodytes hyemalis</u> .        | 37. <u>Piranga erythronotus</u> .    |
| 10. <u>Regulus satrapa</u> .            | 38. <u>Corpodacus purpureus</u> .    |
| 11. <u>Certhia americana</u> .          | 39. <u>Loxia minor</u> .             |
| 12. <u>Parus atricapillus</u> .         | 40. " <u>leucoptera</u> .            |
| 13. <u>Sitta carolinensis</u> .         | 41. <u>Spinus tristis</u> .          |
| 14. " <u>canadensis</u> .               | 42. " <u>pinus</u> .                 |
| 15. <u>Miniotilta varia</u> .           | 43. <u>Poocetes gramineus</u> .      |
| 16. <u>Helminthophila ruficapilla</u> . | 44. <u>Passerculus savanna</u> .     |
| 17. <u>Comptolopha americana</u> .      | 45. <u>Spinella socialis</u> .       |
| 18. <u>Dendroica virens</u> .           | 46. " <u>pusilla</u> .               |
| 19. " <u>penasylvanica</u> .            | 47. <u>Tonco hyemalis</u> .          |
| 20. " <u>maculosa</u> .                 | 48. <u>Metopis fasciata</u> .        |
| 21. " <u>blackburni</u> .               | 49. <u>Tonotrichia albicollis</u> .  |
| 22. " <u>catulensis</u> .               | 50. <u>Habia ludoviciana</u> .       |
| 23. " <u>coronata</u> .                 | 51. <u>Passina cyanea</u> .          |
| 24. " <u>castanea</u> .                 | 52. <u>Pipilo erythrophthalmus</u> . |
| 25. " <u>striata</u> .                  | 53. <u>Cornus americana</u> .        |
| 26. <u>Scirurus aurocapillus</u> .      | 54. <u>Lyonsiella cristata</u> .     |
| 27. <u>Geothlypis philadelphia</u> .    | 55. <u>Regulus villosus</u> .        |
| 28. " <u>richardsoni</u> .              | 56. " <u>pubescens</u> .             |

Brewy Point, Warren, N. H.

1894

June 15 to

July 2,

in note packets.

Nominal list of birds observed. Full data in notes.

57. Sphyrapicus varius
58. Coereba pusilla
59. Colaptes auratus
60. Chondestes palmarum
61. Trachidroma alpestris
62. Chondestes virginianus
63. Coccyzus erythrophthalmus
64. Tyrannus tyrannus
65. Myiarchus cinerascens
66. Geothlypis trichas
67. Contopus borealis
68. " viridis
69. Empidonax minimus
70. " traillii
71. " flaviventris
72. Syrnium nebulosum
73. Buteo borealis
74. " latissimus
75. Accipiter cooperii
76. " velox
77. Bonasa u. togata (?) No specimens examined. only living birds seen.
78. Philohela minor
79. Actitis macularia



1894.

Boston - Bethel, Maine.

Aug. 24.

Clear and very warm

Left Boston by the 9A.M. train on the Eastern R.R. and reached Bethel at 4.30 P.M. After tea walked up the main street of the village and out a little way into the open country. Chimney Swifts very numerous flying about the houses. King Birds in small family parties about the orchards.

1894.

Bethel, Maine.

Aug. 25.

Another clear warm day with a thunder storm in the early evening after which the temperature fell rapidly.

My trunk failed to come through yesterday so I could not go on to the Lake this morning. While at the R.R. station waiting for news of the trunk, I saw a flock of 26 Bobolinks rise from a field of oats and pass out to the south of the village.

At 10.30 P.M. just after I had gone to bed I heard Grass-birds calling and evidently flying low over the house. Judging by their cries there must have been a dozen or more of them with at least one Summer Yellow-leg bearing them company. Doubtless they had just come from Umbagog.

1894.

Bethel, Maine.

Aug. 23.

Clear and cool with strong N. wind. Spent most of the forenoon in the house writing.

In the afternoon took a walk of a mile or more across the brook and past the old mill in the hollow west of the hotel. There are some fine old white pines scattered along the road. Many of them divide a yard or two above the ground into two or three upright stems each of which is a foot or two in diameter. Doubtless their leading shoots were killed in some way when the trees were small. Among them I noticed one tall red pine.

Birds were scarce and I noticed nothing of much interest.

1894.

AUG. 27.

Bathel to Lakeside, Maine.

Morning clear. Afternoon cloudy. The mountains blotted out by a dense haze from the smoke of forest fires. *Forest fires*

Waited for the noon train in the hope that my trunk might come but getting no news of it I started immediately after dinner for the Lake in an open wagon, one of Lovejoy's teams, with the same horse and driver that I had last year.

The country looked drought-scorched; the woods were for the most part green but here and there a maple had changed to crimson and gold. *Drought.*

Birds were singularly scarce but I saw King birds, Gold-finches, and large flocks of Sparrows at intervals. In Newry a Sharp-shinned Hawk pursued by a mob of small birds flew across the road and alighted in a maple. On the Thale Brown farm a pair of Sparrow Hawks were scaling about over the open fields. *Small birds*  
*Sharp Shinned Hawk*  
*Sparrow Hawks*

I reached Lakeside before sunset and walking down the road a little way saw a Hummingbird feeding at a bed of *Hummer.*  
Impatiens.

:



Lakeside, Lake Umbagog, Maine.

1894.

Lakeside.

Aug. 23.

Clear with S.W. to N.W. winds.

Spent the day at Lakeside takeing six photographs in the Photography, forenoon before the wind rose. Heard a Partridge drumming and saw a number of small birds but nothing of peculiar interest. An Osprey was fishing about the Lake and three Ducks which I Osprey took to be Whistlers were swimming and diving off the point at Whistlers the entrance to Sargent's Cove.

The men came to see me about the work at Pine Point and I arranged with Jim to engage Mr. Brown, Austin Aldrich (whom we had last year) and Ellsworth Lambert. Will Sargent and Charlie Tidwell are also to be with us as usual.

In the afternoon I searched a little for Woodcock with the black Cocker spaniel "Hadji" but found nothing. Elliot Rich Woodcock says that he has seen a good many Woodcock of late <sup>and</sup> that three <sup>vegetable</sup> or four come regularly to his little garden at evening.

1894.

Pine Point, Lake Umbagog, Maine.

Aug. 29.

*To Pine Point.*

Took the boat up the Lake this morning all six of my men going with me. We were heavily loaded with the camp supplies and utensils which we unloaded on the rocks at Pine Point, where I spent the day helping unpack and put the things in order.

There were a good many small birds about but I did not have time to scrutinize them at all carefully. Will saw two *Partridges.* Partridges on the path to the spring and in the evening a *Saw-whet.* Saw-whet Owl. I went back to Lakeside on the steamer late in the afternoon. The Lake was calm but we saw no water-fowl. A Loon called at intervals off the camp this forenoon. *Loon*

1894..

AUG. 30.

Pine Point, Lake Umbagog, Maine

Pine Point.

Cloudy with fine rain at intervals. Wind light from S.E.

Spent the day about camp working with the men making paths etc.

A large mixed flock of Warblers spent the afternoon "drifting" back and forth along the lake in front of the camp. The majority were Yellow-rumps in first and changing plumages but I identified among them a Cape May Warbler, a Magnolia Warbler, two Redstarts (one an old male) a Canadian Warbler, an Oven bird and a Water Thrush. I am nearly sure that I saw a Bay-breasted Warbler, also.

Large  
mixed flock.

Yellow-rumps  
Cape May W.  
Magnolia W.  
Redstarts

Canadian W.  
Ovenbird  
Water Thrush

Pine Point, Lake Umbagog, Maine.

1894.

AUG. 31.

Cloudy with S. wind changing to W. and finally N.W. in the afternoon.

The men went after an abandoned headworks in the forenoon and sculled it back to camp. I met them off <sup>Glas</sup>~~Gleay~~ Cove and towed them the last part of the way. I then sailed across to Moose Point and the marshes near the Outlet where I saw a Greater Yellow-legs and a flock of about twenty large Waders which I took for Golden Plover. *Golden Plover?*

Late in the afternoon 5 Scoters which I took for Oedemia *Scoters* americana appeared off camp swimming in the Lake.



Pine Point, Lake Umbagog, Maine.

1894.

Sept. 1

For the past week we have had either cloudy or hazy weather continually but to-day was perfectly clear and the mountain were quite ~~clear~~ from smoke. The wind was ~~quite~~ strong from the S.W.

At 10 A.M. I boarded the steamer and went on her to Errol *Androscoggin R.* where I expected to meet C. E.R.S. and Mr. Hubbard but only the last-named came. In the Androscoggin we saw a Whistler *Whistler* and a pair of Black Ducks; flying over the marshes a large *Black Ducks* flock of Semipalmated Sandpipers accompanied by a Ring-necked *Ring neck P.* Plover. As I was walking from Errol Dam to the Umbagog House *Umbagog House* I heard two Parula Warblers singing feebly in some alders near the road.

Mr. Hubbard and I reached Pine Point at about 3 P.M. and afterwards took a walk to the spring and around Osgood's Point. We saw a Redstart, a Black-throated Blue Warbler, and an Olive-sided Flycatcher *Contopus*. The last was perched on the very top of a *6000 ft* tall spruce whence it kept darting out after flying insects. It was perfectly silent. I have never ~~seen~~ *seen* this Flycatcher in New England at so late a date.

Pine Point, Lake Umbagog, Maine.

1894.

*Pine Point.*

Sept. 2.

Sunday. A "yellow day" the air so full of smoke that it *A "yellow day"* was impossible to see any of the mountains or even the opposite shores of the Lake. The light was very peculiar. At times the foliage had a strange appearance, the greens being very light yet vivid.

In the afternoon Mr. Hubbard and I walked for an hour or more in the woods which seemed silent and deserted save for *Red Squirrels.* the presence of the Red Squirrels which are even more numerous than they were last year.

Pine Point, Lake Umbagog, Maine.

1894.

Sept. 3.

Warm with light S. to S.W. winds the sun shining dimly through a dense smoky haze.

The forenoon was spent overseeing the work of the men about the camp. There were many small birds in amixed flock *Mixed flock* which wandered through the birch grove on the point passing *Northward* and repassing the camp several times. Among them I recognized <sup>the</sup> Black and white Creeper, Nashville Warbler, Chestnut-sided Warbler, Parula Warbler, Magnolia Warbler, Yellow-rump, Red-eyed, Solitary and Philadelphia Vireo<sup>s</sup>. The last was *Vireo vs Philadelphia* very tame and I watched him for some time at close range. He appeared to be feeding chiefly on caterpillars, -smooth, greenish or brown ones. I saw him take and swallow one which was fully two inches in length. It gave him considerable trouble and he was obliged to shake and beat it violently with his bill before he could get it down.

Late in the afternoon Jim took me through Richardson's Carry to Leonard's Pond. There were three Lesser-Yellow-legs on the mud flats about opposite the "Carry" and I killed two of them at one shot.

At the entrance to Leonard's Pond we found two sportsmen from Philadelphia who had put out a number of canvas decoys *Canvas decoys used* and were lying behind their canoe which they had turned up

Pine Point, Lake Umbagog, Maine.

1894.

Sept. 3.

(no. 2)

Colcord's Pond.

among some alders and covered with grass to serve as a blind. <sup>Evening</sup>

We passed them and chose a position at the head of the channel <sup>flight of</sup>

beyond the island where I stood up behind a stub and awaited <sup>water fowl.</sup>

the evening flight of water fowl. We saw several flocks of

<sup>Wood</sup> Wood Ducks early and at about sunset five Wood Ducks came up <sup>flood ducks</sup>

through our channel flying low but as they neared my point <sup>caught by</sup>

they swerved and passed fully sixty yards away. I gave them <sup>canoe</sup>

one barrel only and that without effect. They kept on toward <sup>charge</sup>

the flock of decoys to which they descended on set wings but

they discovered the deceit and again sheered getting three

shots from the blind but suffering no apparent injury. A Marsh <sup>Marsh</sup>

Hawk came through the meadow and by squeaking I called him <sup>Hawk</sup>

to within 20 yards of me, but not caring for him did not

shoot.

As twilight fell several Muskrats appeared swimming along <sup>Musk rats</sup>  
the shores. There were many bats also. We went back to camp  
through the pond and past Moose Point.



Pine Point, Lake Umbagog, Maine.

1894.

Sept. 4.

Another day of dense, smokey haze and light southerly winds, very warm in the afternoon. We expected C. and E.R.S. to-day and I sent Will on the steamer to Errol to meet them, sailing across myself to Leonard's Pond, but when the steamer came they were not on board.

While waiting I saw a flock of 15 Lesser Yellow-legs *Lesser Yellow-legs* accompanied by some smaller wader rise from the marshes and after circling and wheeling high in the air pitch down again in the same place. So that I sent word by Will to have Jim bring my hunting boat, gun, wading boots and the little spaniel. When he arrived I waded across the flats (which were covered by about 2 inches of water) and getting three of the Yellow-legs together, shot them all with my first barrel bringing down a fourth bird with the second as the flock rose. There was also ~~another~~ large flock of *Ereunetes*, among which *Bairds?* were four or five birds of about the size and general appearance of Grass Birds, but with a different call, a peculiar half mellow, half squeaky note. I suspect that they were Baird's Sandpipers. *Sandpipers*

*High Shooting over spaniel "Hady".*  
After finishing with the Yellow-legs (one of the wing-broken ones got into the grass and escaped) I returned to the boat and getting the ~~little~~ spaniel spent an hour or more beating the marsh. The little dog went to work at once and

Pine Point, Lake Umbagog, Maine.

1894.

Sept. 4.

(no. 2)

*Outlet marshes,*

hunted very prettily keeping close to me and following the motion of my hand like a veteran. He put up five or six *Snipe*. Snipe and a Rail, and found the dead birds readily. I shot two Snipe and the Rail.

The flooded portion of the marsh was literally covered *Duck signs* with Duck's feathers and two Black Ducks came in and alighted as we were pushing off to return to camp which we did at about sunset.

Late in the afternoon the whole marsh resounded with the *Scorpaed* rolling croak of innumerable Leopard Frogs. In the woods *Frogs croaking* about camp we have frequently heard Wood Frogs croaking these warm still days.

At noon to-day a Partridge drummed several times behind *Partridge* the camp, not in the old place but further off, and more to *drumming* the westward. The men saw at least six different Partridges on the Point this forenoon.


1894.  
Sept. 5

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

Wind 10 to 15.

Clear and warm. A thunder shower late in the afternoon followed by light rain which lasted into the night.

The day was spent about camp overseeing the work of the men etc. We are cutting our wood on Osgood's Point and many fine paper birches have already fallen. The men cut them into cord-wood and bring this by boat to our landing.

The little Spanish found and flushed two full-grown Partridges behind the camp. One of them "tried" in a balsam tree on a horizontal branch about fifteen feet above the ground where it stood for a long time perfectly motionless with neck outstretched in about this attitude  after the dog left the place the Partridge began moving its head and quivering and presently it flew off through the trees. According to our men there are at least seven Partridges on the Point, one pair of old birds and five young about as large as Pigeons. I have not yet seen these young.

Bonasa u.  
togata

At about 4 P. M. I boarded the Steamer having decided to wait no longer for my lost trunk but to go back to Cambridge to-morrow and lay in a new stock of clothing etc. We went first to Bird and it was nearly dark when we started down the lake. As we were nearing Metairie Island the engineer killed a gray loon with a charge of B.B. shot at about 75 yards. He fired three times & apparently did not hit the poor bird until the third shot although it made very short dives only going a few feet under water each time. These young loons have little fear of the Steamer & are only

Down the  
lake by  
Steamer.

where

shot by

Steamer

1894.  
Sept. 6

Lakeside to Newry & back by stage.

A perfect day, perfectly clear, with no heat, and with a fresh but only pleasantly cool N.W. wind.

I left Lakeside at 8 a.m. on the stage for Bethel with the Deer River as driver. He had an excellent pair of small black horses and the miles slipped easily and quickly past until we reached Poplar Tavern where we halted for dinner. This hotel has been bought by the Deer River Club that is still kept open to the public. The club have made a house proud in which were about a dozen good-sized trees which we fed with grasshoppers.

After dinner we started on our way again but we had gone only about three miles when we met the up stage driven by Gerald Davis and Co! it contained my long-lost trunk! So I quickly changed places and was soon on the way back to the lake which we reached about sunset.

I saw few small birds during the day except Sparrows and there or four Robins. A Sparrow Hawk was sitting on a stub in a field in Poplar & a perfect adult Red-tail soaring and hovering over a hill side in Newry. The Red-tail then being suspended on his wings for several seconds, without drifting, facing the strong wind. I had hitherto supposed that some of our large hawks except accipiters were able to perform in this way.

Deer tracks were very numerous in the hotel and along the road towards Upton. Many of them were very fresh & apparently made by young fawns.

Mr. Tyler & his wife, both considered perfectly truthful people, report being a Panther in their field a few days ago. They had a good view of it & described it accurately, they live a little above the hotel in Poplar.

I start for home but must my last trunk to return.

Sparrow Hawk

Buteo borealis

hangs in air on

malinberking

Deer tracks

Langar

seen in

Grafton



1894  
Sept. 7

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

Free Lake.

Clear and warm with dense haze again.

I returned to camp by the stream this morning and spent an uneventful day about camp but late in the afternoon I sailed across to Kinsland's Cove & into the river where I trilled along the edge of the lily pads catching a pickered of about four pounds weight. He gave me no end of trouble and got me half through before I succeeded in killing and slipping him securely on the back of my little canoe.

Yellow perch  
Pickered  
Lily pads  
Canoe  
River  
Kinsland's Cove

" 8 Cloudy with fresh S.E. wind which brought heavy showers of rain late in the day.

Mr. Hubbard and I remained at camp most of the day but in the late afternoon we walked through the woods to Agassiz's Point returning along the lake shore.

The Warblers are fast leaving us but I heard a Parula singing early this morning and the likelihood of several other Warblers, outside I could not identify, "late in the day." Just after breakfast a Picoides came into the "green woods" just east of the camp and chattered and hammered noisily but I did not succeed in getting a sight at him although I am very sure that the bird was a P. caeruleus.

Birds about  
camp.

Deer signs seem to me to be much less common about the lake than has been the case during the past ten or four years but so good many of these animals were here during the summer it is hard

Deer signs

1894

Sept. 9

Morning cloudy & threatening; afternoon sunny and very warm with dense haze obscuring the mountains & the farther shores of the Lake.

As I was taking my morning bath I heard with perfect distinctness and repeated a dozen times or more the plaintive whistle of a Black-bellied Plover. The bird seemed to be circling high over the Point but I did not see him.

A Flicker "chattered" several times in succession near the camp and a Plover called repeatedly out on the

Soon after breakfast a flock of 32 Black Ducks passed the camp and alighted close in shore near Richardson's Carry. Jim and I started at once in pursuit of them. We rowed across to the outlet, paddled down the river to the Carry a little below which I landed and crawled on hands & knees across the flats through the grass. Raising my head a little I saw a swarm of Ducks swimming about two gun-shots off. The next instant three Ducks, which I had not seen but which must have been within easy range, rose and came directly for me. I was lying in a cramped position & on rising succeeded only in firing one barrel - and missing <sup>with</sup> that.

We then paddled through Leonard's Pond where we started five Wood Ducks and saw two Eagles (on a fine old bird, and four Solitary Sandpipers. One of the Eagles (as we supposed - we did not actually see him in the act) kept uttering a shrill squealing note unlike that of a Duck Hawk but lower & more disconnected.

On the island in Leonard's Pond we heard first the crack of a breaking branch and then a prolonged, hoarse, slightly quavering cry which I at once recognized as that of a Bear. We turned back & searched for but did not see him.

Black Ducks
<sup>V.</sup>  
Halietus  
Aeronautes

Bear.

1894  
Sept. 9  
(no 2)

Large numbers of ducks.

Late in the afternoon a flock of eight Ducks which I took to be Scoters came flying up the Lake & alighted about midway between Pine & Moon Points. Jim & I started for them at once but they proved to be Black Ducks. They alighted, again, in the river and when we reached Richardson's Carry a very large flock rose and after circling about dropped in the Lake several hundred yards out. For nearly an hour they floated & swam slowly about on the smooth water; then they started for the shore but they did not come near us. A high bird, however, came flying in through the Carry and I dropped it into the bushes where Jim quickly found it.

For the next half hour there was scarce a minute when one or more Black Ducks were not in sight. singly, in pairs, in small bunches, or in flocks of twenty to forty they came high & low from every direction, wheeled & circled against the bright western sky & then alighted in the marsh. Such a quacking & flushing as they made! The entire marsh seemed alive with them. Yet I did not get another shot.

At frequent intervals we heard the quacking cry (a murmuring whistle it may be called) of Wood Ducks, and there were incessant calls from various species among which I recognized that of the Golden Plover, Grass-bird, (*M. maculata*), Sumner Yellow-legs, Semipalmated Sandpiper and Solitary Sandpiper.

We started a Bittern and saw a Marsh Hawk.

Just before sunset the marsh rang for many minutes with the rolling caw of Leopard Frogs. (On the 7<sup>th</sup> a Bull Frog tramped landly over). Altogether the evening was one of the most interesting that I have ever passed here.

Large numbers  
alight in  
middle of  
river  
a very  
rare occurrence  
here.

being flight  
of ducks

Golden Plover

Leopard  
Frog croaking  
at sunset.



1894  
Sept. 10

Lehigh Valley, Maine.

Pine Point.

Cloudy most of the day with light, varying winds, from the S. S. During the afternoon with light showers. Very warm.

Last night was clear and Warblers were migrating in great numbers before the dawn of Sept. 10. A. A. It was a little foggy at daylight this morning - a fact which may account for the finding, by this sergeant, in the middle of the Lake, to-day, of a Philadelphia Vireo floating dead, back up. It doubtless became bewildered while attempting to cross the Lake and flew about in circles until exhausted.

U. philadelphicus

There was a large mixed flock of Warblers on Pine Point early this morning but I did not have time to follow them and identified only some Yellow-crowns, a Black-throated Green, a Parula Warbler, two Red-eyed Vireos (one a young bird still fed by the parent but in nearly complete autumnal plumage) several Chickadees & Kinglets (Parus), a Canada Warbler, a Black-billed Cuckoo, a junco, a Flicker, a Hairy Woodpecker and a ♀ Banded Wren-tail Woodpecker. The last I shot at about 10:30. It was in a bush with a note which seemed to me to be the same as that at first I thought it was made by P. nelsoni and by Myiobates nelsoni, and last by P. nelsoni. It was not until I got my glass on the bird that I felt sure of its identity, although I suspected that it would prove to be P. nelsoni from the fact that I have before compared the note of that species to the note of both P. nelsoni & P. nelsoni. After calling awhile this bird began drumming, making a long, continuous roll like a Downy's but louder I thought. It had less white on the back than usual - a narrow median line only. It kept high up in the firs and exhibited no peculiarities of attitude or action.

Large mixed

flock above

camp

notes of

Picoides ✓

americanus



1894.

Sept. 10

(no 2)

(Outlet Marshes)

Soon after breakfast I paddled across to the Outlet in the sailing canoe. As I neared the land I saw a Whistler swimming in the calm water and at once gave chase as I suspected that he was the same wounded bird which Jim & I tried to shoot a week or more ago. This proved to be the case for he began diving and doubling under water as before but at the fifth dive I managed to place the canoe in the right place & when he came up killed him.

A wounded  
Whistler.

While I was following the Whistler from Golden Plover, all young birds as I could plainly be through my glass, kept flying about, now high, now low, whistling. One separated from the others and alighted but he soon started again and during the entire forenoon was almost constantly in sight or hearing. I shot at him twice as he passed high overhead, he seemed to be swimming and it was useless.

Golden Plover

Soon after I had killed the Whistler a flock of 13 Blue-winged Teal (which, as I afterwards learned, Bill Sargent & Mr. Hubbard had started in Gospy Cove when they were sitting on the mud) came flying swiftly in from the open water and disappeared in the direction of Richardson's Cove. I spent the greater part of the forenoon searching for them in the lily places along the line and in Leonard's Pond but without success. Late in the afternoon Mr. & Mr. Hubbard again flushed them from some flats bordering the river just opposite Richardson's Cove. They must have spent the day on these flats although during my search I landed them, walked about a good deal, and used the glass freely. Teal on mud flats are exceedingly difficult to see especially when they are flying with their heads bowed in their feathers.

Flock of 13  
Blue winged  
Teal

1894  
Sept. 10  
(no 3)

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

As I entered the mouth of the river a Snipe rose and Gallinago pitched down on the further bank. When I reached the spot indicated I saw it standing rather erect on the bare but hill-sloping ground. I ran the canoe within ten feet of it before it crouched and sprang. Seven others rose at the same time. I fired a quick right & left and got both birds. The survivors flew off in a close bunch whirled and circled over the marshes and finally alighted all together precisely like King-eats. I was surprised to be Snipe act in this manner at such a time for the sun was shining brightly and there was a bright light.

A good flight of Snipe must have come in during the night for I saw a dozen or more in the course of the next hour. They were very wild and I got only three or four by short bagging on more birds.

There were also a few Peewees and Bewick's Wren-tits on the marsh and I heard Lesser Yellow-Cr. whistling in a place where Will afterwards saw four of them birds feeding.

about  
Brewster's  
Lesser Yellow-Cr.

Later in the afternoon we all started out again fine & I going in the old Grass boat. At the outlet I landed and flushed a Snipe which I missed, then it began raining heavily. We paddled down river to Richardson's Carry where we met Mr. Hittard & his son & had for camp. We lay in the Carry about an hour during which time the rain poured in torrents. There was one wild flash of lightning & lightning. Finally a strong S.E. wind rose and we decided to go to camp. While in the Carry we saw a good many Black Ducks flying about in the rain. One passed over us & I fired both barrels, wounding the bird badly but it flew out of sight. Charlie Brown the Maine captain shot a 240 lb. Bear at the outlet of the Carry.

Bear shot  
in lake  
off Birch Point

1894

Sept. 11

Clear and cooler, wind N.W. blowing a gale in the afternoon but falling to dead calm at dusk.

Mr. Hubbard and Will went to Enrol Hill Pond this morning returning at 2 P.M. In the pond they found only three Ducks, all Minsters. One sign was very numerous there.

Enrol Hill  
Pond.

I spent the entire day about camp writing etc. but a little before sunset after the wind had abated Jim rowed me across to Richardson's Bay and onto the river on the further side of which I landed on an isolated grass-land covered on which was a large brushy house. Finding a rubber blanket on this I lay down and awaited the evening flight of waterfowl. Hood Ducks were squeaking in the marsh when we arrived and soon after sunset Black Ducks began coming in small flocks from all quarters. About half an hour after sunset a very large flock (Jim counted them & made the number 59) appeared high in air from the direction of Leonard's Pond and in a broad, extended front swept down with a great rushing sound & alighted. When we left there must have been fully 100 Ducks in the marsh but not one gave me a shot although two single birds came within range from behind me. All that I saw were Black Ducks but one bird that I took for a Merganser. The marshes resounded with bird voices for half an hour or more - the loud, full quacking of the Black Ducks, the shrill, cracked falsetts of the Greys, the squeaking cry of Hood Ducks, the hoarse raucous of Snipe (very many of them), the hanks of great Blue Herons & the hooping of a great Horned Owl to be heard across the river. It was altogether an interesting scene.

Evening in  
the shelter  
marshes







1894

Sept. 12

(No 2.)

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

This occasion, only a solitary Least Sandpiper I then saw. Baird's the cause where and took down the sail. While I was Sandpipers thus engaged the canoe drifted back a few yards when on looking up I was greatly surprised to be within fifteen or twenty feet, and on the very ground which I had just mentioned to be empty, a flock of eight Sandpipers among which I at once recognized two Pectorals and four Greenants. The remaining two birds had an unfamiliar look but I quickly became convinced that they were Baird's Sandpipers as they stood out to be the same. I watched the flock for at least ten minutes before disturbing them. At first they all stood perfectly motionless, regarding me with timid suspicion, apparently, but presently they scattered about and began feeding. The Greenants ran nimbly from place to place showing themselves fully along the water's edge. The Pectorals acted very differently, moving at a slow walk and keeping back among the hillocks, following the depressions of the ground and crouching so low as often to be hidden from my sight but occasionally showing their heads & necks as they stood erect to look at me. The movements and attitudes of the Baird's Sandpipers were in many respects about intermediate between those of the two species just named but, on the whole, nearest, I thought, to those of Greenants.

At length getting a favorable opportunity I fired killing the two Pectorals one of the Baird's & an Greenant with my first barrel and dropping the other Baird's & one more Greenant with the second barrel as the survivors started off over the river. The remaining two birds, both Greenants, flew off down the lake.

1894

Sept. 12

(No 2)

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

Cottontail Marshes.

On afterwards skinning the Baird's Sandpipers I found that both are females in good condition but not nearly so fat as males usually are at this season.

Starting down river under sail I had gone only a short distance when five Pectorals came flying past at very long range. I fired one bird only bringing down a single bird. The other four alighted on the flat opposite the entrance to Fox's Pond. I followed and on reaching the place quickly discovered two of the birds standing motionless among dense thin grass. Although I knew that the other three must be very near I could not see them but I presently made out a Wilson's Snipe standing not far from the Pectorals, in a statuesque attitude and only partially concealed by the grass. After a little he came out on the bare mud and began feeding with the Pectorals. All three birds "foraged" in an essentially similar manner but the downward thrusts of the Snipe were more rapid and vigorous than those of his companions and he seemed to have much more success, hanging up and swallowing something at every second or third thrust. I did not wish to kill the Snipe sitting but one of the Pectorals looked so much like a Baird's Sandpiper that when the two came together I fired and all three birds fell. When I landed to pick them up I found the other two Pectorals standing stock still among the grass. I flushed them & tried for a double shot but fired only one barrel and missed with that.

Pectoral  
Sandpipers

Soon after this I came with the boat hanging from stakes to drive into the sand bar on the marsh.

1894

Sept. 12

(Mon)

When I proposed to hunt the morning flight of ducks  
 this day was the first. I had a notion of  
 an early start but the wind was so light that I  
 left on a later start. This bird rose ahead of  
 the dog from some tall grass and alighted after flapping  
 eight or ten yards on a perfectly bare, level stretch of  
 mud where it stood erect evidently watching the dog.  
 When I advanced it squatted and then rose flying off  
 very swiftly until stopped by my charge.

Gallinule  
cinerea.

Soon after bagging the bird I was walking along the bank  
 of the river when I saw a Black Duck coming. I  
 crouched in the grass before he caught sight of me but  
 had no time to change my shells. However it made no  
 difference for when he came overhead I rose and caught  
 him down with a charge of #10 shot. He fell in the river  
 and the little Gerald at once swam out to but would  
 not touch him so I had to call on Mr. Hubbard & his  
 who had meanwhile appeared in their boat and who  
 picked up the bird for me. It is very singular that  
 this Duck did not see me in time to save his  
 life for I was walking rapidly & on perfectly open  
 ground and he was within 100 yards before I saw  
 him.

Black Duck

Hood Island

It was now time to go to the shooting stand  
 which Jim had made. This was merely a seat  
 formed by driving four stout stakes into the mud  
 and nailing cross pieces to support a small platform.  
 which was raised just above the level of the  
 water and surrounded by tall mud grass.

Soon after sunset feathered Black Ducks began to

Evening  
shooting in  
Outlet  
marshes



Evening flight  
of waterfowl  
on the Outer  
marshes.

Gallinazo  
delicato.

*Anas obscura*

It was getting almost too dark to shoot and I was beginning to think of returning to the boats when against the slope towards the N. W. I saw a long, dusky line advancing. It proved to be the big flock of Black Ducks which I saw last evening. Their approach was really imposing. There were more than fifty of them and they formed a line fully 100 yards in length & stretched at right angles to the line of their flight. Thus they came on all abreast, the stately birds! As they neared the marsh every wing, as if at a given signal, ceased its rapid pulsations and the great birds shot down on a steep incline making a rushing sound similar and quite equal to



1894

Sept. 12

(No. 61)

Lake Umbagog, Me.

Willet marshes

Black Duck

Shooting

that of a heavy gust of wind in a grove of pines. It was an exciting moment for it seems that I had chosen the very spot where this flock had intended to alight and as the center of the column charged directly at me and the wings closed in around me I could not help feeling for an instant as if the birds were about to walk a combined onslaught on me.

However I managed to control my nerves sufficiently to rise quickly and make a successful double shot, bringing down both Ducks stone dead. Marking them closely I at once waded towards them for I had no dog with me and was afraid of losing them in the darkness. But before I had taken ten steps I was brought to a stand by the sight of the swarms of Ducks which filled the air in every direction. My shots had, of course, raised all the birds that had been feeding in the marsh and then with the big flock which had been thrown into hopeless confusion, were flying around in utter bewilderment. It was too dark for them to notice me although I was standing erect in a pool of water. Had I wished I could probably have shot down three or four more but as it was I contented myself with one additional bird which fell in the grass beyond the other two but revealed its exact position by the noise of its wings as it beat them on the water during its death flurry.

Among the other Ducks I saw what I took to be a Pin-tail, a very long-necked bird with sharp-pointed wings & swift flight. Beyond these by hundreds crawling this evening.

Pin-tail

Long-neck

Crawling

1894

Sept. 13

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

A superb day, very warm, with light easterly winds.

Mr. Hubbard & I went up the Megalloway taking two boats and both the guides. On the way up the river we saw a Bald Eagle, an Osprey, a Spotted Sandpiper, two Solitary Sandpipers, a Kingfisher (only one) and a Sharp-shinned Hawk.

Trips up the  
Megalloway  
Eagle, Osprey

Sh. Shinned Hawk

I did not fire a shot before reaching North Brook Pond where we found fully 75 Black Ducks. I stalked a portion of the flock successfully but with some difficulty. They were off the point between the marsh and right-hand cove. As I got to the black ducks thrusted on the end of the point a dozen or more ducks were standing or lying on a grassy island just out of range pecking their feathers or sleeping. Every now & then two or three would chase one another about splashing the water wisely with their wings & wailing the place with their loud quacking. It was nearly half an hour before I got a shot but at length three birds came swimming along close under the bushes and I killed three, all with a single charge. The foreign prevented my getting in the other barrel.

North Brook  
Pond

Black  
Ducks

On the way down river again I entered & paddled up Bear Brook for half a mile or more seeing nothing but a pair of Wilson's Snipe which rose from the bank & at which I fired a fruitless double with #4 shot. Will meanwhile was shooting at a Grebe in the river with his rifle.

Bear Brook

Snipe

Near the mouth of the Megalloway I stalked a flock of 15 Wood Ducks in a small pond just over the west

Wood Ducks

1894

Sept. 13

(No 2)

Bank. They heard me (it was dead) and were so alert & suspicious that I was forced to take a very long shot, getting one bird with each barrel. That killed by the head shot fell dead on the water but the other (the one shot at hitting) flew across the meadow to the edge of the woods where Bill caught him after a hot chase over fallen logs & through brush heaps. Both were young birds.

Near this place Bill shot at an Eagle, an immature bird of unusual size, which was perched on a stub about 100 yards from the river, but to Mr. Hubbard's & my satisfaction the ball missed its mark.

On reaching the meadow again I waited half an hour or so to see the evening flight of Ducks. They were evidently badly decimated by my shooting into them last night for less than half the usual number came in. I was on the river bank and did not get a shot on this occasion. The evening was gray & still. We heard fewer cranes than usual.

Magalloway Riv.  
Wood Ducks

Bald  
Eagle.

Golden  
Pheasant or  
Crowing

1894

Sept. 14

Littleton, Maine.

Thurs. Sept. 14

Cloudy with light rain & light varying winds. Very warm.

Soon after breakfast, Will discovered a solitary bird standing on an isolated rock off the point to the south of our cove. I could not make it out through the glass so we launched a boat and paddled out to it. It proved to be a Black-bellied Plover, a young bird. It kept running about on its limited domain and appeared to be feeding. It took no apparent notice of our approach and when we were within about thirty yards, I shot it.

Charadrius  
squatarola

C. & E. K. S. arrived from Enos on the steamer at about half-past three and Mr. Hubbard left us an hour later and started for Boston.



1894

Sept. 15-

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

Clear & very warm. The Lake was as smooth as a mirror the entire forenoon & most of the afternoon as well.

Immediately after breakfast I paddled across to the Outlet, thence down the river to Richardson's Camp & home being absolutely nothing but one Sheldrake & a few Canada Sparrows. The great marshes were almost & apparently deserted, but I did not land and hence for birds.

Outlet  
Marshes.  
Few birds  
there.

In the afternoon I took half a dozen photographs of one cow and forest.

Photographs

There was a full moon to-night and during most of the evening a pair of Great Horned Owls hooted in the woods behind camp, answering one another.

Two Great  
Horned Owls  
hooting on  
Pine Point

1894

Sept. 16

Sunday. Forenoon clear, afternoon cloudy. Light, varying winds alternating with periods of dead calm.

In the forenoon I paddled across the Lake to B. Brook Point, Jim accompanying me with a boat and some packs which we filled at the famous Spring.

B. Brook Pt.

I came back along sailing part of the way and landed at the point where I camped in 1889 & 1890. The walls of the old camp still stand (although many of the logs are poplar) and two young fellows who are trapping muskrats

Visit to my  
old camping  
ground near  
Moose's Rock.

(a month in advance of the legal time) have added a under coming of board & tanned paper to serve as a roof & a fresh made-up skin hung from a peg and a jack camp log on the ground. The place was very untidy not to say especially dirty but it was nevertheless very beautiful. The foliage has turned very rapidly these past two days and the shores of the Lake, where red maples grow profusely, were a perfect blaze of scarlet & crimson. I saw no birds of any peculiar interest.

Autumn  
foliage.

Sept 17

A bright, sunny day with exceptionally clear air & practically no wind.

I spent the entire forenoon and a portion of the afternoon, also, taking photographs near camp.

Photographing

Soon after the moon rose (about 8.30 P.M.) we all went out on the Lake rowing across to Moon Point where we heard many Ducks quacking & splashing in the marsh. A dozen or more Black Ducks were near us. We also heard Great Blue Herons and, near the outlet, a Night Heron which flew about for some time growling.

Moose Point  
by moonlight



1894  
Sept. 19

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

In Kypville Notch.

Cloudy with E. wind and light rain late in the afternoon. It rained heavily during the whole of the following night.

We left camp on the stream at 10 a. m. and went to Hotel Umbagog on down to Briggsville Notch taking dinner at the Big House and returning to Grand Lake in the afternoon.

The whole valley of old stream from Grand to the Hotel was ablaze with color indeed the autumn foliage seemed to have been reached its maximum brilliancy.

Autumn  
foliage.

1 Chickadees were very numerous throughout the whole of the trail we traversed. They seemed to be everywhere just in front of the woods. I counted twelve in one flock. They were all in fields and openings along the road. As they rose and flew off towards the woods their white rumps were highly conspicuous against the dark spruces. Often the white alone could be seen rising & falling in the undulations.

Colaptes auratus

There were many Sparrows (chiefly Grass Finches) along the roadside but very few Jays or Crows were seen.

Sparrows,  
Jays, Crows

We heard hounds baying and saw a greatly killed Fox lying on the bank of the stream a few rods.

As the evening twilight was falling I walked down the road to the dam at Grand Lake. I shot several Sparrows bay three or four times on the edge of the woods giving the full bay in full, round tones.

Scrubby Bird  
in full bay



1894

Sept. 20

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

Cloudy during the forenoon the sun coming out in the afternoon but the night closing in dark & stormy again with heavy rain & distant lightning.

At about 9 a. m. Jim & Will arrived with the boats & rowed us back to camp. The sky was threatening but only a little fine rain fell. We heard a Pileated Woodpecker on the barberry opposite the Sheldrake and two Whistlers flew over us.

Pileated W.  
Lucas.

In the afternoon I sailed over to the Outlet and hunted a little for Snipe flooding there. Two of them were wild. The third lay closely among tussock grass on the river bank & I shot it.

Snipe

Returning to camp I got some shells loaded with large shot and Jim rowed us to Moose Point where we waited until it was nearly dark. We saw five small Ducks which looked like teal flying very lightly over the marshes in a close bunch; two Mallard Ducks, one of which alighted in the grass just out of range; and three Hares. The last came directly over us. I shot at the leader bird as he kept on gave him the second barrel also but just as I did to saw that he had begun to swim. He fell from dead in the lake at least fifty yards from where I stood. He must have been flying at unusual speed.

Moose Point  
at evening.  
Teal?

Black Ducks.  
I shoot 11  
Whistler

Several Snipe came rushing down past us on 20 wings and I heard others keeping in the distance.

Snipe

1894

Sept. 21

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

A clearing day with fresh W. wind and sunshine most of the afternoon. Evening calm and very warm.

Our Partridge was back on his old log this morning and for about an hour (9 to 10 o'clock) he drummed at short regular intervals. He all went up to see him and both C. & E. R. S. became so concerned that the birds might not strike his body but merely the air. He behaved precisely as he did last year and when drumming got down on the ground and to face the drumming.

Partridge  
drumming

In the afternoon I walked over to the Outlet and then across the marshes as far as Moss Pond where the wind failed and I followed through swamps to Camp Lake. There all the time I did not know how a large flock of any kind but just before the lake I saw a large flock of whistling on the marsh and probably were now flying over the lake. I did not see them but judging by their voices there must have been a number of them. The high squawks at intervals in the direction of Camp Lake's bank.

Sailing to  
Outlet &  
Moss Pond

Occasional  
Gulls  
logs

Bald Eagle

Some after sunset I went to the Strand which fine beach met in the marsh - the place where I killed the other Black Ducks last week. There had gathered in the west and the light faded rapidly. The evening was perfectly calm and very warm; the air soft and charged with the smell of the marshes - a damp smell of decaying vegetation.

Evening on  
the Outlet  
marshes

1894

Sept. 21

(No 2)

but for we still were strongly charmed with association  
my dear to memory.

A half-an-hour or more hundreds of Long-eared Frogs  
croaked incessantly. I had but to shut my eyes to imagine  
that it was a wild April morning on Concord River. But  
I listened in vain for any other of the sounds of Spring  
until presently a single drummed directly overhead. Soon  
afterward I heard another & then another until at one  
time they were drumming on every side and almost  
incessantly. The marshes were evidently alive with them

Long-eared Frogs

Gallinules

drumming

to-night for besides the drumming, birds I saw dozens  
of others cutting to and fro against the faint light  
in the western sky. As they shot down to their  
feeding grounds their wings made a rushing sound so  
exactly like that of Ducks' wings that I was constantly  
deceived. When they merely flitted from one sand bank  
to the next their wings rustled hardly. They used  
only the scree cry when flying but the feeding birds  
kept up a constant calling to one another making a  
low but penetrating keep, ke-r-uck very like the call  
of the Florida Gallinule. I think that I have identified  
this cry before but it puzzled me, at first, this evening.  
As a rule only two birds were calling at one time one  
appearing to answer the other. The call was varied a  
good deal in both form & tone. At times it was not  
unlike the keep of a Carolina Rail but there can be no  
doubt that the scree were the authors of the sound.  
These scree were feeding on small isolated hummocks &  
hummocks of mud which were surrounded by water 12  
to eight inches in depth. They came to this place from  
every direction & some of them evidently from long distances.

1894

Sept 21.  
(No 3)

Besides the Snipe there was a lot of Pectoral & Ring-billed Sandpipers, Royal Solitary Sandpipers and a number of Ring-necked Plover. All these waters kept up a constant calling and flitting to & fro. Altogether the marsh was a peculiarly interesting place this week. Still September evening.

There were few Ducks, however. Indeed I saw only two, one a Black Duck which gave me a fair shot at not over thirty yards as it came wading down a set of steps preparing to alight directly in front of me. I shot at but unfortunately missed it.

The other Duck looked like a teal. It was so small and shot past me so swiftly that I took it for a Snipe until it had passed me & was on the point of alighting. I flushed it as I was on my way back to the boat but there was too little light for a shot & I did not fire.

The Great Horned Owls were hooting regularly on the Middle Rock there when I left the marsh and later I heard them from our camp distinctly across the water a row of Ten Balls.

As we paddled homeward a loud vibrating cry rang out six or eight times in quick succession on the Moon Point marsh. Jim who was with me assured me that it was a "Deer" blowing. It sounded to me most like the hairs of a Great Blue Heron but was much louder & more grating. I should have guessed it to be a deer.

Deer blowing



1894.

Sept. 22

Littleton, Maine.

Clear and very warm; the early part of the day calm, a fresh S.W. wind in the afternoon.

I spent the forenoon shooting Snipe on the marshes opposite the settlement of Woodville's land. The ground where so many birds were feeding last night, although plentifully "choked" and bred, harbored only a single Snipe this morning. After killing him I tramped for some time without finding another shot but at length found some long grass near the river bank. I put up over twenty birds in the course of two or fifteen minutes. Twelve of them were at once and went off in a compact flock like Sandpipers, mounting high into the air, circling, and finally pitching down and alighting not far from the spot where they started. They were very wild at first but after I had fired a few shots at them and missed them they lay better. Still I was forced to content myself with long shots most of the time and consequently made a number of times. When I returned to the boat & counted my birds I found that I had bagged eleven.

I do not remember to have ever before seen Wilson's Snipe behave in the manner just described when the wing was to absolutely clear and the gun to hit. Moreover.

I saw the good many birds on the ground standing erect watching me or running with a shuffling, crouching gait over spaces of bare mud. This is unusual for a cloudy weather.

The only Woodcock birds Snipe which I started were a Pectoral and a Solitary Sandpiper.

I spent most of the afternoon fishing in the brook in the little cove. At evening I drove to

Gallinago

delicata

Pectoral S.

Solitary "

Sandpiper

the brook



1894.

Sept. 23

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

Pine Point.

Sunday. Clear with a light S.E. wind, the lake very rough in the afternoon.

As I was bathing at the float this morning I heard a Kingfisher uttering almost continuously and calling out over the lake how the bird about 200 yards from shore flying at a height of fifteen or twenty feet above the water making towards our cove. About thirty yards behind the Kingfisher was a Duck Hawk coming very swiftly with rapidly vibrating wings. He overtook the Kingfisher without the least apparent effort but when he was within a yard of it, it plunged down into the water making a great splash but not going beneath the surface and almost immediately rising & flying towards the shore again. The Falcon meanwhile had been carried by his great velocity twenty yards or more beyond the spot but he turned quickly and again overtook the Kingfisher with the greatest apparent ease. Instead of seizing it, however, as now expected him to do he rose slightly above it and shooting past down on its back turned to meet it. The Kingfisher diverged, of course, but being now well within the cove was able to direct its course towards the woods. The Falcon followed a little farther, then gave up the chase and came directly over me giving me a fine view. I saw distinctly that he was a young male. Bill Sargent also saw this chase. He is inclined to believe with me that the Falcon could have caught the Kingfisher had he really tried but that he pursued it more in sport than earnest. This confirms the impression which I formed on Indian River in 1890 when I saw a Duck Hawk chase a Blue-bird & after overtaking & passing it turn back without molesting it.

Duck Hawk  
& Kingfisher

1894

Sept. 23

(No 2)

Lake Umbagog, N. H.

(Outlet Marshes)

Immediately after breakfast I started off in a boat with Will intending to spend the day taking photographs on the Megalloway. It did fair at the time to be a favorable day but when we reached the Outlet the wind rose and was soon blowing half a gale.

During the early part of the morning there had been almost incessant firing on the marshes. Seeing several men with guns still beating about them we approached them & asked them what they had been shooting. They showed us about two dozen waders - most of them Grass-Birds with six or eight Ring-necked Plover, a Carolina Rail, a Semipalmated Sandpiper, and a Wilson's Snipe. They had found a very large flock of waders they said and had killed only a small proportion of the number the remainder being scattered over the marsh. We heard more firing there in the afternoon.

Pecorials

Ring necks

Greenlets,

Snipe.

We next rowed down river to Swetts Meadows. Just as we entered it a Wood Duck rose on the left. I fired both barrels, bringing feathers at each shot, but the bird kept on out of sight.

Swetts Meadows

Wood Ducks.

There was nothing else in this meadow but we found abundant signs of the recent presence of Ducks at the upper end.

We returned to camp in time for dinner leaving the boat in the teeth of a violent wind and rough sea.

We passed Mr. Wornell in the river. He told us that his party killed a Deer in the Megalloway yesterday shooting it from the deck of the steamer as they were on their way up.

Deer killed

in Megalloway

river



1894

Tide, 10:00, 10:00, 10:00.

Pine Point

Sept. 24

Much cooler the sky filled with cloud masses which drew rapidly before a violent N.W. wind, the sun shining out for brief intervals between them. The Bells white-capped, wild & stormy looking.

I spent the entire day about camp cutting down bushes for exercise. No birds saw a flock of Chickadees & Kinglets.

Small birds

Some young men who have been camping on Mossy Rock traveled down the Bells early this morning & came upon a Bear which was swimming across from the Island place to West Island. They fired a number of shots at and finally killed it. This is the third Bear which has been killed near the lower end of the Bells within the past two weeks. The first was shot by Deering in a pasture, the second by Charles Douglas from the steamer as it was running from B. Point to Birch Point. A fourth, a cub of about 40 lbs. weight, was caught alive by a young man who pursued it across a pasture (the Peary White pasture above Inguit's) and outstaying it threw a horse blanket over its head. The old "he" and another cub were with it & ran off. These Bears had been robbing apples on this farm & had torn the young trees to pieces so as to nearly ruin them.

Bear shot  
while swimming  
across Lake  
from Island  
place to  
Great Island

Yesterday morning ~~two~~ young fellows who are camping on an old point & trapping muskrat shot a very large Bull in Bernard's Pond.

Bull shot  
in  
Bernard's Pond

1894

Sept. 25

Little Neck, N. Y.

Outlet Marshes.

Another wild day of north-west wind and driving cloud masses alternating with brief periods of sunshine & occasional light showers. Still cold, Ther. 40° at 9 P. M.

Soon after breakfast Will returned from Upton where he had spent the night & reported seeing two Yellow-bills and a large flock of Gloss Ibis on the Cambridge River marshes. Thinking that there might also be birds on the Outlet marshes Jim & I went over there at once. Soon after we had landed (a few hundred yards below the Outlet on the west bank) we saw three waders feeding on a mud flat at the edge of a shallow pool of surface water. One of them proved to be a Ring-necked Plover. The other two I could not make out to my satisfaction although I studied them for many minutes through my glass at a distance of about 20 yards in a good light. I suspected that they were Bonaparte's Grebes but they looked and acted suspiciously like Grebes. They were wading up to their bellies in the water & picking the soft mud most assiduously. At times they would walk about slowly & sedately like Pectorals, then run briskly two & four exactly like "Peeps." The longer I watched them the stronger became my impression that they were Grebes but that their breasts looked too brown and their bills too long. Finally getting them together I shot them both, not without strong reluctance, but to my delight they proved to be really Ring-billed, a young & an old female. On skinning them I found them to be in good condition but not so fat as waders usually are at this season.

Ring-billed

The report of the gun started up two large Plover, a

1894.  
Sept 25  
(no 2.)

Butter-head & a Golden, which flew above together for some time each uttering his characteristic whistle. Finally they alighted a long distance off. I went after them at once but did not succeed in finding them. Meanwhile the Ptarmigan passed on her way toward East. She had about reached the mouth of the Myalloway when three or four shots were fired in quick succession, evidently from her shell. Immediately afterwards five small ducks appeared over the trees, circled around the marshes and dropped down into Leonard's Pond. They had a throng "look" & were at at once started in pursuit of them. We found them sitting on the mud at the water's edge near the head of the island. Jim paddled me to within about 40 yards where I ought to have fired for they took to the water & put up thin wakes but I hoped to get a little more & waited. The next instant they flew and I gave them both barrels killing one bird & wounding another which, however, made off across the woods flying very slowly & laboriously. The other four went down the pond & out over the lake flying very swiftly in a close bunch. As we were approaching them I took them at first for Loons but before they started I saw unmistakably that they were all Ring-necked (Aythya collaris), a rare Duck here. The bird that I killed was a fine young ♂ & I skinned it of course. I do not think that there were any but young birds (with possibly an old ♀) in the flock after this I crossed the marshes again killing a solitary Pectoral & wounding another. There were a few signs of Loons but I could not flush a single one.

Pottle head  
Golden Plover

Aythya collaris

Pectoral

1894

Sept 25

No 31

I am beginning to lose <sup>faith in</sup> ~~respect~~ for the supposed prowess of the Duck Hawk. While we were in the marsh this morning we heard the notes of Pectoral Sandpiper and looking towards the Little Pond about a dozen of these birds rising hurriedly from the marsh with a Duck Hawk & a young male & perhaps the same bird which chased the Kingfisher into our cove on the morning of the 23<sup>rd</sup> in close pursuit. Dashing into the midst of the flock he separated one bird from the rest and drove it out over the open Lake. There seemed to be absolutely no hope for it but twice as the Falcon closed in it checked his talons by an abrupt turn. At the third failure the Hawk, to my great surprise, gave up the chase and rising high in air, <sup>began</sup> turning in small circles on set wings, drifting off rapidly before the strong wind. The Pectoral ~~to~~ rejoined the flock which quickly disappeared in the direction of Upton having evidently been too thoroughly frightened to think of returning to their feeding ground.

What has it all mean these repeated failures of Duck Hawks to catch a seemingly easy prey? This bird certainly ~~appeared~~ in earnest but if he was a bad bungler.



1894.

Sept. 26

Megalloway River

Cloudless, and a very day, but the wind was in the north - very fresh for the time.

I, J. L. and I went up the Megalloway this morning on a steamer taking the guides and two boats in which we took the steamer. The weather was very fine and the scenery was very beautiful. We had lunch on the steamer and then went on to the falls, seeing the entire way.

Up river to  
the Brown  
falls  
back to  
camp by  
night.

The river was extremely beautiful, the autumn coloring very rich on the mountain hills but past its prime along the river banks. Where many of the trees have already shed their leaves. The white maples (which abound along this river at least as far up as the Brown falls) had a scorched look as if their leaves had been touched by frost.

Autumn  
coloring

I took about fifteen photographs but shot nothing although I fired three times, once at a Goldeneye which passed us on the river, again with both barrels at ~~some~~ Black Ducks which were in the little meadow just above the mouth of the river & which saw me and flew as soon as I kept one the barrel - all three shots long ones.

Photography  
Ducks.

We had no very interesting experiences with birds, being only a few of the commoner kinds such as Kingfishers, a Heron, a Solitary Sandpiper etc. Upon the steamer carrying a Wilson's Snipe ran along the lake and later a Sandpiper and flew on ahead of us rising & keeping beyond green sedge. Over the way down in trees a large, Brown Minck galloping along a branch. I crossed the carry to Brown's Pond which fine round the boat around.

Gallinago  
delicata.  
Minck.

1894

Sept. 26

No 21

Lodgepole Pine, Nevada.

It was very cold when I sat waiting for him on an exposed point near the head of the island but I was entertained by watching two Bald Eagles, One young, the other a fine adult bird. The former was at first perched on a stick eating a large fish. After it had finished its meal it flew to some green white pines on the south shore of the north channel where the old bird had gone to roost a short time before, both birds alighting in the same tree about midway from the ground and flying and among some pines. The young Eagle finished quickly and it flew to roost.

*Haliaeetus*  
*leucorhynchus*

Will Sargent reported seeing two Greater Yellowlegs on the marsh opposite Nevada's Bend. One of them flew about with very light and buoyant.

*Gr. Yellowlegs*

The nights have been very quiet of late since the snow has left us. The birds have been wholly silent and about all the migrating Warblers have gone. The height of the migration of small, nocturnal-flying birds was between the 10<sup>th</sup> and 20<sup>th</sup> September.

*Cinclus*

Migration

Before flocking this morning I exposed five plates on one old drumstick, from a blind which we have made just twenty-five feet from the spot where the bird sits. He was evidently wholly unaware of my presence until just after I had made the last exposure when he suddenly took alarm & ran off along the log "gritting" I had a fine view of him through my peep hole but without getting near. The fact that his tail, for this entire length, was pressed down on the log was evident. Also it was clear that his wing did not strike his body.

*Bonasa*  
*lagotis*

1894.

Sept. 27

Much warmer, the sun shining at frequent intervals but the sky filled with masses of easily-drifting clouds. A moderate South wind.

It was dead calm in the early morning and the sky was nearly free from clouds. Hoping that these conditions might continue I started, immediately after breakfast, in one of the boats with Jim and my camera. But before we had reached the point where I camped in 1889-90 and where I intended to begin operations the wind rose and the clouds blotted out the sun. However I took one photograph of this point and another from it of Moll's Rock. Then we ran it up, rowed back to the Outlet and down the river feeling something to shoot.

Photograph

As we were passing the mud flats on the left shore opposite Leonard's Pond I saw several small waders sitting on little mounds of mud surrounded by water.

Tringa a  
pacifica.

Three

Unrecalled,  
Lower birds.

We pushed the boat towards them and soon made them out to be Dunlins. As they appeared to be very tame I decided to try to photograph them. Jim pushed the boat slowly along over the mud until the bows were within eight feet of three of the birds and I put up my tripod and took ten pictures. My subjects were keen enough interested in what I was about to do much as look at me although my focusing cloth waved & flapped in the wind and the various doors, slides & springs of the camera clicked & snapped loudly. During most of the time (about two hours) the birds were asleep with their bills buried in the feathers of the back (scapulars) but



Outlet Marshes

1894

Sept. 27  
No 2

They literally kept with "one eye open". When I moved them by whistling, clapping my hands, or talking to them they would regard me for a moment with mild wonder and then go to sleep again. I stood up & sat down, changed the position of my canvas etc. without making the slightest pains to avoid noise or sudden movement but the birds, after the first minute or two, paid no attention to my movements. They were evidently very tired but it seemed incredible that any wild creatures could be so utterly devoid of fear or even curiosity. There was nothing between them & the boat but water & bare mud.

After we had finished with them I decided to frighten them away as some gunners had been watching our proceedings. I swung my paddle about and thrust it on the water without success. Then I began splashing water on them. They ducked their heads and ran to & fro for an instant but finally took flight and went off in apparent great alarm & excitement flying half a mile or more before resighting. There were five birds in all & at least two were adults but all were in the young winter dress. None were then Pectorals as they are. I did not have the heart to molest them further. Indeed I did not find a shot during the previous.

Pectorals.

In the afternoon I visited the little cove for a couple of hours.

Swimming

Black Duck were flying about in considerable numbers in the cove. I saw upon a Bonaparte's Gull, a young bird, very tame, perched on a twig at the Outlet. I saw him several times later, flying about over the lake.

Black Ducks

Bonaparte's

Gull.



1897

Sept. 28

A rare autumn day with cloudless sky, clear, crisp yet balmy air and light south wind.

The fog hung late this morning and it was so very dense that up to the time when it began to be dissipated by the sun & the light southerly wind we were uncertain whether the day was to be fair or foul. At 10 a. m. Jim and I started in the large boat for the Megalloway to take photographs. As we were getting off a number of shots were fired in the direction of Richardson's Cove and there was a continuous fusillade while we were crossing the Lake. We found two young men, evidently city sportsmen, wading about over the flats where we photographed the Dunlins yesterday, saying at what appeared to be the last survivors of that unfortunate little flock. At least we saw three lesser than Dunlins on nearly the very spot where we had seen peacefully feeding yesterday. They had two "moose" wings. They flushed with birds before they would shoot at them.

We kept on up the Megalloway landing at the first little pond hole on the left in which were some Black Ducks. I had not the time for a single shot and the birds either saw us or heard my "honor" rifle & went out long before I was within shot.

We landed at Puffin Bird where I took two photographs & then went straight on to Bottle Brook Lake where I took five more. I saw no Dunlins this pond but a pair of Red and a pair of Golden Plovers, five Black-bellied Plovers, a white one, and a pair of Ring-necked Pheasants. The wind stopped before we

Outlet  
Marshes

The Tame?  
Dunlins  
again

Megalloway  
River.  
Black Ducks

Photography.  
Bottle Brook  
Pond  
Wood Duck  
Black "



1894

Sept. 29

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

Perhaps the finest day of this exceptionally delightful autumn, cloudless, calm, with sea air and delicious sunshine.

I spent the entire day taking photographs. In the morning Jim rowed me to Black Island Cove, in the afternoon to Moon Point, Leonard's Pond, and up the Megalloway to the Leonard Pond Carry. In all I exposed about two dozen plates. The conditions for amateur success were nearly perfect and if not many failures it was my own fault.

Photographing  
about the  
Outlet.

Although I had no intention of doing any shooting I took the little Lo gauge gun with a few shells. It was well that I did so for an unexpected piece of good luck befell me—nothing less than the killing of a fine Canada Goose—the third that I have thus far bagged and the first that I have shot here. Jim and I with a young Upton hunter, Godwin by name, were standing on Black Island reef and I was in the act of taking a photograph of the rocky island just above the reef when happening to look up I saw a huge bird coming from up the Lake. At first I took it for a Great Blue Heron but as it set its wings and sailed swiftly down a steep incline towards the water I saw that it was a Canada Goose. It alighted on the south side of the island within a few yards of the rocky shore to which it swam and then clambered up on a rock. I exposed my plate and then Jim and I discussed the situation. We were nearer 100 yards from the bird and in plain sight of it. There seemed no hope of approaching

Canada  
Goose.  
I shoot  
one at  
Black Id.

1894

Sept 29

No 21

it was a queerly good that the only possible chance Canada  
was to paddle out into the lake and getting behind Goose  
the island to land and stalk it on shore. Goosin shot as  
was to remain on the keel for the chance of a flying shot. Blackie shot.  
To my great surprise the Goose did not show any  
alarm at our movements although we took down the  
scurra and embarked in full view of it. Once as  
we were paddling ~~fast~~ out of the cove I raised  
its head and looked at us but only for a moment  
the Goose then it was of our sight behind the island  
and then we both felt nearly sure of it. On landing  
I found that I could walk erect without being seen  
and when I reached the bank and looked over  
there was the Goose ~~away~~ when on left it was  
in the water with its head down, apparently feeding.  
I shot at its head and killed the bird instantly.  
It proved to be a male, in good condition but not  
fat. On skinning it I was unable to find any  
indication that it had been previously wounded  
or that it was not in perfect health. It is strange  
that it should have selected such a rocky shore for  
a resting place, stranger still that it should have  
alighted so close in without first reconnoitering the  
place, and stranger of all that it should have  
allowed us to circumvent it so easily & openly.  
In the afternoon I fired another shot - a very  
long one - at a Duck which I at once recognized  
as a Bidge - old male. It flew fast as  
we were coming down river was heard to do &  
went on apparently unhurt.



1894

847 21

848 21

Outlet Marshes.

1894  
Oct. 1

A bright, sunny day with the sky flecked with clouds. Forenoon warm with light variable winds coming from every point of the compass. Afternoon cooler with brisk N.W. wind which died away suddenly & completely to calm. Last night was cloudy and very dark with a short but brisk shower just before daybreak and light south-east wind. The thermometer fell to about 42° (at 10 P.M.)

I have been thus careful regarding the record of the western Gleaner to-day was marked by <sup>the</sup> presence on the marshes at the outlet of an unusual number of Wilson's Snipe which, as I wrote, arrived last night. First reports reported starting two in Richardson's bog early this morning while on the way to town traps which he set yesterday near Richards Pond. Supposing that there would be others on the more favorable ground beyond the bog I started immediately after breakfast in the canoe and sailed across through the bog to the flats opposite Richards Pond. As I was taking down the line by which we followed guided by several others and on landing I at once began to put up more. I was very much surprised by this ground but not having the day's work was that it at all thoroughly. I started by various means thirty two different birds. With a high exception many one of them flew out of sight. The majority young except the large ones being. Nearly all of them were very wild so that I had only a few really good shots. I could not keep half of them and bagged only four birds. The sun was shining bright & warm all the time I was on the meadow and there was either no wind or but a gentle breeze. Many of the birds

Gallinago  
delicata



Lake Umbagog, Maine.

Outlet marshes

Robins

1894.

Oct. 1

(Nov. 1)

There was a large flock of Robins among the bushes at the entrance to Bernard's Pond and with or near them three Rusty Blackbirds, several Song and White-throated Sparrows, a Swamp Sparrow, and two Green herons.

On the marsh opposite I shot a typical specimen of *Dendroica hypochrysa*, a young bird. It came flying from the thick next the river and alighted well out on the marsh where I found it running about on the mud in company with a Savannah Sparrow. It kept hopping and disapproving among the tussock grass and as I advanced flitted on before me giving me much trouble before I secured it.

*Dendroica p.*  
*hypochrysa*

Later in the afternoon I sailed across the Lake again and running the canoe into a shallow creek directly opposite Bernard's Pond sat there until it was nearly dark. My chief object was to find out whether the Greys which I drove away from the marsh this morning would return at evening. They came from every direction in extraordinary numbers as soon as twilight fell, and for fifteen or twenty minutes their Keefe call and the rushing sound of their wings were briefly incessant. I heard one make a curious low jarring sound soon after it had alighted near me.

*Gallinago*  
*delicata*

As I was paddling homeward a Fox barked a number of times in quick succession exactly like a small dog. I also heard a Great Blue Heron make a tremendous outcry - a succession of hoarse screams such a wounded Heron will utter. I had heard this bird distinctly from Pine Point. He thinks it was caught by either a Fox or a "Cat" Owl.

Fox barking

Gr. Bl. Heron

makes a  
great outcry  
at night



1894.

Oct. 20

Cloudy with strong easterly wind and occasional dashes of rain. A blustering, rather cold & decidedly disagreeable day.

Will rowed me across the Lake and through Richardson's Carry soon after breakfast. On the mud-flat just beyond the Carry we found a most interesting lot of waders. There were five Greater Yellowlegs, about fifteen Pectorals and a Belted Sandpiper (possibly clunensis) all assembled on a sandy island only a few rods from shore. We watched them for some time from a distance of thirty yards. At length the Yellowlegs became nervous, ceased feeding, & finally flew coming directly past us. I fired both barrels at high birds & missed <sup>both</sup>. Then the Pectorals dashed past & I shot one of them. All these birds were high in air & went off down the Lake. At the same time I heard the call of a Black-bellied Plover & saw five of them following the Yellowlegs & Pectorals.

I then landed & beat the entire marsh for birds but although the little ground covered the ground went unproductive in fact up only big birds all of which rose out of range and flew out of sight. They were as wild as Hawks. There were some Goldeneyes & Black Ducks at the Outlet but we could not get near them. After making the attempt we were returning down the river when I heard the cry of a Killdeer Plover, a bird new to my Umbagog list. It appeared frequently, flying high in company with big Pectorals, and finally alighted on an open mud flat where it began running about feeding. I tried to stalk it but when I was still thirty yards away it rose and flew across the river making a great outcry. The following bird could not get near it.

Mixed flock  
of Waders

High

Low

Regia  
vocifer

1894

Oct. 2  
(No. 2.)

and it finally disappeared in the distance towards the  
foot of the Lake.

On the river bank a few rods below the Outlet we  
found where something had caught a Barred Owl. There  
were a good many of its feathers, chiefly from the back  
and sides, scattered about on the mud and a large  
thump some twenty yards away was literally plastered  
all over with them which the ground beneath was also  
thickly strewn. Beneath the thump I found all the  
wing and tail feathers but nowhere could I detect any  
bones, claws or fragments of the flesh of the poor bird.  
It had evidently been killed on the ground (or  
perhaps while flying over it) and taken to the thump  
where it had been devoured. Much of the ground between  
the thump & the bank was left mud which bore  
no traces save those of Snipe and Mergansers. From this  
both birds & I concluded that the creature must have  
been a bird and, doubtless, a Great Horned Owl.

Syrnium  
nebulosum

The marshes were everywhere covered with the tracks  
hopping of Snipe. The birds which were there last  
evening must have remained & fed well into the  
night & left before daylight this morning.

Signs of  
Snipe &  
other birds

A Coon scrambled all over these marshes on the night  
of September 30<sup>th</sup> leaving his tracks everywhere. We also  
heard him that evening at about 9 o'clock. His cry was  
somewhat like the hoot of a Barred Owl.

Raccoon  
tracks.

As we neared the Lake this noon we paddled

1894

Oct. 2  
(Ths 3)

twenty yards by two hundred yards. They finally flows  
one going off to the north the other towards the south.  
While in the water they swim side by side, often  
touching each other, moving my feet with heads and  
todies well out of water.

Columbus  
auritus

This evening Flying Squirrels were frequently seen at  
Camp jumping from tree to tree & passing up the  
trunks in the light of the fire. We have them almost  
every night scurrying over the top of the Camp &  
on the tents but I have not seen one before. They  
sometimes ascend chimneys by running up the  
roofs of the tents & then sliding down. This only  
one seems to be a faint, Bat-like squeaking which  
we hear often at night & which I saw one make  
this evening. What a pity they are nocturnal! They  
are the most beautiful of all the Squirrels. Although  
I watched them keen to night for sometime they did  
not once "fly" but merely jumped from tree to tree  
usually straight, however, flat against the trunk instead of  
among twigs or branches. Otherwise their motions are very  
like those of diurnal Squirrels. They were very active and,  
as it seemed to me rather timid.

Flying  
Squirrels  
at night

1894.

Oct. 3

## Pine Point.

The sun peeped out over a timer during the forenoon but most of the day was cloudy with a strong south-east wind and occasional dashes of rain. The wind rose after sunset and now (10 P.M.) is blowing almost a gale.

I spent most of the forenoon photographing on the point. Of course the conditions were not favorable but still the wind did not seem to penetrate the recesses of the woods and there were many brief periods when the leaves were fairly still.

There were at best two flocks of juncos in one woods and a very large number of Hermit Thrushes, evidently migrants which came last night. I also saw two Ruby-crowned Kinglets one of which sang very sweetly a few times.

Among a flock of Chickadees & Golden-crests I detected a Black-throated Green Warbler, a young male in full autumn plumage. This is a late date.

To my surprise an Partridge was seen during the last half past nine this morning. I heard him twice and then went to the knoll where I found him in his usual place. He behaved rather oddly, shuffling about a good deal, sitting down as if to drum, then after one or two flaps' along his wings and preening his feathers a turning around again. A large yellow leaf from a striped maple came whirling down and settled on the log near him. He walked to the spot, looked at it a moment, picked it up in his bill and then cast it from him to the ground with an important jerk of the head. Soon afterwards he left while I was absent for a moment.

Photographing  
in the  
woods  
near Camp

Juncos  
Hermits  
Ruby-crown.  
Kinglets

Chickadees  
Golden-crests

Partridge  
lagata



Oct. 4

Morning and evening cloudy, the middle of the day clear,  
warm, dead calm.

I spent part of the forenoon taking photographs along  
the path to, and on, Popple's Point. The woods were very  
still and alive with small birds chiefly chickadees, nuthatches  
and juncos. A Pileated Woodpecker alighted near me &  
then flew off much startled. While I was on the point  
four Redpolls passed within twenty yards, flying down  
to the water.

Photographing  
on Pine Pt.

Pileated W.

We dined at noon and after this the camp, for a  
space of three hours or more was a hum & mad confusion  
for we dismantled it and packing all our things took  
the train down the Lake at about 4 P.M. In the  
way we saw two loons and five Redpolls besides two  
Potters which looked like *Edemia*.

We break  
camp &  
return to  
Balsam Lake  
Loons  
Sooties

I passed a better night at Balsam Lake and whenever  
possible heard a Barred Owl hooting on the point.

Barred  
Owl  
hooting

Lakeside to Bethel.

1894.

Oct. 5

Early morning cloudy and threatening with heavy rain from 8.30 to 9 a.m. after which the clouds parted, the sun came out, and the weather was in every way highly delightful.

C. E. R. S. and I left Lakeside on the stage at 7.30 a.m. and drove to Bethel which we reached at 2.30 P.M. We then took the 3.36 P.M. train for Portland where we went aboard the night boat for Boston.

None of my twenty odd trips between Lakeside and Bethel have been anything like so delightful as was this. The autumn foliage was at the very acme of its perfection and the heavy shower wet the leaves thoroughly, bringing out their brilliant tints to the best advantage. The cloud effects, too, were unusually vivid & fine.

It was evidently a flight-day, for the Sparrows - Juncos, Song Sparrows and White-throats, chiefly, were along the roadsides and Chippies were numerous in places. On the hillside below Upton Post-office I saw three White-crowned Sparrows and there was a fourth in Grafton, all young birds. Robins were numerous every where but I saw only two Flickers and not a single Blue Jay. A Red-tailed Hawk was hovering over Poplar Farm in Newry.

At this farm they had a Bear cub of about twenty pounds weight on the piazza protected by a collar & chain. Although taken from the trap only this morning it was perfectly tame & very gentle allowing us to pet & rub its head & ears. It drank milk and ate apples greedily. Its mother was caught & killed at the same time & place - an apple orchard behind the house.

Autumn foliage at its best

Sparrows very numerous

White-crowns

Robins  
Flickers  
Red-tail  
Hawk

Dear Cub trapped near Poplar Farm, Newry

Game Birds Killed by N. B. at Lake Umbagog.

September

October

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

1894	3	4	9	10	12	13	14	20	22	25	28	29	1.	2
Barns Yellow leg	2	3												5
Milsons Snipe		2		3	2			1	11				4	23
Car. Rail		1												1
Solitary Sandp.		1												1
Black Duck			1		4	3								8
Goldeneye "				1				1						1
Pectoral Sandp.					5	1			1			4	1	12
Bairds "					2				2					4
Semipal. "					2									2
Wood Duck						2								2
Blk. Bellied Plover							1							1
Ring neck Duck									1					1
Ruffed Grouse										1				1
Canada Goose											1			1

1894

Aug. 24 to

Oct. 5

Nominal List of Birds observed. (Full data on slips in note pockets).

1. Sialia sialis.
2. Moula migratoria.
3. Turdus swainsonii.
4. " gambelii.
5. Parus atricapillus.
6. " ludovicianus.
7. Regulus calendula.
8. " saturapa.
9. Sitta carolinensis.
10. " canadensis.
11. Certhia americana.
12. Troglodytes hiemalis.
13. Miniotilta varia.
14. Anthus ludovicianus.
15. Helminthophila ruficapilla.
16. Compsothlypis americana.
17. Dendroica castanea.
18. " coronata.
19. " maculosa.
20. " pennsylvanica.
21. " caeruleocens.
22. " virans.
23. " tigrina.
24. " hylochroea.
25. Geothlypis trichas.
26. Seiurus aurocapillus.
27. " noveboracensis.
28. Sylvania canadensis.
29. Setophaga ruticilla.
30. Parus solitarius.
31. " phalaedophilus.
32. " olivaceus.
33. Amphisp. cedrorum.
34. Chelidon erythrogaster.
35. Tachycineta bicolor.
36. Petrochelidon lunifrons.
37. Pinicola canadensis.
38. Carpodacus purpureus.
39. Loxia minor.
40. Spinus tristis.
41. " pinus.
42. Procaetes gramineus.
43. Ammodramus savanna.
44. Junco hyemalis.
45. Spizella socialis.
46. Melospiza fasciata.
47. " georgiana.
48. Zonotrichia albicollis.
49. " leucophrys.
50. Hydemeles ludoviciana.
51. Passerina cyanea.
52. Icthyophaga oxygaster.
53. Scolecophagus ferrugineus.
54. Cornus americana.
55. Cyanocitta cristata.
56. Perisoreus canadensis.



1894

Aug. 24<sup>th</sup>  
Oct. 5Nominal List of Birds observed. (Full data on  
slips in note books.)

- |  |                                     |
|--|-------------------------------------|
| 57. <u>Trochilus colubris</u> .        | 85. <u>Accipiter velox</u> .        |
| 58. <u>Chaetura pelagica</u> .         | 86. <u>Bonasa n. togata</u> .       |
| 59. <u>Chordeiles virginianus</u> .    | 87. <u>Gallinago delicata</u> .     |
| 60. <u>Coccyzus erythrophthalmus</u> . | 88. <u>Squatarola helvetica</u> .   |
| 61. <u>Ceryle alcyon</u> .             | 89. <u>Chondestes dominicus</u> .   |
| 62. <u>Tyrannus tyrannus</u> .         | 90. <u>Agelaius vociferus</u> .     |
| 63. <u>Contopus borealis</u> .         | 91. " <u>amiquilimata</u> .         |
| 64. " <u>viridis</u> .                 | 92. <u>Tringa maculata</u> .        |
| 65. <u>Oreophylacus pileatus</u> .     | 93. " <u>harrisi</u> .              |
| 66. <u>Colaptes auratus</u> .          | 94. " <u>alpina pacifica</u> .      |
| 67. <u>Sphyrapicus varius</u> .        | 95. " <u>miniata</u> .              |
| 68. <u>Dryobates villosus</u> .        | 96. <u>Ereunetes pusillus</u> .     |
| 69. " <u>pubescens</u> .               | 97. <u>Titanus melanoleuca</u> .    |
| 70. <u>Picoides arcticus</u> .         | 98. " <u>flavipes</u> .             |
| 71. " <u>americanus</u> .              | 99. <u>Phyaophilus solitarius</u> . |
| 72. <u>Buteo virginianus</u> .         | 100. <u>Scotis macularia</u> .      |
| 73. <u>Syrnium nebulosum</u> .         | 101. <u>Ades herodias</u> .         |
| 74. <u>Myctale acadica</u> .           | 102. <u>Myctadon grisea</u> .       |
| 75. <u>Circus hudsonius</u> .          | 103. <u>Botaurus lentiginosus</u> . |
| 76. <u>Haliaeetus leucocephalus</u> .  | 104. <u>Porzana carolina</u> .      |
| 77. <u>Panolin carolinensis</u> .      | 105. <u>Bernicla canadensis</u> .   |
| 78. <u>Falco sparverius</u> .          | 106. <u>Anas obscura</u> .          |
| 79. <u>Buteo borealis</u> .            | 107. " <u>lochus</u> .              |
| 80. " <u>latissimus</u> .              | 108. <u>Mareca americana</u> .      |
| 81. <u>Astus atricapillus</u> .        | 109. <u>Querquedula discors</u> .   |
| 82. <u>Falco anatum</u> .              | 110. <u>Dafila acuta</u> .          |
| 83. " <u>columbarius</u> .             | 111. <u>Aix sponsa</u> .            |
| 84. <u>Accipiter cooperii</u> .        | 112. <u>Aythya collaris</u> .       |

1894

Aug. 24<sup>th</sup>

Oct. 5.

Nominal List of Birds observed. (Full data on slips in note packets.)

113. Clamator americana.

114. Merganser americanus.

115. Lophodytes cucullatus.

116. Unidentified Scoters.

117. Larus philadelphia.

118. Tringa imber.

119. Pelecanus erythrorhynchos.

1874.

Nov. 31

I have been at the house in Barnard, Massachusetts, the whole time from the 11<sup>th</sup> of last October with the exception of a few odd days and one full week (Nov. 3-11) spent in Cambridge. Up to Nov. 4 the weather continued uniformly warm and for the most part mainly clear and fair. But on Nov. 5 a violent storm beginning with rain changed to snow late in the evening and by sunrise next morning nearly six inches of snow covered the ground and loaded the trees and roofs. This was the last of the big snows of December which still attended this fall and which were broken and mixed to a very unusual degree.

During the following week the country here the subject of much winter for the weather continued cold and the snow began to melt under the sun and during Nov. 13 on the 14<sup>th</sup> a thaw began and the greater part of the snow slowly disappeared although it still lies in sheltered places in the woods and on roofs. During Nov. 6<sup>th</sup> the thermometer has fallen now to 18° and now (on the morning of the 20<sup>th</sup>) to 15° below.

With the exception of Nov. 4<sup>th</sup>, when I took a day trip up through the Catskill country into N. York and by the 18<sup>th</sup> which I spent photographing in the same pond region with Johnson, my days have all been spent at Barnard which I have principally passed by upon making a paddling tour in the morning and back out night for I have not been given a night at the same time before.

As I have not kept a daily journal this autumn I shall now endeavor to supply it, place by giving a resume of the most interesting things that I have seen here during my stay.

1844

Oct. 11 to

Nov. 21

Concord, Massachusetts

## resumé of Field observations.

Mammals. Musk rats have been exceptionally numerous in the river this autumn and thus far they have not been noticed to any extent by the shooters while I do not think that any traps have been set for them. The unusual number and size of their houses attracts general attention and comment among the farmers and others who have seen them. These houses line the river banks all the way from Fairhaven Bay to Ball's Hill. There are five in one group and then in another on the Beaver Dam Rapid. Two of them are at least five feet high and each would make nearly or quite a full load for a tip cart. Some of the older farmers & gunners tell me that they have not seen so many or so large houses on this river for fifteen years & this is also my own impression.

Of all the creatures which inhabit the river at this season the Musk rats are by far the <sup>most</sup> interesting. I have seen a great deal of them this autumn for I have almost invariably started up river at about the time when they were beginning their night work. One evening I went out in a boat between Ball's Hill and the Minute Man and I frequently saw twelve or fourteen. As far as I can make out they all spend the day in holes in the banks and visit their houses and feeding grounds only after twilight has begun falling. Many of them have to cross the river for a purpose and I have noticed that each individual regularly crosses in the same place. The first come out of their holes soon after sunset if the weather is clear, earlier if it be stormy or cloudy. Some evenings they are very bold - in fact perfectly fearless - swimming about on the open water in every direction and allowing me

Musk rats.



1874

Oct 21/6

Nov. 21

(No 2.)

to possible fast within a few yards without apparently taking any notice of me. At other times, however, they are so wary and suspicious that I do not succeed in getting so much as a glimpse at one although as I round the bends I see ~~one or more of them~~ <sup>the</sup> silver fawns when they have just dried and everywhere ripples rolling out of the thickets of button bushes or willows where they have been feeding. I am quite unable to understand this difference in ~~their~~ <sup>or perhaps</sup> behavior & to correlate it with any peculiar <sup>or particular</sup> conditions of the weather. During the autumn musk rats are seen abroad by day much less often than in spring or summer but ~~decidedly~~ during the past month I have observed one taking a sun bath in a bush when the sun was warm & the water cold. Only twice during this period have I heard them make the low murmuring sound so often ~~heard~~ given in spring and not once have I smelt their "musk".

Musk Rats

I have seen only one musk this autumn. He swam musk across the river just above Ball's Hill at about 3 P.M. and two hours later I found him in the Holt (nearly a mile above Ball's Hill by river) where he gambled along the bank for a few yards and then sought refuge among the roots of an old maple where he kept peeping out at me with evident shy suspicion. He was a very large individual. This happened about October 30<sup>th</sup>.

Squirrels have been scarce this autumn, at least in the Ball's Hill region where I have seen ~~only~~ <sup>but</sup> ~~one~~ <sup>one</sup>.

1894.

Oct. 11<sup>th</sup>

Nov. 21

(No 3)

Gray Squirrel, no Red Squirrels, and only two or three Chipmunks. Yet the crop of chestnuts has been exceptionally large and good. There have been, to be sure, a large family of Red Squirrels in the butternut trees ~~near~~ the Geo. Hayes place. I counted six in these trees at one time last week and the boys have shot one or two more, than I am certain through. Possibly the Red Squirrels have avoided the Ball's Hill woods because there are no pine seeds this year, and there may be more Gray Squirrels there than I have supposed for I did see a good many of their tracks (especially on Holden's Hill) when the ground was covered with snow a week or two ago.

This Gray Squirrel is, I think, much shyer and more retiring in autumn than at other seasons. It may be well to note that three of these beautiful animals have taken up their abode in the big lindens on our place in Cambridge. One of them appeared there in August when the pears were ripening and we saw all three together early in October. They ~~are~~ are living in the hole formerly occupied by the Red Squirrels in the linden at the east end of the house. They are very tame & appear to be on terms of entire friendship with one another. While the pears were on the trees they made frequent trips into the garden for them. Now they are depending on our bounty. I have not yet heard any of them utter any sound. They have taken many leaves into their hole presumably to line it. These leaves were chosen with much care & many were rejected after being taken up and examined.

Squirrels

These Gray Squirrels take up their abode in the Cambridge lindens

Concord, Massachusetts.

1894

Oct 11<sup>th</sup>

Nov. 21

(No 4)

The snow revealed the presence of several Skunks in the Ball's Hill woods and Benson's dog, before it came, killed, as I now find, no less than three in the fields near the house. Hitherto he has given these animals a wide berth, merely barking from a safe distance when he has found one; but he has now discovered some apparently secure way of seizing and killing the Skunk before it can discharge its fluid. Benson says that he simply rushes upon it and kills it by bucking its back with a single vigorous shake of the jaws. He has seen him kill one in this manner. I examined the Skunk where it was killed and can testify that neither it, nor the ground, nor the dog gave out the slightest odor. Two years ago I found a Skunk which a Fox had left at the entrance to his hole and which was wholly odorless. Its fur was wet and matted on the back where the Fox had evidently mouthed it. The Skunk killed by Benson's dog had been dragged about on wet ground and nearly half of it had been eaten by something so that I could not tell just where & how it had been originally seized.

Skunks

There are plenty of Mice in the cabin but they do not seem to be as destructive as they were at first. I have trapped about half a dozen this autumn - all White-footed Mice. Thus far I have caught only this species and Eutamias in the cabin. The House Mice have not found me out yet & the Field Mice stay outside in the meadows.

Mice

1894.

Resume of Field Observations.Oct. 11<sup>th</sup>

Nov. 21

Nov. 5

Birds. Dring, doubtless, to the uniformly ~~fall~~ clear blue weather which prevailed through October there was no very marked or wonderful flights of land birds during this month. Included with the exception of Lutescents the Quaker Parrots migrants have been seen this autumn. There was a heavy flight of New Hammers about the middle of November (11<sup>th</sup>-14<sup>th</sup>).

Hamit Parrots have been frequently seen. There was a solitary bird at Bald's Hill on the 12<sup>th</sup>, 14<sup>th</sup> & 17<sup>th</sup> of November. On the first of these dates when the ground was covered with snow to the depth of four or six inches I saw this bird, a little after sunset, eating black elder berries in a bush.

Robins have frequented the vine bushes in small flocks through the latter half of October to feed upon their berries and I found a high bird there on the 24<sup>th</sup> November. On Nov. 4<sup>th</sup> I saw small flocks of Robins in the cedar pastures along the Eastbrook road. Apparently only a few thrushes remained in the vines about Concord after Nov. 15<sup>th</sup>.

During the whole of my stay at the Rogers's a White-bellied Nuthatch frequented the orchard behind the house and very frequent evening I would hear his grating call soon after daylight. I saw two or three of these birds elsewhere, one at Davis's Hill, one on Holsman's Hill and one in the Iron Pond woods. It would be interesting to know if these individuals were Concord-bred or migrants from further north. The bird at Iron Pond was seen Nov. 18 and 21<sup>st</sup> in the same place.



1894

Oct 11 to

Nov. 21

(Nov 6)

Concord, Massachusetts.

Resume of Field Observations

Lutescens were exceptionally numerous during October and Anthus  
 - November 3<sup>rd</sup> I saw at least twenty four. After pensilvanicus.  
 this only a few Thryothorus were abundant, the last Nov. 13  
 when I found two birds running about on the bank  
 (four or five inches deep) on the river bank.  
 During the day the birds looked rather widely & few  
 feeding on the river meadows but by far the greater  
 number resorting to extensive upland fields especially  
 where as have been freshly ploughed. At evening (a  
 little before sunset) they begin coming to the meadows  
 from every direction and often in great numbers.  
 When the weather is clear and still their piping  
 notes are heard incessantly for half an hour or  
 more after sunset and Thryothorus flocks of the  
 birds are constantly passing overhead. At this time  
 they all seem to come from the east and south. In  
 great many flights I found the night in the  
 Great Meadows but many others pass on up  
 river to Dugan Brook meadows & beyond they  
 often in some flights in the broader meadows  
 along the river but they often settle down on various  
 bits of muddy or spongy ground on the river bank where  
 they run about, feed and rather before entering  
 the (flight to the roosting pond.

Through October the Song and Lutescens were  
 among the most numerous and characteristic  
 of the birds which frequented the river banks but  
 early in November their places were taken by  
 the Tree Sparrows which, for a week or more.

1894

Oct 11 to

Nov. 24

(No 7)

Review of Field Observations.

Tuesdays, Massachusetts.

included the briefs suitable of studies, records and  
 inferences into the field, books and bookkeeping notes.  
 I have the last Song Sparrow Nov. 12<sup>th</sup>, the last House  
 Sparrow Nov. 20<sup>th</sup>. Their dates are interestingly increased  
 as winter species winter in Concord, at least locally.

The flight of juncos and Fox Sparrows was later this  
 year. The juncos came through in small straggling  
 flocks during the latter part of October & early in  
 November. The Fox Sparrows did not appear (at least  
 I saw none) until the 14<sup>th</sup> Nov. after which they  
 were fairly common for a few days.

At Bald's Hill I saw 2 Towhees (probably the same bird)  
 on Oct. 16, 17, and 26<sup>th</sup>.

The first Northern Shrike appeared October 27<sup>th</sup> - a very  
 white bird sitting in the top of an elm in front  
 of the Butterfield's singing in low tones.

On October 19<sup>th</sup> I saw five cow birds (all females) in  
 a thicket on the river bank just above Haines Pond  
 and on the 27<sup>th</sup> in the same place a single female.

Winter Red wings and Howard Goshawks were abundant  
 during my stay but though I shot nearly Goshawks  
 were fairly numerous the last being shot on the 20<sup>th</sup>.  
 As usual they spent most of their time in the upland  
 field of standing corn but I used to hear them  
 along the river at & shortly after sunset.

1874

Oct 11 to

Nov. 21

(Nov. 8)

Residence of Field Ornithology

Concord, Massachusetts

The flock of the migrating Crows passed south  
the space between the 10<sup>th</sup> and 27<sup>th</sup> of October  
during which period I saw four very large flocks  
at Wall's Hill, their favorite place while passing  
to and fro, before passing further on their journey.  
After the 27<sup>th</sup> this region was apparently frequented  
by only the local birds which <sup>it</sup> always pass the  
winter there.

Corvusamericanus

The Blue Jay was most numerous between the 10<sup>th</sup>  
and 21<sup>st</sup> of October. After the latter date I seldom  
saw more than three or four in a day except on  
the 24<sup>th</sup> November when I found a flock of seven  
in the belt of white maples along the river bank  
just above the Holt. At first I took these birds  
to be migrants but when they finally scattered and  
flew off into the woods in two or three to in  
different directions I concluded that they were  
our local birds which something had attracted to  
this spot from some or less distant haunts.

Cyanocittacristata

Both in October and early in November I frequently  
heard Horned Larks whistling over the river marsh.  
but I did not once get a sight of any of them.  
They seemed to be hanging about a point of  
flourished land on the edge of the river just  
below the swimming place. It was only as I  
have been able to learn they were alighting  
or at least feed on the river marsh  
proper.



1897

Oct. 11 to

Nov. 21

(Nov. 9)

Harvard of Field Observation

Concord, Massachusetts

The Meadow Larks at Concord appear to be  
 coming from the twelfth brood which they hatched  
 during the warm winter of 1892-93. I heard them  
 almost daily through the first half of this October  
 in the fields about the village, in the broad open  
 pine meadow, or on West Meadow. Very probably  
 they moved from one place to another but there  
 were at least eight birds in all for I counted that  
 number together on one occasion and on another  
 saw five "in one flock and then in another."

They sang freely and almost <sup>incessantly</sup> ~~continuously~~ on some  
 still days giving the usual spring notes but in  
 peculiarly soft, subdued and often warbling tones.  
 Frequently two or four birds would be singing at  
 the same time, their voices so intermingling and  
 at the same time supplementing each other as to  
 produce a continuous flow of sound, very sweet  
 and musical in its general effect. As a rule  
 this singing was produced while the birds were  
 on the ground but over, rather early in the  
 morning, four or five of them were perched in  
 the upper branches of a large maple that stood on  
 the corner of the river. They seemed to be wholly  
 absorbed in their own music and allowed me to  
 peep directly under the tree and look at them  
 for some time before they took the alarm and  
 began to fly.

I have or heard Meadow Larks on the West Meadow  
 usually only near sunset or after it. They move to this  
 meadow to roost & to sit, I think, feed there.

Sturnellamagna



Concord, Massachusetts

Records of Field Observations

1894.  
Oct 11 to  
Nov. 2, 1  
(No 10)

The only Polypterus noted was a Rocky seen on Davis's Hill, October 12

Woodpeckers are unusually common. I saw only a very few Downys and the  hairy Woodpecker but none at Davis's Hill Oct. 10th and at the Halls Nov. 15. The last specimen I saw was in a pine sapling at work on the hill, the bird came out humming at the same place for some time. The Tracing (Colaptes), apparently kept very busy this year. I saw one on Oct. 7, two on the 12th and on the 15th heard one "humming" in a bush near the house. After the last snow the same were abundant until Nov. 20th when I found a high bird at Davis's Hill. This species is evidently more at Concord in winter.

Although I was on the river almost daily, I have but two Kingfishers, on Oct. 19, the other Oct. 28. Doubtless the greater number pass north of Massachusetts before the end of September.

Song Sparrows were either less numerous than usual or they kept very silent. Some of the more multiple members of the family, at the Rogers' reported hearing them singing about their house on two or three occasions in the early morning but I heard none and saw but one a bird which flew across the river in the early twilight (Oct. 27) as I was paddling homeward. It alighted in one of the large maples near the head of Barrett's Cove (opposite the tent) sitting very still on a large limb near the body of the tree while I was passing.

Concord, Massachusetts.

1894

Records of Field Observations

Oct 11 to

Nov. 21

Dec 11

One of the most interesting specimens of my life at Concord this autumn happened Oct. 11. What I took to be a West-coast Owl. Will Stone and I had been putting the day at Baker Hill and were on our way up there when, as we were approaching the head of Beaver Run Rapids, a large bird suddenly came out of the place which surrounded the meadows on our left. (The sun had not risen as yet or was before) and after circling over the river alighted on the top of a tall pole which however had fallen into the water at the water's edge. Now it sat bolt upright for a minute or more, flapping its head slowly up and down by jerks. It looked the bird in the vision of most birds. Against the strong afternoon sun in the west it stood out most distinctly but as a silhouette showing no colors. Presently it took flight again and skimmed about over the meadows flying very gracefully but in an erratic manner very like a big moth or perhaps still more like a Night-hawk, alternately appearing and disappearing as it rose against the light in the west or dipped down close to the surface of the ground. After a few minutes it returned to the stake. Its manner of alighting and taking flight was very abrupt and decided. The place a second time soon after this and did not again return. On the evening of Nov. 1st I saw what appeared to be the same bird beating the meadow at the Holt very much in the manner of a Marsh Hawk and on the next evening on Oct. 11. It was seen and apparently started from a maple opposite this meadow as I was passing.

West-coast  
Owl.

1894

Oct 11 G

Nov. 31

(No 12)

Return of Field Observations.Bowling, Massachusetts.

Another very curious specimen occurred with me Dec  
 1st 1894. I had spent the day at Bart's  
 Hill, as usual, and was packing up in the house to  
 return to Concord when I noticed a great number of  
 feathers floating <sup>on the</sup> ~~in the~~ stream, with ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~water~~.  
 One of my men who had been at work on the lower  
 said that he had noticed them passing for half an hour  
 or more. During this time there had not been a breath  
 of wind and they had merely drifted slowly with  
 the current. As I looked I could see them as far as  
 the eye could reach both up and down stream yet  
 scattered about but forming a nearly straight line  
 rather narrow line.

My child  
acacia

Picking out I picked up a number of them and  
 found that they had belonged to a Dove. What bird they  
 had come from very part of the bird, including the  
 wings and tail. Many of the body feathers were in  
 bundles - a downy & downy together.

This trail of feathers was so easily followed as the  
 paper "boat" used in the game of horse & hand but  
 it stopped abruptly at the foot of the lower river  
 Rapid. There was a large number of them on the bank  
 at this place & at first I suspected that the little bird  
 had been plucked there but upon examining the wound  
 carefully I failed to find the mark of a single feather.  
 I then decided that the plucking operation must have  
 occurred some time before I reached and that the lost  
 feathers which I came to had floated down from  
 some distance above the spot where I found them.  
 Accordingly I kept on up stream passing both banks.



1894.

Review of Field Observations.

Oct 11 to

Nov. 21

No 13

clearly, a not very difficult task for they were nearly everywhere covered with snow. I was beginning to despair of success, however, when, on reaching the sharp turn just above Holdens Hill I caught sight of a bunch of feathers clinging to a twig of one of the oaks, white supple while here the west end with back at this bird. Picking in under the tree I at once found abundant evidence that the hen - who had been picked had eaten them, but by that learned as much as anything of use. The murderer must have been a bird, however, for he had chosen as a dining table a stone bench which extended out over the water to a height of about fifteen feet. His bench was covered with blood and several feathers clung to it while many others were caught among the better bushes beneath. On a stone bench at the water's edge I found still others as well as a few small fragments of flesh but the meat had been cast down from above for the bones were as large as footprints.

On my way down river in the evening I started a Red-tailed Hawk from this very belt of maples but yet I was scarcely below that he was really the destroyer of the poor Little Owl. The latter was probably caught in the maples when he was waiting for his white air often found at this house in leafless trees on numbers on the banks of the river.

House Hawks have been decidedly less numerous than usual. I saw the last of them here in the brown plumage on the meadows Oct 20 19



1894

Oct. 11 to

Nov. 21

(No. 14)

Records of Field Observations.

*Buteo borealis*  
et *lineatus*

During stormy or very windy weather I seldom saw any  
Hawks on the meadows but on clear, still days the  
saw nearly always from one to three or four Red-tailed Hawks  
flying over Barrow. One perched in the large oaks, others  
in flocks that were scattered along the banks of the  
river. For times at the foot and bottom of Barrow's hill  
used to be small flocks but another favorite place  
was the upper part of the Barrow's Hill meadow.  
Through October the Red-shouldered Hawks were by far the  
most numerous of our two American species but after  
November 1<sup>st</sup> the Red-tails outnumbered them three or four  
to one or rather, to be more precise & explicit, the Red-shouldered  
Hawks were common through October and seldom here in  
November while the reverse was true of the Red-tails.  
Nearly all the Red-shoulders and certainly more than half  
of the Red-tails that I saw were old birds. Both species  
have learned to fear a man in a boat. I often in twenty  
years ago I often succeeded in paddling to within short  
range of them but this autumn I did not once get  
within even long gunshot.

I saw only one Sharp-shinned Hawk (Oct. 17) and not  
a single Cooper's. The latter species is seen much less  
often in autumn in Massachusetts than in Spring. Probably  
most of the Spring birds breed with us and leave for  
the North early. In other words comparatively few migrants  
to and from more northern regions have to pass this way.

A Pigeon Hawk seen Oct. 17 and a Rough Leg Nov. 13 &  
complete the list of raptors. The Rough Leg was in  
the last phase of plumage. It looked as though it was a

Diurnal of Field Observations.

1890.

Oct. 11<sup>th</sup>

Nov. 21

Dec. 16

Came as it passed over within about 100 yards. Keeping  
straight across the meadow towards the North west. Its  
flight was easy, graceful and buoyant - quite unlike the  
fine, somewhat heavy flight of an Oriole and would seem  
like the flight of the Marsh Hawk when that bird is  
making steady across country from some favorite distant  
hunting ground. The wing beats were slow and distinct  
and alternated with short periods of quivering. Its head  
upward. That of the wings then white under surface was  
conspicuously displayed and showed a strong contrast  
to the deep black of the rest of the plumage. This is the  
only black plume by which I remember to have seen him  
in the covered meadows.

On October 26<sup>th</sup> I started for Looking Glass for a mud  
pate in the meadow field north of the house and on the way  
I found a Western bird in the same place. The bird  
was of a beautiful yellow, which I have not seen before.

I have seen no birds like the western bird which I have  
seen told me of - a large bird that frequents the fields  
opposite Maiden Cliffs in the meadow and of the other birds  
which have been mentioned in the paper.

Butterflies were seen through the meadow and between  
the house, indeed, that I noticed on October 20<sup>th</sup> hunted  
all day in the meadow with a good deal of success - a  
single bird. Early in November they began to increase in number  
rapidly and by the end of that month they became fully  
as numerous as they were last year. Without doubt

Concord, Massachusetts.

Records of Field Observations

1894.  
Oct. 11 to  
Nov. 21  
(No. 16)

Killed him in one day about November 22<sup>nd</sup> and after this date rarely failed to start from thirty to fifty in a day's company. He, as well as all the other Spectators whom I have seen, report that the birds have been unusually shy this year.

In the Ball's Hill region I have noticed no change in the number of Spectators as the season advanced. But in August I started on still less than with four nearly grown young and though Bickles and Kowalski there now, as early as I could ascertain, about five birds constantly being in their woods. They ranged from Holden's Hill to the Mass. field although it is practically certain that they are not over there at (at least on my land) this season. They are so shy that I rarely succeeded in getting within gun shot. Indeed they would often rise on hundred yards or more ahead of me in line row.

A few Great Blue Herons were seen along the river, the last Nov. 18<sup>th</sup>. The only one which I saw was shot from the river in Russell's Hill Oct. 19<sup>th</sup> and flew off over Davis's Swamp.

Woodcock have been remarkably scarce. Indeed there has been no well marked flight and the greatest number started in a single day by way of my acquaintance was four. On November 11 I saw one very large bird near Ball's Hill. The ground had been covered with fire on the sides of hills for over a week but this bird had found a place on the edge of a belt of oak

1894.

Oct. 11/15

Nov. 21

No 17

## Resumé of Field Observations

Seward, Massachusetts

found bordering the main meadow where the men had  
collected this bird was a House or Towhee of some kind. No  
doubt this was what had <sup>attracted</sup> ~~attracted~~ it to the spot for  
only one other (last May) has I ever seen a Towhee  
in this immediate locality.

On this same day two Woodcock were started by the  
men. One, shot by the 14th, Albert Brown, killed  
a bird near Bateman's Pond.

The meadows were much too dry for birds this autumn  
and only a very few birds were seen. I heard of two  
that were started at Fox Pond.

At about 2 P. M. of October 17<sup>th</sup> as I was dining in the  
cabin with some friends we heard the call of a Greater  
Yellow-leg repeated several times in quick succession and  
directly in front of us. Looking over I saw the bird coming  
directly towards us from the opposite side of the main  
flying low and, as it struck me, rather fully. Directly  
to my surprise it plunged directly into the belt of  
brush (alders, comely willows etc.) which borders the shore  
in front and a little to the east of the cabin. I was for  
the first time saw that it was pursued by a Duck Hawk  
which must have been twenty or thirty yards behind  
the Yellow-leg when the latter reached the shore and  
which, on being sighted of its quarry, bounded straight  
upward to a height of forty feet or more and then  
sailed for several seconds beating its wings rapidly and  
with bending its head downward like a Common  
Sparrow Hawk or Kingfisher as it clearly showed the



Lowell Mass Oct 1861

Resumé of Field Observations.

Oct 11

Nov. 21

(no. 18)

Thicket beneath I had a fine view of it - it was  
within thirty yards or less - and made it out to  
be a young male. Presently it saw me and turning  
flew off towards the southwest on West Meadow.

I again began looking for the Hobbs as it was  
to wait I put the little Collins' Hawk "Hadi"  
in the box and made it fly to the  
floor only a few rods and alighting in the west wing  
the big birds began slowly ashore just above the landing  
It was evidently too much frightened to return to the  
quarters across the river (where the Falcun must have originally  
been kept) for it spent the remainder of the afternoon  
in flying near a little to the west of the cabin.

Herbert Holden reported being a host (F. alba) on the same  
near the cabin on October 22<sup>nd</sup>. I did not meet any  
any of these birds this time.

The birds were abundant all day, more abundant in some flocks than flying low towards the beach.









B Concord, Massachusetts.

1894.

Resumé of Field Observations.

Oct. 11 to

Nov 21

(No 22)

On the evening of Nov. 1<sup>st</sup> I started a pair of Wood Ducks from the river at Hollins Bend as I was on my way home. The drake appeared to be in full plumage. These birds probably moved Southward that night as they were not again seen. On Nov. 16 a solitary drake appeared in the river at the Holt. He allowed me to kill him within twenty yards before he started and he flew less than one hundred yard before reaching the water. I had no gun with me at the time but took him the next day when, however, I could not find him, but on the morning of the 18<sup>th</sup> I started what was doubtless the same bird from the wooded marsh just above Hunt's Pond. He flew up stream to the head of Barrell's Cove and dropped close in shore under some willows. Landing I went back and came suddenly upon him as he was sitting on the mud. He flew a few rods, alighted on the water and was swimming down stream when I fired and killed him. He was in full plumage but was the smallest drake that I remember to have ever seen.

The list of Ducks seen by me this autumn is not complete without some mention of a bird which I found in Hunt's Pond on the evening of November 1. It was nearly dark at the time and I at first mistook his "wack" for that of a Muskrat but the lightness of the ripples around my inspirations and turning the canoe I paddled directly towards him. He was close in shore in a black shadow cast by a thicket of bushes and until I got within twenty yards or less I could see nothing but the silvery ripples which he made. Then I began to make him out - a rather small Duck of generally dark coloring with a large head. I let him down for either a Scaup or a

Concord, Massachusetts.

1894.

Resumé of Field Observations.

Oct. 11 to

Nov. 21

(No 23)

Pier-will saw this impression was confirmed by the manner in which he at length took flight. He doubled back past me and quickly disappeared in the gloom following the river down towards the Holt. On Nov. 4<sup>th</sup> Woodward Hudson shot a female Screech (whether the Greater or Lesser Screech I could not ascertain) near the Cattle Yards building and this very possibly have been the same bird which I saw on the 1<sup>st</sup>.

Pink-billed Grebes were decidedly scarce on the river this autumn. I saw but three in all, one Oct. 18, one Oct. 20, and one Nov. 1. The one last mentioned was on the bank just below Flints Bridge, the other two below Ball's Hill.

I kept a careful watch for Horned Grebes but the experience of this season with that of previous ones only confirms my conviction that these Grebes do not come, unless fortuitously, visit Concord River.

Thus far I have seen no indications that we are likely to have any of the "irregular" winter birds this year except possibly Pine Squirrels which I heard "in the air". Nov. 4 and again on the 18<sup>th</sup>, Faxon saw a few small flocks of these Squirrels in the Arlington region at about the same time and he also reports that Red Crossbills are here about in small numbers.







